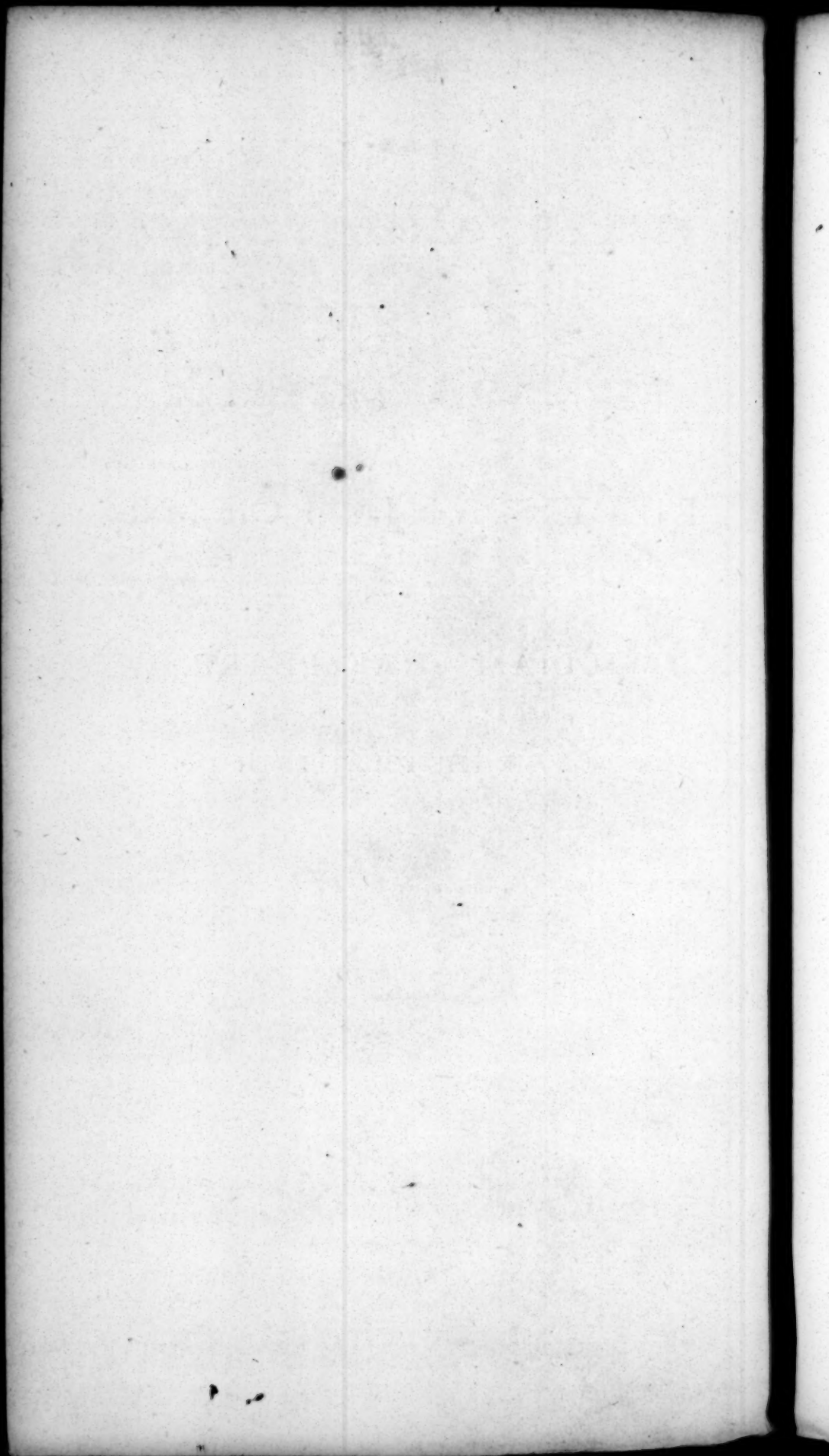


THE
PLAYS AND POEMS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE FOURTEENTH.



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CONTAINING
ROMEO AND JULIET.
H A M L E T.

D U B L I N :

PRINTED BY JOHN EXSHAW, No. 98, GRAFTON-STREET.

1794.

THE
PLAYS AND POEMS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



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ROMEO AND JULIET
H A M L E T

PRINTED BY J. B. L. N. ...
LONDON: ...

1504

ROMEO AND JULIET.

VOL. XIV.

B

FORMED AND LISTED

P R O L O G U E.

Two households, both alike in dignity,
 In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
 From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
 Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
 From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
 A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
 Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
 Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.
 The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
 And the continuance of their parents' rage,
 Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
 Is now the two hours' traffick of our stage;
 The which if you with patient ears attend,
 What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend¹.

¹ This prologue, after the first copy was published in 1597, received several alterations, both in respect of correctness and versification. In the folio it is omitted.—The play was originally performed by *the Right Honourable the Lord of Hunsdon his servants*.

In the first of K. James I. was made an act of parliament for some restraint or limitation of noblemen in the protection of players, or of players under their sanction. STEEVENS.

Under the word PROLOGUE, in the copy of 1599 is printed *Chorus*, which I suppose meant only that the prologue was to be spoken by the same person who personated the chorus at the end of the first act.

The original prologue, in the quarto of 1597, stands thus:

Two household frends, alike in dignitie,
 In faire Verona, where we lay our scene,
 From civil broyles broke into enmitie,
 Whose civill warre makes civill hands uncleane.
 From forth the fatall loynes of these two foes
 A paire of starre-cross'd lovers tooke their life;
 Whose misadventures, piteous overthrowes,
 (Through the continuing of their fathers' strife,
 And death-markt passage of their parents' rage,)
 Is now the two howres traffique of our stage.
 The which if you with patient eares attend,
 What here we want, wee'll studie to amend. MALONE.

Persons Represented.

Escalus, *Prince of Verona.*

Paris, *a young nobleman, kinsman to the Prince.*

Montague, } *Heads of two Houses, at variance with each*
Capulet, } *other.*

An old Man, uncle to Capulet.

Romeo, *son to Montague.*

Mercutio, *kinsman to the Prince, and friend to Romeo.*

Benvolio, *nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo.*

Tybalt, *nephew to Lady Capulet.*

Friar Lawrence, *a Franciscan.*

Friar John, *of the same order.*

Balthasar, *servant to Romeo.*

Sampson, } *servants to Capulet.*
Gregory, }

Abram, *servant to Montague.*

An Apothecary.

Three Musicians.

Chorus. *Boy; Page to Paris; Peter; an Officer.*

Lady Montague, Wife to Montague.

Lady Capulet, Wife to Capulet.

Juliet, Daughter to Capulet.

Nurse to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona; several Men and Women, relations to both houses; Maskers, Guards, Citizens, Watchmen, and Accidents.

SCENE during the greater part of the play, in Verona: once in the fifth Act at Mantua.

ROMEO AND JULIET².

ACT I. SCENE I.

A publick Place.

Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, armed with swords and bucklers.

Sam. Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals³.

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam.

² The original relater of the story on which this play is formed, was Luigi da Porto, a gentleman of Vicenza, who died in 1529. His novel did not appear till some years after his death; being first printed at Venice in 1535, under the title of *La Giuletta*. A second edition was published in 1539: and it was again reprinted at the same place in 1553, (without the authour's name,) with the following title: *Historia nuovamente ritrovata di due nobili Amanti, con la loro pietosa morte; intervenuta già nella città di Verona, nell tempo del Signor Bartolomeo dalla Scala. Nouvamente stampata*. Of the authour some account may be found prefixed to the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*.

In 1554 Bandello published, at Lucca, a novel on the same subject; [Tom. II. Nov. ix.] and shortly afterwards, Boisteau exhibited one in French, founded on the Italian narratives, but varying from them in many particulars. From Boisteau's novel the same story was, in 1562, formed into an English poem, with considerable alterations and large additions, by Mr. Arthur Brooke. This piece, which the reader may find in the tenth volume, was printed by Richard Tottel with the following title, written probably, according to the fashion of that time, by the bookseller: *The tragicall Hystory of Romeus and Juliet, containing a rare example of true constancie; with the subtill counsels, and practises of an old Fryer, and their ill event*. It was again published by the same bookseller in 1582. Painter in the second volume of his *Palace of Pleasure*, 1597, published a prose translation from the French of Boisteau, which he entitled *Romeo and Julietta*. Shakspeare had probably read Painter's novel, having taken one circumstance from it or some other prose translation of Boisteau; but his play was undoubtedly formed on the poem of Arthur Brooke. This is proved decisively by the following circumstances. 1. In the poem the prince of Verona is called *Escalus*; so also in the play.—In Painter's translation from Boisteau he is named *Signor Escala*, and sometimes *Lord Bartolomeu of Escala*. 2. In Painter's novel the family of Romeo are called the *Montesches*; in the poem and in the play, the Montagues. 3. The messenger employed by friar Lawrence to carry a letter to Romeo to inform him when Juliet would awake from her trance, is in Painter's translation called *Anselme*: in the poem, and in the play, friar *John* is employed in this business. 4. The circumstance of Capulet's writing down the names of the guests whom he invites to supper, is found in the poem and in the play, but is not mentioned by

Gre. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

Gre. They must take it in sense, that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand: and, 'tis known, I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Gre. 'Tis well, thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been Poor John*. Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of the Montagues⁵.

Enter ABRAM, and BALTHASAR.

Sam. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

Gre. How? turn thy back, and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry: I fear thee!

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

Gre. I will frown, as I pass by; and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it⁶.

Abr.

* — *Poor John.*] is hake, dried, and salted. MALONE.

⁵ *Here comes two of the house of the Montagues.*] The word *two*, which was inadvertently omitted by the compositor in the quarto 1599, and of course in the subsequent impressions, I have restored from the first quarto of 1597, from which, in almost every page, former editors have drawn many valuable emendations in this play. The disregard of concord is in character.

It should be observed, that the partizans of the Montague family wore a taken in their hats, in order to distinguish them from their enemies, the Capulets. Hence throughout this play, they are known at a distance. This circumstance is mentioned by Gascoigne, in a *Devise of a Masque*, written for the right honourable viscount Mountacute, 1575:

“And for a further prooffe, he shewed in hys hat

“Thys token which the *Mountacutes* did beare alwaies, for that

“They covet to be knowne from *Capels*, where they pass,

“For ancient grutch whych long ago 'twene these two houses was.” MALONE.

⁶ *I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.*] This mode of quarreling appears to have been common in our author's time. “What swearing is there, (says Decker, describing the various groupes that daily frequented the walks of St. Paul's Church,) what shouldering, what jostling, what jeering, what *byting of thumbs*, to beget quarrels!” THE DEAD TERM, 1608. MALONE.

Dr.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, fir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, fir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, fir?

Sam. Is the law on our side, if I say—ay?

Gre. No.

Sam. No, fir, I do not bite my thumb at you, fir; but I bite my thumb, fir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, fir?

Abr. Quarrel, fir? no, fir.

Sam. If you do, fir, I am for you; I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, fir.

Enter BENVOLIO⁷, at a distance.

Gre. Say—better; here comes one of my master's kinsmen⁸.

Sam. Yes, better, fir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing blow⁹. [*They fight.*]

Ben. Part, fools; put up your swords; you know not what you do. [*beats down their swords.*]

Enter

Dr. Lodge, in a pamphlet called *Wits Miserie*, &c. 1596, has this passage. "Behold next I see contempt marching forth, giving mee the *fio* with his thombe in his mouth." In a translation from Stephens's *Apology for Herodotus*, in 1607, page 142, I meet with these words: "If once they [the Italians,] bite their fingers' ends in tbreatning manner, God knows, if they set upon their enemie face to face, it is because they cannot assail him behind his backe." Perhaps Ben Jonson ridicules this scene of *Romeo and Juliet*, in his *New Inn*:

"*Huff.* How, spill it?

"*Spill it at me?*

"*Tip.* I reck not, but I spill it." STEEVENS.

⁷ *Enter Benvolio.*] Much of this scene is added since the first edition; but probably by Shakspeare, since we find it in that of the year 1599.

POPE.

⁸ — *here comes one of my master's kinsmen.*] Some mistake has happened in this place: Gregory is a servant of the Capulets; and Benvolio was of the Montague faction. FARMER.

Perhaps there is no mistake. Gregory may mean Tybalt, who enters immediately after Benvolio, but on a different part of the stage. The eyes of the servant may be directed the way he sees Tybalt coming, and in the mean time, Benvolio enters on the opposite side.

STEEVENS.

⁹ — *thy swashing blow.*] Ben Jonson uses this expression in his *Staple of News*: "I do confesse a swashing blow."

Enter TYBALT.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word,

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:

Have at thee, coward.

[*They fight.*]

*Enter several Partizans of both houses, who join the fray;
then enter Citizens, with Clubs.*

1. *Cit.* Clubs¹, bills, and partizans! strike! beat them down!

Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter CAPULET, in his gown; and Lady CAPULET.

Cap. What noise is this?—Give me my long sword², ho!

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch!—Why call you for a sword?

Again, in *As you like it*:

“I’ll have a martial and a *swashing* outside.”

To *swash* seems to have meant to be a bully, to be noisily valiant. So, Greene, in his *Card of Fancy*, 1608: “—in spending and spoiling, in swearing and *swashing*.” Barrett, in his *Abecarie*, 1580, says, that “to *swash* is to make a noise with swordes against tergats.” STEEV.

¹ Clubs, bills, &c.] When an affray arose in the streets, *clubs* was the usual exclamation. MALONE.

² Give me my long sword.] The *long sword* was the sword used in war, which was sometimes wielded with both hands. JOHNSON.

This *long sword* is mentioned in *The Coxcomb*, a comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher, where the justice says:

“Take their confessions and my *long sword*;

“I cannot tell what danger we may meet with.”

It appears that it was once the fashion to wear two swords of different sizes at the same time. So in *Decker’s Satiromastix*:

“Peter Salamander, tie up your *great* and your *little sword*.”

STEEVENS.

The little sword was probably nothing more than a *dagger*.

MALONE.

Cap.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

81

Cap. My sword, I say!—Old Montague is come,
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE, and Lady MONTAGUE.

Mon. Thou villain, Capulet,—Hold me not, let me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince, with Attendants.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—
Will they not hear?—what ho! you men, you beasts,—
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mis-temper'd weapons³ to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince,—
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave befitting ornaments,
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away:
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place⁴.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt Prince, and Attendants; CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, TYBALT, Citizens, and Servants.*]

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?—
Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?

³ — *mis-temper'd weapons*] are angry weapons. So in *K. John*:

“This inundation of *mis-temper'd* humour,” &c. STEEVENS.

⁴ To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.] This name the poet found in *The Tragicall History of Romens and Juliet*, 1562. It is there said to be the castle of the Capulets. MALONE.

Ben.

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach :
I drew to part them ; in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd ;
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn :
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo !—saw you him to-day ?
Right glad I am, he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east⁵,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad ;
Where,—underneath the grove of sycamore,
That westward rooteth from the city's side,—
So early walking did I see your son :
Towards him I made ; but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood :
I, measuring his affections by my own,—
That most are busied⁶ when they are most alone,—
Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me⁷.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs :
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the furthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself ;

⁵ *Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,*] The same thought occurs in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. 2. C. 10.

" Early before the morn with cremosin ray

" The windows of bright heaven opened had,

" Through which into the world the dawning day

" Might looke," &c. STEEVENS.

⁶ *That most are busied, &c.*] Edition 1597. Instead of which it is in the other editions thus :

— by my own,

Which then most sought, where most might not be found,

Being one too many by my weary self,

Pursu'd my humour, &c. POPE.

⁷ *And gladly shunn'd, &c.*] The ten lines following, not in the edition 1597, but in the next of 1599. POPE.

Shuts up his windows, locks fair day-light out,
And makes himself an artificial night :
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause ?

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd ^s him by any means ?

Mon. Both by myself, and many other friends :

But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself—I will not say, how true—
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the fame⁹.

⁸ *Ben. Have you importun'd, &c.*] These two speeches also omitted in edition 1597, but inserted in 1599. POPE.

⁹ *Or dedicate his beauty to the fame.*] I cannot but suspect that some lines are lost, which connected this simile more closely with the foregoing speech : these lines, if such there were, lamented the danger that Romeo will die of his melancholy, before his virtues or abilities were known to the world. JOHNSON.

I suspect no loss of connecting lines. The same expression occurs in *Timon*, Act 4. Sc. 2.

"A dedicated beggar to the air." STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnson's conjecture is, I think unfounded ; the simile relates solely to Romeo's *concealing* the cause of his melancholy, and is again used by Shakspeare in *Twelfth Night* :

"—She never told her love,

"But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,

"Feed on her damask cheek."

Mr. Theobald reads—to the *sun*. In the old spelling *sunne* and *same* were easily confounded.—In the last act of this play our poet has evidently imitated the *Rosalind* of Daniel ; and in the present passage might have remembered the following lines in one of the Sonnets of the same writer, who was then extremely popular. The lines, whether remembered by our authour or not, add such support to Mr. Theobald's emendation, that I should have given it a place in the text, but that the other mode of phraseology was not uncommon in Shakspeare's time :

"And whilst thou *spread'st* unto the rising *sunne*,

"The fairest *flower* that ever saw the light,

"Now joy thy time, before thy sweet be done."

Daniel's Sonnets, 1594.

The line quoted by Mr. Steevens does not appear to me to be adverse to this emendation. The bud could not dedicate its beauty to the *sun*, without at the same time dedicating it to the *air*.

A similar phraseology, however, to that of the text may be found in Daniel's 14th, 32d, 44th, and 53d Sonnets. MALONE.

Could

Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter ROMEO, at a distance.

Ben. See, where he comes: So please you, step aside;
I'll know his grievance, or be much deny'd.

Mon. I would, thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.

[Exeunt MONTAGUE, and Lady.]

Ben. Good-morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young¹?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ah me! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was:—What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

Rom. Not having that, which, having, makes them short.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out—

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see path-ways to his will²!
Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:—

¹ *Is the day so young?*] i. e. is it so early in the day? The same expression (which might once have been popular) I meet with in *Ascalafus*, a comedy, 1540: "It is yet *young nyghte*, or there is yet much of the night to come." STEEVENS.

² — *to his will!*] The meaning may be, that *love* finds out means to pursue his desire. JOHNSON.

It is not unusual for those who are blinded by love to overlook every difficulty that opposes their pursuit. NICHOLS.

This passage seems to have been misapprehended. Benvolio has lamented that the *God of love*, who appears so gentle, should be a tyrant.—It is no less to be lamented, adds Romeo, that the *blind god* should yet be able to direct his arrows at those whom he wishes to hit, that he should wound whomever he *wills*, or desires to wound.

MALONE.

The quarto 1597, reads

Should, without *laws*, give path-ways to our will!

This reading is the most intelligible. STEEVENS.

Why then, O brawling love³ ! O loving hate !
 O any thing, of nothing first create !
 O heavy lightness ! serious vanity !
 Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms !
 Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health !
 Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is !—
 This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
 Dost thou not laugh ?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what ?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression⁴.—
 Grievs of mine own lie heavy in my breast ;

³ *Why then, O brawling love ! &c.*] Of these lines neither the sense nor occasion is very evident. He is not yet in love with an enemy ; and to love one and hate another is no such uncommon state, as can deserve all this toil of antithesis. JOHNSON.

Had Dr. Johnson attended to the letter of invitation in the next scene, he would have found that Rosaline was niece to Capulet.

ANONYMUS.

Every sonneteer characterises love by contrarieties. Watson begins one of his canzonets :

“ Love is a sowre delight, a sugred grieve.

“ A living death, an ever-dying life,” &c.

Turberville makes Reason harangue against it in the same manner :

“ A fierie frost, a flame that frozen is with life !

“ A heavie burden light to beare ! a vertue fraught with vice !”

&c.

Immediately from the *Romaunt of the Rose* :

“ Love it is an hatefull pees,

“ A free aquitaunce without reles,—

“ An heavie burthen light to beare,

“ A wicked wawe awaie to weare :

“ And health full of maladie,

“ And charitie full of envie ;—

“ A laughter that is weping aie,

“ Rest that travaileth night and daie,” &c.

This kind of antithesis was very much the taste of the Provençal and Italian poets ; perhaps it might be hinted by the ode of Sappho preserved by Longinus. Petrarch is full of it :

“ Pace non trovo, e non hó da far guerra,

“ E temo, e spero, e ardo, e son un ghiaccio,

“ E volo sopra'l cielo, e ghiaccio in terra,

“ E nulla stringo, e tutto'l mondo abbraccio,” *Son.* 105.

Sir Tho. Wyat gives a translation of this sonnet, without any notice of the original, under the title of “ *Description of the contrarious Passions in a Lover*,” amongst the *Songes and Sonnettes*, by the Earle of Surrey, and others, 1574. FARMER.

⁴ *Why, such is love's transgression.*—] Such is the consequence of unskilful and mistaken kindness. JOHNSON.

Which

Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest
 With more of thine : this love, that thou hast shown,
 Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
 Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs ;
 Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes⁵ ;
 Being vex'd⁶, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears :
 What is it else ? a madness most discreet,
 A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.
 Farewel, my coz.

[going.]

Ben. Soft, I will go along ;

An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut, I have lost myself ; I am not here ;
 This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadness⁷, who she is you love.

Rom. What, shall I groan, and tell thee ?

Ben. Groan ? why, no ;

But sadly tell me, who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will :—

Ah, word ill urg'd to one that is so ill !—

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.

Rom. A right good marks-man !—And she's fair I
 love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Rom. Well, in that hit, you miss : she'll not be hit.

With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit ;

And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd⁸,

From

⁵ *Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes ;*] The authour may mean *being purged of smoke*, but it is perhaps a meaning never given to the word in any other place. I would rather read, *Being urg'd, a fire sparkling*.—Being excited and inforced. To *urge* the fire is the technical term. JOHNSON.

⁶ *Being vex'd, &c.*] As this line stands single, it is likely that the foregoing or following line that rhymed to it is lost. JOHNSON.

It does not seem necessary to suppose any line lost. In the former speech about love's contrarieties, there are several lines which have no other to rhyme with them ; as also in the following, about Rosaline's chastity. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Tell me in sadness.*] That is, tell me *gravely*, tell me in *seriousness*. JOHNSON.

⁸ *And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd, &c.*] As this play was written in the reign of Queen Elizabeth ; I cannot help regarding these speeches of Romeo as an oblique compliment to her majesty, who was not liable to be displeased at hearing her chastity praised after she was suspected to have lost it, or her beauty commended in the 67th year of her age, though she never possessed any when she was young. Her declaration

From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.
 She will not stay the siege of loving terms⁹,
 Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
 Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold :
 O, she is rich in beauty ; only poor,
 That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store¹.

Ben. Then she hath sworn, that she will still live chaste ?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste² ;

For beauty, starv'd with her severity,

tion that she would continue unmarried, increases the probability of the present supposition. STEEVENS.

—in strong proof—] In chastity of proof ; as we say in armour of proof. JOHNSON.

⁹ *She will not stay the siege of loving terms ;*] So, in our authour's *Venus and Adonis* :

“ Remove your siege from my unyielding heart ;

“ To love's alarm it will not ope the gate.” MALONE.

¹ —with beauty dies her store.] Mr. Theobald reads, “ *With* her dies beauty's store ;” and is followed by the two succeeding editors. I have replaced the old reading, because I think it at least as plausible as the correction. *She is rich*, says he, *in beauty*, and *only poor* in being subject to the lot of humanity, that *her store*, or riches, *can be destroyed by death*, who shall, by the same blow, put an end to beauty.

JOHNSON.

Words are sometimes shuffled out of their places at the press ; but that they should be at once transposed and corrupted, is highly improbable. I have no doubt that the old copies are right. *She is rich* in beauty ; and *poor* in this circumstance alone, that with her, beauty will expire ; her *store* of wealth [which the poet has already said was the fairness of her person,] will not be transmitted to posterity, inasmuch as she will “ lead her graces to the grave, and leave the world no copy.” MALONE.

Theobald's alteration may be countenanced by the following passage in *Sweetnam Arraign'd*, a comedy, 1620 :

“ Nature now shall boast no more

“ Of the riches of her store ;

“ Since, in this her chiefest prize,

“ All the stock of beauty dies.”

Again, in the 14th Sonnet of Shakspeare :

“ Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.”

Again, in Massinger's *Virgin-Martyr* :

“ ——— with her dies

“ The abstract of all sweetness that's in woman.”

STEEVENS.

² *She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste ;*] So, in our authour's First Sonnet :

“ And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.” MALONE.

Cuts

Cuts beauty off from all posterity³.
 She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair⁴,
 To merit bliss by making me despair:
 She hath forsworn to love; and, in that vow,
 Do I live dead⁵, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
 Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way
 To call hers, exquisite, in question more⁶:
 These happy masks⁷, that kiss fair ladies' brows,
 Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
 He, that is stricken blind, cannot forget
 The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost:
 Shew me a mistress that is passing fair,
 What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
 Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair?
 Farewel; thou canst not teach me to forget⁸.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

[*Exeunt.*]

³ *For beauty staro'd with her severity,*

Cuts beauty off from all posterity.] So, in our authour's Third Sonnet:

"Or who is he so fond will be the tomb

"Of his self-love, to stop posterity?"

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*:

"What is thy body but a swallowing grave,

"Seeming to bury that posterity,

"Which by the rights of time thou needs must have—."

MALONE.

⁴ — *wisely too fair, &c.*] There is in her too much sanctimonious wisdom united with beauty, which induces her to continue chaste with the hopes of attaining heavenly bliss. MALONE.

None of the following speeches of this scene are in the first edition of 1597. POPE.

⁵ *Do I live dead,*] So Richard the Third:

"— now they kill me with a living death."

⁶ — *in question more.*] More into talk; to make her unparalleled beauty more the subject of thought and conversation. MALONE.

⁷ *These happy masks, &c.*] i. e. the masks worn by female spectators of the play. Former editors print *these* instead of *these*, but without authority. STEEVENS.

These happy masks, I believe, means no more than *the happy masks*. Such is Mr. Tyrwhitt's opinion. MALONE.

⁸ *Thou canst not teach me to forget.*]

"Of all afflictions taught a lover yet,

"'Tis sure the hardest science, to forget." Pope's *Eloisa*.

STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant.

Cap. And Montague is bound ¹ as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity 'tis, you liv'd at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more summers wither in their pride ²,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made ³.
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth ³:

But

¹ And *Montague is bound*—] This speech is not in the first quarto. That of 1599 has—*But Montague*.—In that of 1609 and the folio, *But* is omitted. The reading of the text is that of the undated quarto.

MALONE.

² Let two more summers wither in their pride,] So, in our poet's 103d Sonnet:

“ ——— Three winters cold

“ Have from the forests shook three summers' pride,—”

MALONE.

³ And too soon marr'd are those so early made.] The quarto 1597, reads:—And too soon *marr'd* are those so early *married*.

Puttenham, in his *Art of Poesy*, 1589, uses this expression, which seems to be proverbial, as an instance of a figure which he calls the *Rebound*:

“ The maid that *soon married* is, *soon married* is.”

The jingle between *marr'd* and *made* is likewise frequent among the old writers. So Sidney:

“ Oh! he is *marr'd*, that is for others *made*!”

Spenser introduces it very often in his different poems. STEEVENS.

Making and marring is enumerated among other unlawful games in the Stat. 2 and 3 Phi. and Ma. c. 9. Great improvements have been made on this ancient game in the present century. MALONE.

³ *She is the hopeful lady of my earth*;] This line is not in the first edition. POPE.

She

But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
 My will to her consent is but a part ;
 An she agree, within her scope of choice
 Lies my consent and fair according voice.
 This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
 Whereto I have invited many a guest,
 Such as I love ; and you, among the store,
 One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
 At my poor house, look to behold this night
 Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light⁴ :
 Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel⁵

When

She is the hopeful lady of my earth :] This is a Gallicism: *Fille de terre* is the French phrase for an *beirés*.

King Richard II. calls his land, i. e. his kingdom, *his earth* :

" Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle *earth*."

Again,

" So weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my *earth*."

Earth, in other old plays is likewise put for *lands*, i. e. landed estate:
 So, in *A Trick to catch the old one*, 1619 :

" A rich widow, and four hundred a year in good *earth*."

STEEVENS.

The explanation of Mr. Steevens may be right ; but there is a passage
 in *The Maid's Tragedy*, which leads to another, where Amintor says,

" This *earth* of mine doth tremble, and I feel

" A stark affrighted motion in my blood."

Here *earth* means corporal part. MASON.

Again, in this play :

" Can I go forward, when my heart is here ?

" Turn back, dull *earth*, and find thy center out."

Again, in our author's 146th Sonnet :

" Poor soul, the center of my sinful *earth*,—." MALONE.

⁴ *Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light :*] Dr. Warburton calls this nonsense, and idly substitutes *even* for *heaven*.

MALONE.

But why nonsense ? Is any thing more commonly said, than that beauties eclipse the sun ? Has not Pope the thought and the word ?

" Sol through white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,

" And op'd those eyes that must eclipse the day."

Both the old and the new reading are philosophical nonsense ; but they are both, and both equally, poetical sense. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *do lusty young men feel*—] To say, and to say in pompous words, that a *young man shall feel* as much in an assembly of beauties, as *young men feel in the month of April*, is surely to waste sound upon a very poor sentiment : I read :

Such comfort as do lusty *yeomen* feel.

You shall feel from the sight and conversation of these ladies, such hopes of happiness and such pleasure, as the farmer receives from the spring, when the plenty of the year begins, and the prospect of the harvest fills him with delight. JOHNSON.

The

When well-apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house⁶; hear all, all see,
And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
Such, amongst view of many⁷, mine, being one,

May

The following passage from Chaucer's *Romaunt of the Rose*, will support the present reading, and shew the propriety of Shakspeare's comparison: for to tell Paris that he should feel the same sort of pleasure in an assembly of beauties, which *young folk* feel in that season when they are most *gay and amorous*, was surely as much as the old man ought to say:

"That it was May, thus dremid me,
"In time of love and jolite,
"That al thing ginnith waxin gay, &c.
"Then *yougg folke* entendin aye,
"For to ben gaie and amorous,
"The time is then so favorable."

Romaunt of the Rose, v. 51, &c. STEEVENS.

Our author's 98th Sonnet may also serve to confirm the reading of the text:

"From you have I been absent in the spring,
"When *proud-pied April*, drefs'd in all his trim,
"Hath put a *spirit of youth* in every thing."
Again, in *Tancred and Gismund*, a tragedy, 1592:
"Tell me not of the date of Nature's days,
"Then in the *April* of her *springing age*.—". MALONE.

⁶ Inherit at my house;] To inherit, in the language of Shakspeare's age, is to *possess*. MALONE.

⁷ Such, amongst view of many, &c.] Thus the quarto, 1597. In the subsequent quarto of 1599, that of 1609, and the folio, the line was printed thus:

Which one [on] more view of many, &c. MALONE.

A very slight alteration will restore the clearest sense to this passage. Shakspeare might have written the line thus:

Search among view of many: mine, being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.

i. e. Amongst the many you will view there, search for one that will please you. *Close out of the multitude*. This agrees exactly with what he had already said to him:

— hear all, all see,

And like her most whose merit most shall be."

My daughter (he proceeds) will, it is true, be one of the number, but her beauty can be of no reckoning (i. e. estimation) among those whom you will see here. Reckoning for estimation, is used before in this very scene.

"Of honourable reckoning are you both." STEEVENS.

This interpretation is fully supported by a passage in *Measure for Measure*:

" — our

May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, go with me;—Go, firrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find those persons out,
Whose names are written there^s, [*gives a paper.*] and to
them say,

My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET, and PARIS.

Serv. Find them out, whose names are written here⁹?
It is written—that the shoemaker should meddle with his
yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil,
and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those
persons, whose names are here writ, and can never find
what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to
the learned:—In good time.

“ — our compell'd sins

“ Stand more for *number*, than *account*.” i. e. estimation.

There is here an allusion to an old proverbial expression, that *one* is no
number. So, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, Part II:

“ — to fall to *one*,

“ — is to fall to none,

“ For *one no number* is.”

Again, in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*:

“ One is no number.”

Again, in Shakspeare's 136th Sonnet:

“ Among a number *one* is reckon'd none,

“ Then in the number let me pass untold.”

The following lines in the poem on which the tragedy is founded, may
add some support to Mr. Steevens's conjecture:

“ To his approved friend a solemn oath he plight,—

“ — every where he would resort where ladies wont to meet;

“ Eke should his savage heart like all indifferently,

“ For he would *view* and judge them all with unallured eye.—

* * *

“ No knight or gentleman of high or low renown

“ But Capulet himself had bid unto his feast, &c.

“ Young damsels thither flock, of bachelors a rout;

“ Not so much for the banquet's sake, as beauties to *search*
out.” MALONE.

⁹ — *find those persons out,*

[*Whose names are written there,*] Shakspeare has here closely followed
the poem already mentioned:

“ No lady fair or foul was in Verona town,

“ No knight or gentleman of high or low renown,

“ But Capulet himself hath bid unto his feast,

“ Or by his name, in paper sent, appointed as a guest.”

MALONE.

⁹ Find them out, whose names are written here? The quarto, 1597,
adds: “ And yet I know not who are written here: I must to the
learned to learn of them: that's as much as to say, the tailor,” &c.

STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter BENVOLIO, and ROMEO.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be help by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish¹:
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die².

Rom. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that³.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad-man is:
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd, and tormented, and—Good-e'en, good-fellow.

¹ —with another's languish:] This substantive is again found in *Antony and Cleopatra*.—It was not of our poet's coinage, occurring also (as I think) in one of Morley's songs, 1595:

"Alas, it skills not,

"For thus I will not,

"Now contented,

"Now tormented,

"Live in love and languish." MALONE.

² *Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,—*

Take thou some new infection to thy eye,

And the rank poison of the old will die.] So, in the poem:

"Ere long the townish dames together will resort;

"Some one of beauty, favour, shape, and of so lovely port,

"With so fast-fixed eye perhaps thou may'st behold,

"That thou shalt quite forget thy love and passions past of old.

"And as out of a plank a nail a nail doth drive,

"So novel love out of the mind the ancient love doth rive."

Again, in our authour's *Coriolanus*:

"One fire drives out one fire; one nail one nail."

So, in Lily's *Euphues*, 1580:—"a fire divided in twayne burneth slower;—one love expelleth another, and the remembrance of the latter quencheth the concupiscence of the first." MALONE.

³ *Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.]* Tackius tells us, that a toad, before she engages with a spider, will fortify herself with some of this plant; and that, if she comes off wounded, she cures herself afterwards with it. GREY.

The same thought occurs in *Albumazar*, in the following lines:

"Help, Armellina, help! I'm fall'n i' the cellar:

"Bring a fresh plantain leaf, I've broke my shin."

Again, in *The Case is Alter'd*, by Ben Jonson 1609, a fellow who has had his head broke, says: "'Tis nothing; a fillip, a device: fellow Juniper, prithee get me a plantain."

The plantain leaf is a blood-stancher, and was formerly applied to green wounds. STEEVENS.

Serv.

Serv. God gi' good e'en,—I pray, fir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book: But I pray, can you read any thing you see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters, and the language.

Serv. Ye say honestly; Rest you merry!

Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read.

[reads.]

Signior Martino, and his wife, and daughters; County Anselm, and his beauteous sisters; The lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio, and his lovely nieces; Mercutio, and his brother Valentine; Mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters; My fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio, and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio, and the lively Helena.

A fair assembly; [*gives back the note.*] Whither should they come?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither?

Serv. To supper; to our house⁴.

Rom. Whose house?

Serv. My master's.

Rom. Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking: My master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine⁵. Rest you merry. [Exit.]

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Supps the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st;
With all the admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires!

⁴ *To supper; to our house.*] The words *to supper* are in the old copies annexed to the preceding speech. They undoubtedly belong to the servant, to whom they were transferred by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

⁵ — *crush a cup of wine.*] This cant expression seems to have been once common among low people. I have met with it often in the old plays. So, in *Hoffman's Tragedy*, 1631:

“ — we'll *crush a cup* of thine own country wine.”
Again, in the *Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599, the Cowler says:

“ Come, George, we'll *crush a pot* before we part.”

We still say in cant language—to *crack a bottle*. STEEVENS.

And these,—who, often drown'd, could never die,—
Transparent hereticks, be burnt for liars !

Oae fairer than my love ! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut ! you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself pois'd with herself in either eye :
But in those cryстал scales⁶, let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid ?
'That I will shew you, shining at this feast,
And she shall scant shew well, that now shews best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shewn,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter Lady CAPULET, and Nurse.

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter ? call her forth
to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maiden-head,—at twelve year
old,—

I bade her come.—What, lamb ! what, lady-bird !—
God forbid !—where's this girl ?—what, Juliet !

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now, who calls ?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here ; what is your will ?

La. Cap. This is the matter :—Nurse, give leave
awhile,

We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again ;

⁶ — in those cryстал scales,—] The old copies have—that cryстал, &c.
The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. I am not sure that it is
necessary. The poet might have used *scales* for the entire machine.

MALONE.

— let there be weigh'd
[Your lady's love against some other maid] Your lady's love is the love
you to your lady, which in our language is commonly used for the
lady. HEATH.

I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel:
Thou know'st, my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,

And yet to my teen⁸ be it spoken, I have but four,—
She's not fourteen: How long is't now to Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight, and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she,—God rest all Christian souls!—
Were of an age.—Well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me: But, as I said,
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
'That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years⁹;
And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,—
Of all the days of the year, upon that day:
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall,
My lord and you were then at Mantua:—
Nay, I do bear a brain¹:—but, as I said,
When it did taste the worm-wood on the nipple
Of my dug, and felt it bitter; pretty fool!
To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug.
Shake, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need I throw,

⁸ — to my teen—] To my sorrow. JOHNSON.
So, in Spenser's *Faery Queene*, B. I. C. 9:

“—for dread and doleful teen.”

This old word is introduced by Shakspeare for the sake of the jingle between *teen*, and *four*, and *fourteen*. STEEVENS.

⁹ 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;] But how comes the nurse to talk of an earthquake upon this occasion? There is no such circumstance, I believe, mentioned in any of the novels from which Shakspeare may be supposed to have drawn his story; and therefore it seems probable, that he had in view the earthquake, which had really been felt in many parts of England in his own time, viz. on the 6th of April, 1580. [See *Stowe's Chronicle*, and *Gabriel Harvey's* letter in the preface to *Spenser's works*, ed. 1679.] If so, one may be permitted to conjecture, that *Romeo and Juliet*, or this part of it at least, was written in 1591; after the 6th of April, when the eleven years since the earthquake were completed; and not later than the middle of July, a fortnight and odd days before Lammas-tide. TYRWHITT.

¹ Nay, I do bear a brain:] So, in *Ram-alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:
“Daff, we must bear some brain.”
Again, in Marston's *Dutch Courtesan*, 1604:

“—nay, an I bear not a brain,—.” STEEVENS.

To bid me trudge.

And since that time it is eleven years :

For then she could stand alone² ; nay, by the rood,
She could have run and waddled all about.

For even the day before, she broke her brow :

And then my husband—God be with his soul !

'A was a merry man ;—took up the child :

Yea, quoth he, *dost thou fall upon thy face ?*

Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more wit ;

Wilt thou not, Jule ? and, by my holy-dam,

The pretty wretch left crying, and said—*Ay* :

To see now, how a jest shall come about !

I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,

I never should forget it ; *Wilt thou not, Jule ?* quoth he :

And, pretty fool, it stinted³, and said—*Ay*.

La. Cap. Enough of this ; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam ; Yet I cannot choose but laugh⁴.

To think it should leave crying, and say—*Ay* :

And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow

A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone ;

A par'lous knock ; and it cried bitterly.

Yea, quoth my husband, *fall'st upon thy face ?*

Thou wilt fall backward, when thou com'st to age ;

Wilt thou not, Jule ? it stinted, and said—*Ay*.

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his
grace !

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd :

An I might live to see thee married once,

I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that marry is the very theme

I came to talk of :—Tell me, daughter Juliet,

How stands your disposition to be married ?

² — *could stand alone* ;] The quarto, 1597, reads : "could stand
high lone, i. e. quite alone, completely alone. So in another of our au-
thour's plays, *high-fantastical* means *entirely fantastical*. STEEVENS.

³ — *it stinted*,] i. e. it stopped, it forbore from weeping. So Sir
Thomas North, in his translation of Plutarch, speaking of the wound
which Antony received, says : "for the blood *stinted* a little when he
was laid." So, in *Titus Andronicus* :

"He can at pleasure *stint* their melody."

Again, in *Cynthia's Revenge*, by Ben Jonson :

"*Stint* thy babbling tongue."

Spenser uses this word frequently in his *Faerie Queen*. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Nurse.* Yes, madam ; yet I cannot choose, &c.] This speech and
tautology is not in the first edition. POPE.

Jul. It is an honour ⁵ that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour! were not I thine only nurse,
I'd say, thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well ⁶, think of marriage now; younger than
you,

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers: by my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus then, in brief;—
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man,
As all the world—Why, he's a man of wax ⁷.

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse ⁸. Nay, he's a flower: in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. What say you ⁹? can you love the gentle-
man?

This night you shall behold him at our feast:

⁵ *It is an honour—*] The first quarto reads *honour*; the folio *hour*. I have chosen the reading of the quarto.

The word *hour* seems to have nothing in it that could draw from the Nurse that applause which she immediately bestows. The word *honour* was likely to strike the old ignorant woman, as a very elegant and discreet word for the occasion. STEEVENS.

Honour was changed to *hour* in the quarto, 1599. MALONE.

⁶ *Well, &c.*] Instead of this speech, the quarto, 1597, has only one line:

“Well, girl, the noble County Paris seeks thee for his wife.

STEEVENS.

⁷ — *a man of wax.*—] So, in *Wily Beguiled*, 1606:

“Why, he's a man as one should picture him in wax.”

STEEVENS.

— *a man of wax*—] Well made, as if he had been modelled in wax, as Mr. Steevens by a happy quotation has explained it. “When you, Lydia, praise the waxen arms of Telephus,” says Horace, [*waxen*, well shaped, finely turned,]

“With passion swells my fervid breast,

“With passion hard to be suppress’d.”

Dr. Bentley changed *cerea* into *laetea*, little understanding, that the praise was given to the shape, not to the colour. S. W.

⁸ *Nurse.*] After this speech of the Nurse, Lady Capulet in the old quarto says only:

“Well, Juliet, how like you of Paris' love?”

She answers, “I'll look to like, &c.” and so concludes the scene, without the intervention of that stuff to be found in the later quartos and the folio. STEEVENS.

⁹ *La. Cap. What say you? &c.*] This ridiculous speech is entirely added since the first edition. POPE.

Read

Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face¹,
 And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
 Examine every married lineament²,
 And see how one another lends content;
 And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,
 Find written in the margin of his eyes³
 This precious book of love, this unbound lover⁴,
 To beautify him, only lacks a cover:
 The fish lives in the sea; and 'tis much pride,
 For fair without the fair within to hide:
 That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
 That in gold clasps locks in the golden story⁵;

¹ Read o'er the volume, &c.] The same thought occurs in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*:

"Her face the book of praises, where is read

"Nothing but curious pleasures." STEEVENS.

² Examine every married lineament;] This speech, as has been observed, is not in the quarto, 1597. The reading of the text is that of the quarto 1599. The folio, after a later quarto, that of 1609, reads *several* lineament. I have no doubt that *married* was the poet's word, and that it was altered only because the printer of the quarto of 1609 did not understand it. MALONE.

Shakspeare meant by this phrase, Examine how nicely one feature depends upon another, or accords with another, in order to produce that harmony of the whole face which seems to be implied in *content*.—In *Titulus and Cressida*, he speaks of "the married calm of states;" and in his 8th Sonnet has the same allusion:

"If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,

"By unions married, do offend thine ear." STEEVENS.

³ And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,

Find written in the margin of his eyes.] So, in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"But she, that never cop'd with stranger eyes,

"Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,

"Nor read the subtle shining secrecies,

"Writ in the glassy margent of such books." MALONE.

The comments on ancient books were always printed in the margin. So Horatio in *Hamlet* says: "—I knew, you must be edify'd by the margent," &c. STEEVENS.

⁴ This precious book of love, this unbound lover,] The unbound lover, is a quibble between the binding of a book, and the binding of marriage.

MASON.

⁵ That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;] The golden story is perhaps the golden legend, a book in the darker ages of popery much read, and doubtless often exquisitely embellished, but of which Canus, one of the popish doctors, proclaims the authour to have been *homo ferrei cricis, plumbei cordis*. JOHNSON.

The poet may mean nothing more than to say, that those books are most esteemed by the world, where valuable contents are embellished by as valuable binding. STEEVENS.

So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less? nay, bigger; women grow by men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move:
But no more deep will I endart mine eye⁶,
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam⁷, the guests are come, supper serv'd up,
you call'd, my young lady ask'd for, the nurse curst in
the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence
to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

La. Cap. We follow thee.—Juliet, the county stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Street.

*Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO⁸, BENVOLIO, with five or six
Maskers, Torch-bearers, and Others.*

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without apology?

Ben.

⁶ — endart mine eye,] The quarto, 1597, reads:—engage mine eye.
STEEVENS.

⁷ Madam, &c.] To this speech there have been likewise additions
since the elder quarto, but they are not of sufficient consequence to be
quoted. STEEVENS.

⁸ — Mercutio,] Shakspeare appears to have formed this character on
the following slight hint in the original story: “—another gentleman
called *Mercutio*, which was a courtlike gentleman, very wel beloved of
all men, and by reason of his pleasant and courteous behaviour was in
all companies wel intertained.” *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*, tom ii.
p. 221. STEEVENS.

Mercutio is thus described in the poem which Shakspeare followed:

“ At thone side of her chair her lover Romeo,
“ And on the other side there sat one call'd Mercutio;
“ A courtier that each where was highly had in price,
“ For he was courteous of his speech, and pleasant of device.
“ Even as a lion-would among the lambs be bold,
“ Such was among the bashful maids Mercutio to behold.

“ With

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity⁹ :
We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper¹ ;
Nor no without-book prologue², faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance³ :
But, let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure⁴, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch⁵,—I am not for this ambling ;
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer.

" With friendly gripe he seiz'd fair Juliet's snowish hand ;
" A gift he had, that nature gave him in his swathing band
" That frozen mountain ice was never half so cold,
" As were his hands, though ne'er so near the fire he did them hold."

Perhaps it was this last circumstance which induced our poet to represent Mercutio, as little sensible to the passion of love, and " a jester at wounds which he never felt." See *Othello*, Act III. sc. iv.

" — This hand is moist, my lady ;—
" This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart ;
" Hot, hot, and moist."

⁹ The date is out of such prolixity :] A tedious speech by way of introduction to maskers, before their entry at a masquerade, is no longer in fashion. To Mr. Steevens we are indebted for the true interpretation of this passage. MALONE.

In *Henry VIII.* where the king introduces himself to the entertainment given by Wolsey, he appears, like Romeo and his companions, in a mask, and sends a messenger before, to make an apology for his intrusion. This was a custom observed by those who came uninvited, with a desire to conceal themselves for the sake of intrigue, or to enjoy the greater freedom of conversation. Their entry on these occasions was always prefaced by some speech in praise of the beauty of the ladies, or the generosity of the entertainer ; and to the *prolixity* of such introductions, I believe, Romeo is made to allude.

So, in *Histrionastix*, 1610, a man expresses his wonder that the maskers enter without any compliment :

" What, come they in so blunt, without device ?"

In the accounts of many entertainments given in reigns antecedent to that of Elizabeth, I find this custom preserved. Of the same kind of masquerading, see a specimen in *Timon*, where Cupid precedes a troop of ladies with a speech. STEEVENS.

¹ — like a crow-keeper ;] The word *crow-keeper* is explained in *K. Lear*, Act IV. sc. vi. JOHNSON.

² Nor no without-book prologue, &c.] The two following lines are inserted from the first edition. POPE.

³ — for our entrance :] Entrance is here used as a trisyllable ; entrance. MALONE.

⁴ We'll measure them a measure,] i. e. a dance. MALONE.

⁵ Give me a torch,] The character which Romeo declares his resolution to assume, will be best explained by a passage in *Westward Ho*,
by

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me : you have dancing shoes,
With nimble soles : I have a soul of lead,
So stokes me to the ground, I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover⁶ ; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft,
To soar with his light feathers ; and so bound,
I cannot bound⁷ a pitch above dull woe :
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden love⁸ ;
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing ; it is too rough,
'Too rude, too boist'rous ; and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love ;
Puck love for pricking, and you beat love down.—
Give me a case to put my visage in : [*Putting on a mask.*]
A visor for a visor !—what care I,

by Decker and Webster, 1607 : "He is just like a torch-bearer to maskers ; he wears good cloaths, and is ranked in good company, but he doth nothing." A torch-bearer seems to have been a constant attendant on every troop of masks. So, in the second part of *Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601 :

" — as on a masque : but for our torch bearers,

" Hell cannot rake so mad a crew as I."

Again, in the same play :

" — a gallant crew,

" Of courtly maskers landed at the stairs ;

" Before whom, untreated, I am come,

" And here prevented, I believe, their page,

" Who, with his torch is enter'd. STEEVENS.

K. Henry VIII. when he went masked to Wolsey's palace, (now Whitehall,) had sixteen torch-bearers. MALONE.

⁶ *Mer.* You are a lover ; &c.] The twelve following lines are not to be found in the first edition. POPE.

⁷ — so bound,

I cannot bound, &c.] Let Milton's example, on this occasion, keep Shakspeare in countenance :

" — in contempt

" At one slight bound high over-leap'd all bound

" Of hill," &c. *Par. Lost*, book iv. l. 180. STEEVENS.

⁸ — should you burden love ;] i. e. by sinking in it, you should, or would, burden love. Mr. Heath, on whose suggestion a note of interrogation has been placed at the end of this line in the late editions, entirely misunderstood the passage. Had he attended to the first two lines of Mercutio's next speech, he would have seen what kind of burdens he was thinking of. See also the concluding lines of Mercutio's long speech in p. 43. MALONE.

What

What curious eye doth quote deformities⁹?

Here are the beetle-brows, shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock, and enter; and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me: let wantons, light of heart¹,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels²;
For I am proverb'd with a grandfire phrase³,—
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on,—
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done⁴.

⁹ — doth quote deformities? To quote is to observe. STEEVENS.

¹ Let wantons, light of heart, &c.] Middleton has borrowed this thought in his play of *Blurt Master-Constable*, 1602:

“—bid him, whose heart no sorrow feels,

“Tickle the rushes with his wanton heels;

“I have too much lead at mine.” STEEVENS.

² Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;] It has been already observed, that it was anciently the custom to strew rooms with *rushes*, before carpets were in use. So, *Hentzner*, in his Itinerary speaking of *Q. Elizabeth's* presence-chamber at Greenwich, says: “The floor, after the English fashion, was strewed with *kay*,” meaning *rushes*. STEEVENS.

See Vol. XIII. p. 41, n 7.

Shakspeare, it has been observed, gives the manners and customs of his own time to all countries and all ages. It is certainly true; but let it always be remembered that his contemporaries offended against propriety in the same manner. Thus Marlowe in his *Hero and Leander*:

“She, fearing on the *rushes* to be flung,

“Striv'd with redoubled strength.—” MALONE.

³ — a grandfire phrase,—] The proverb which Romeo means, is contained in the line immediately following: *To hold the candle*, is a very common proverbial expression, for being an idle spectator. Among Ray's proverbial sentences, is this,—“A good candle-holder proves a good gamester.” STEEVENS.

The proverb to which Romeo refers, is rather that alluded to in the line next but one.

It appears from a passage in one of the small collections of Poetry entitled *Drolleries*, of which I have lost the title, that “Our sport is at the best,” or at the fairest, meant, *we have had enough of it*. Hence it is that Romeo says, “I am done.”

Dun is the mouse, I know not why, seems to have meant, *Peace; be still!* and hence it is said to be “the constable's own word;” who may be supposed to be employed in apprehending an offender, and afraid of alarming him by any noise. So, in the comedy of *Patient Grissel*, 1603: “What, Babulo! say you. Heere, master, say I, and then this eye opens; yet *dun is the mouse*, LIE STILL. What, Babulo! says Grissel. Anone, say I, and then this eye looks up; yet downe I snug againe.”

MALONE.

⁴ I'll be a candle-holder, and look on,—

The game was ne'er so fair, &c.] An allusion to an old proverbial saying, which advises to give over when the game is at the fairest.

ANONYMUS.

Mer. Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own word⁵:
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire⁶

Of

⁵ *Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own word, &c.*] This poor obscure stuff should have an explanation in mere charity. It is an answer to these two lines of Romeo:

For I am proverb'd with a grandfire phrase;—and
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mercutio, in his reply, answers the last line first. The thought of which, and of the preceding, is taken from gaming. *I'll be a candle-bolder* (says Romeo) *and look on.* It is true, if I could play myself, I could never expect a fairer chance than in the company we are going to: but, alas! *I am done.* I have nothing to play with: I have lost my heart already. Mercutio catches at the word *done*, and quibbles with it, as if Romeo had said, The ladies indeed are *fair*, but I am *dun*, i. e. of a dark complexion. And so replies, *Tut! dun's the mouse*; a proverbial expression of the same import with the French, *La nuit tout les chats sent gris*: as much as to say, You need not fear, night will make all your complexions alike. And because Romeo had introduced his observations with,

I am proverb'd with a grandfire phrase,

Mercutio adds to his reply, *the constable's own word*: as much as to say, If you are for old proverbs, I'll fit you with one; 'tis *the constable's own word*; whose custom was, when he summoned his watch, and assigned them their several stations, to give them what the soldiers call, *the word*. But this night-guard being distinguished for their pacific character, the constable, as an emblem of their harmless disposition, chose that domestic animal for his *word*, which, in time, might become proverbial.

WARBURTON.

⁶ *If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire*—] A proverbial saying used by Mr. Thomas Heywood, in his play intitled *The Dutchess of Suffolk*, Act III.

"A rope for Bishop Bonner; Clunce, run,

"Call help, a rope, or we are all undone;

"Draw *dun* out of the ditch." GREY.

Draw dun out of the mire, seems to have been a game. In an old collection of Satyres, Epigrams, &c. I find it enumerated among other pastimes:

"At shove-groate, venter-point, or crosse and pile,

"At leaping o'er a Midsummer bone-fier,

"Or at the drawing *dun* out of the myer."

Dun's the mouse is a proverbial phrase, which I have likewise met with frequently in the old comedies. So, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609:

"If my host say the word, *the mouse shall be dun.*"

It is also found among Ray's proverbial similes. Again, in the *Two Merry Milkmaids*, 1620: "Why then, 'tis done, and *dun's the mouse*, and undone all the courtiers."

Of this cant expression I cannot determine the precise meaning. It is used again in *Westward Ho*, by Decker and Webster, 1607, but apparently in a sense different from that which Dr. Warburton would affix to it. STEEVENS.

These

Of this (save reverence) love, wherein thou stick'st⁷
Up to the ears.—Come, we burn day-light, ho⁸.

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay

We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day⁹.

Take our good meaning; for our judgment fits

Five times in that, ere once in our five wits¹.

Rom.

These passages serve to prove that Dr. Warburton's explanation is ill founded, without tending to explain the real sense of the phrase, or shewing why it should be *the constable's own word*. MASON.

⁷ Of this (save reverence) love, wherein thou stick'st—] I have followed the first quarto, 1597, except that it has *sur-reverence*, instead of *save-reverence*. It was only a different mode of spelling the same word; which was derived from the Latin, *salva reverentia*. See Bleunt's Glossograph. 8vo. 1681, in v. *sa-reverence*.

So, in Massinger's *Very Woman*:

"The beastliest man,—

"(Sir-reverence of the company) a rank whore-master."

Again, in the *Puritan*, 1607:—"ungarter'd, unbutton'd, nay, (*sir-reverence*,) untruss'd."

In *Cymbeline* we have the same thing more delicately expressed: "Why should his mistress not be fit too? The rather, *saving reverence* of the word, for 'tis said a woman's fitness comes by fits."

In the *Comedy of Errors* the word is written as in the first copy of this play, and is used in the same sense: "—such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say *sir-reverence*,"—And in *Much ado about Nothing*, it occurs as now printed in the text: "I think you will have me say (*save reverence*) a husband."

The printer of the quarto, 1599, exhibited the line thus unintelligibly:

Or, save you reverence, love—

which was followed by the next quarto, of 1609, and by the folio with a slight variation. The editor of the folio, whenever he found an error in a later quarto, seems to have corrected it by caprice, without examining the preceding copy. He reads,—Or, save your reverence, &c.

MALONE.

⁸ —we burn day-light, ho.] To *burn day-light*, is a proverbial expression, used when candles, &c. are lighted in the day-time.

STEEVENS.

⁹ —like lamps by day.] *Lamps* is the reading of the oldest quarto. The folio and subsequent quartos read—*lights lights by day*. STEEVENS.

¹ —for our judgment fits

Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.] The quarto 1599, and the folio, have—our *fine* wits. Shakspeare is on all occasions so fond of antithesis, that I have no doubt he wrote *five*, not *fine*. The error has happened so often in these plays, and the emendation is so strongly confirmed by comparing these lines as exhibited in the enlarged copy of this play, with the passage as it stood originally, that I have not hesitated to give the reading which I proposed some time ago, a place in the text.

The

Rom. And we mean well, in going to this mask ;
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask ?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours ?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. In bed, asleep, while they do dream things
true.

Mer. O, then ², I see, queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife ³ ; and she comes

In

The same mistake has happened in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, where we find in all the old copies—"of these *fine* the sente," instead of "*—these five.*" Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. 1: "Deck'd with *fine* flower-de-luces," instead of—"five," &c. In *Coriolanus*, the only authentic ancient copy has—"the *five* strains of honour," for "the *fine* strains of honour." Indeed in the writing of Shakspeare's age, the *u* and *n* were formed exactly in the same manner: we are not to wonder therefore that ignorant transcribers should have confounded them. In the modern editions these errors have all been properly amended.

Shakspeare has again mentioned the *five wits* in *Much ado about Nothing* ; in *K. Lear*, and in one of his sonnets. Again, in the play before us: "Thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy *wits*, than, I am sure, I have in my whole *five*." Mercutio is here also the speaker.

In the first quarto the line stands thus :

"Three times in that, ere once in our *right wits*."

When the poet altered "*three times*" to "*five times*," he, without doubt, for the sake of the jingle, discarded the word *right*, and substituted *five* in its place. The alteration, indeed, seems to have been made merely to obtain the antithesis.

Notwithstanding all these concurring circumstances, Mr. Steevens thinks *fine* may be the true reading, because "they would whip me with their *fine wits*," occurs in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

MALONE.

² O, then, &c.] In the quarto 1597, after the first line of Mercutio's speech, Romeo says, *Queen Mab, what's she ?* and the printer, by a blunder, has given all the rest of the speech to the same character.

STEEVENS.

³ — I see, queen Mab hath been with you.

She is the fairies' midwife ;] The *fairies' midwife* does not mean the midwife to the fairies, but that she was the person among the fairies, whose department it was to deliver the fancies of sleeping men of their dreams, those children of an idle brain. When we say the king's judges, we do not mean persons who are to judge the king, but persons appointed by him to judge his subjects. STEEVENS.

I apprehend, and with no violence of interpretation, that by "the fairies' midwife," the poet means, *the midwife among the fairies*, because it was her peculiar employment to steal the new-born babe in the night,
and

In shape no bigger than an agat-stone.
On the fore-finger of an alderman⁴,
Drawn with a team of little atomies⁵
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;

and to leave another in its place. The poet here uses her *general* appellation, and character, which yet has so far a proper reference to the present train of fiction, as that her illusions were practised on persons in bed or asleep; for she not only haunted women in childbed, but was likewise the incubus or nightmare: Shakspeare, by employing her here, alludes at large to her midnight pranks performed on sleepers; but denominates her from the most notorious one, of her personating the drowsy midwife, who was insensibly carried away into some distant water, and substituting a new birth in the bed or cradle. It would clear the appellation to read the *fairy midwife*.—The poet avails himself of Mab's appropriate province, by giving her this nocturnal agency. T. WARTON.

⁴ *On the fore-finger of an alderman,*] The quarto, 1597, reads, of a *burgomaster*. The alteration was probably made by the poet himself, as we find it in the succeeding copy, 1599: but in order to familiarize the idea, he has diminished its propriety. In the pictures of *burgomasters*, the ring is generally placed on the fore-finger; and from a passage in *The first Part of Henry IV.* we may suppose the citizens in Shakspeare's time to have worn this ornament on the *thumb*. So again, Glapthorne, in his comedy of *Wit in a Constable*, 1639: "—and an *alderman*, as I may say to you, he has no more wit than the rest o' the bench; and that lies in his *thumb-ring*." STEEVENS.

⁵ —of atomies—] *Atomy* is no more than an obsolete substitute for *atom*. So, in Heywood's *Brass Age*, 1613:

"I'll tear thy limbs into more *atomies*
"Than in the summer play before the sun."

In Drayton's *Nimphidia* there is likewise a description of Queen Mab's chariot:

"Four nimble gnats the horses were,
"Their barnesses of gossamere,
"Fly cranion, her charioteer,
"Upon the coach-box getting:
"Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,
"Which for the colours did excell,
"The fair Queen Mab becoming well,
"So lively was the limning:
"The seat, the soft wool of the bee,
"The cover (gallantly to see)
"The wing of a py'd butterflee,
"I trow, 'twas simple trimming:
"The wheels compos'd of cricket's bones,
"And daintily made for the nonce,
"For fear of rattling on the stones,
"With thistle-down they shod it." STEEVENS.

Drayton's *Nimphidia* was written several years after this tragedy.

MALONE.

The

The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
 The collars, of the moonshine's watry beams:
 Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film:
 Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
 Not half so big as a round little worm
 Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
 Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
 Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
 Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
 And in this state she gallops night by night
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:
 On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight:
 O'er lawyer's fingers, who straight dream on fees:
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
 Because their breaths with sweet-meats * tainted are.
 Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit⁶:

And

* — *with sweet-meats*—] i. e. kissing-comfits. These artificial aids to perfume the breath, are mentioned by Falstaff in the last act of *the Merry Wives of Windsor*. MALONE.

⁶ *Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,*

And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:] Dr. Warburton has justly observed, that in Shakspeare's time "a court-solicitation was called simply a *suit*, and a process, a *suit at law*, to distinguish it from the other. "The king (says an anonymous contemporary writer of the life of Sir William Cecil,) called him (Sir William Cecil,) and after long talk with him, being much delighted with his answers, wished his father to find [i. e. to *smell out*] a *suit* for him. Whereupon he became *suitor* for the reversion of the *custos brevium* office in the Common Pleas; which the king willingly granted, it being the first *suit* he had in his life."

As almost every book of that age furnishes proofs of what Dr. Warburton has observed, I shall add but one other instance, from Decker's *Guls Hornebooke*, 1609: "If you be a *courtier*, discourse of the obtaining of *suits*."

To avoid the repetition of the word *courtiers* in this speech, Mr. Tyrwhitt proposed to read—O'er *counties'* knees, i. e. the knees of counts; for in old language *county* signified a *nobleman*. So, as he observes, in Holinshed, p. 115c, "the *Countie* Egmond," and in the Burleigh papers, l. p. 7, "The *Countie* Palatine, Lowys." Paris, he adds, who, in one place is called *earl*, is most commonly styled the *county* in this play. He, however, candidly acknowledges that "the repetition of the *courtier*, which offends us in this passage, may be owing to the players having jumbled together the varieties of several editions, as they certainly have done in other parts of the play."

In the *present* instance I think it is more probable that the repetition arose from the cause assigned by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

This

And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
 Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
 Then dreams he of another benefice :
 Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades⁷,
 Of healths five fathom deep⁸ ; and then anon
 Drums in his ear ; at which he starts, and wakes ;
 And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
 And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,
 That plats the manes of horses in the night ;
 And bakes the elf-locks⁹ in foul sluttish hairs,

Which,

This speech at different times received much alteration and improvement. The part of it in question, stands thus in the quarto, 1597 :

And in this sort she gallops up and down
 Through lovers braines, and then they dream of love :
 O'er courtiers knees, who strait on curfies dream :
 O'er ladies lips, who dream on kisses strait ;
 Which oft the angrie Mab with blisters plagues,
 Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
 Sometimes she gallops o'er a lawyer's lap,
 And then dreames he of smelling out a suit :
 And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's taile,
 Tickling a parson's nose that lies asleepe,
 And then dreames he of another benefice.
 Sometimes she gallops o'er a souldier's nose,
 And then dreames he of cutting forraine throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, countermines,
 Of healths five fadome deepe, &c.

Shakspeare, as I observed before, did not always attend to the propriety of his own alterations. STEEVENS.

⁷ — *Spanish blades*,] A sword is called a toledo, from the excellence of the Toletan steel. So Grotius :

Gladius Toletanus.

“ Unda Tagi non est uno celebranda metallo ;

“ Utilis in cives est ibi lamina suos.” JOHNSON.

The quarto, 1597, instead of *Spanish blades*, reads *countermines*.

STEEVENS.

In the passage quoted from Grotius, *alio* has been constantly printed instead of *uno*, which makes it nonsense ; the whole point of the couplet depending on that word. I have corrected it from the original.

MALONE.

⁸ *Of healths five fathom deep* ;] So, in *Westward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607 : “ — troth, sir, my master and sir Goslin are guzzling ; they are dabbling together *fatbom deep*. The knight has drunk so much *health* to the gentleman yonder, on his knees, that he hath almost lost the use of his legs.” MALONE.

⁹ *And bakes the elf-locks*, &c.] This was a common superstition ; and seems to have had its rise from the horrid disease called the Plica Polonica. WARBURTON.

So,

Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
 This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs¹,
 That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
 Making them women of good carriage.
 This is she—

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace;
 Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams:
 Which are the children of an idle brain,
 Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
 Which is as thin of substance as the air;
 And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
 Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
 And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence²,
 Turning his face * to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourselves;
 Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early: for my mind misgives,
 Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
 Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
 With this night's revels; and expire the term
 Of a despised life³, clos'd in my breast,
 By some vile forfeit of untimely death:
 But He, that hath the steerage of my course,

So, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632:

“And when I shook these locks, now knotted all,

“As bak'd in blood,”—MALONE.

¹ —when maids, &c.] So, in Drayton's *Nimphidia*:

“And Mab, his merry queen, by night

“Besrides young folks that lie upright,

“ (In elder times the mare that right)

“Which plagues them out of measure.”

So, in *Gerwase of Tilbury*, Dec. 1. c. 17. “Vidimus quoddam demones tanto zelo mulieres amare, quod ad inaudita prorumpunt ludibria, et cum ad concubitus earum accedunt, mirâ mole eas opprimunt, nec ab illis videntur.” ANONYMUS.

—of good carriage.] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act I. sc. ii.

“—let them be men of good repute and carriage.”

Moth. Sampson, master; he was a man of good carriage; great carriage; for he carried the town-gates,” &c. STEEVENS.

² —from thence,] The quarto, 1597, reads:—in haste. STEEVENS.

* —his face—] So the quarto, 1597. The other ancient copies have *side*. MALONE.

³ —and expire the term

Of a despised life,] So, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

“An expir'd date, cancell'd ere well begun.” MALONE.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

41

Direct my my fail⁴!—On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum⁵.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V⁶.

A Hall in Capulet's House.

Musicians waiting. Enter Servants.

1. *Serv.* Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? he shift a trencher⁷! he scrape a trencher!

2. *Serv.* When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwall'd too, 'tis a foul thing.

1. *Serv.* Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard⁸, look to the plate:—good thou, save me a piece

⁴ *Direct my fail!*] I have restored this reading from the elder quarto, as being more congruous to the metaphor in the preceding line. *Suit* is the reading of the folio. STEEVENS.

Suit is the corrupt reading of the quarto 1599, from which it got into all the subsequent copies. MALONE.

⁵ *Strike, drum.*] Here the folio adds: *They march about the stage, and serving men come forth with their napkins.* STEEVENS.

⁶ This scene is added since the first copy. STEEVENS.

⁷ — *he shift a trencher!*] *Trenchers* were still used by persons of good fashion in our author's time. In the household-book of the earls of Northumberland, compiled at the beginning of the same century, it appears that they were common to the tables of the first nobility.

PERCY.

They were common even in the time of Charles I. MALONE.

They continued common much longer in many public societies, particularly in colleges and inns of court; and are still retained at Lincoln's-Inn. NICHOLS.

On the books of the Stationers' Company, in the year 1554, is the following entry: "Item, pay'd for x dozyn of trenchers. xxi d."

STEEVENS.

⁸ — *court-cupboard,*] I am not very certain that I know the exact signification of *court-cupboard*. Perhaps it is what we call at present the *side-board*. It is however frequently mentioned in the old plays: So, in a *Humorous Day's Mirth*, 1599: "—shadow these tables with their white veils, and accomplish the *court-cupboard*." Again, in the *Roaring Girl*, 1611: "Place that in the *court-cupboard*." Again, in Chapman's *May-Day*, 1611: "*Court-cupboards* planted with flaggons, cans, cups, beakers," &c.

Two of these *court-cupboards* are still in Stationers' Hall.

STEEVENS.

By

piece of march-pane⁹; and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone, and Nell.—Antony! and Potpan!

2. *Serv.* Ay, boy; ready.

1. *Serv.* You are look'd for, and call'd for, ask'd for, and sought for, in the great chamber.

2. *Serv.* We cannot be here and there too.—Cheerly, boys; be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all.

[*They retire behind.*]

By “*remove the court-cupboard*,” the speaker means, I think, remove the flaggons, cups, ewers, &c. contained in it.—A *court-cupboard* was not strictly what we now call a *side-board*, but a recess fitted up with shelves to contain plate, &c. for the use of the table. It was afterwards called a *buffet*, and continued to be used to the time of Pope:

“The rich *buffet* well colour'd serpents grace,

“And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face.”

The *side-board* was, I apprehend, introduced in the present century.

MALONE.

The use which to this day is made of those *cupboards* is exactly described in the above-quoted line of Chapman; to display at public festivals the *flaggons, cans, cups, beakers*, and other antique silver vessels of the company, some of which (with the names of the donors inscribed on them) are remarkably large. NICHOLS.

⁹ *Save me a piece of march-pane;*] March-pane was a confection made of pistacho-nuts, almonds, and sugar, &c. and in high esteem in Shakespeare's time; as appears from the account of Queen Elizabeth's entertainment in Cambridge. It is said that the university presented Sir William Cecil, their chancellor, with two pair of gloves, a *march-pane*, and two sugar-loaves. *Peck's Desiderata Curiosa*, Vol. II. p. 29. GREY.

March-pane was a kind of sweet bread or biscuit: called by some almond-cake. *Hermolaus Barbarus* terms it *mazapanis*, vulgarly *Martius panis*. G. *marcepain* and *massepan*. It. *marzapane*. H. *il macapan*. B. *marcepeyn*, i. e. *massa pura*. But, as few understood the meaning of this term, it begun to be generally though corruptly called *massepeyn*, *marcepeyn*, *marisepeyn*; and in consequence of this mistake of theirs, it soon took the name of *martius panis*, an appellation transferred afterwards into other languages. See *Junius*. HAWKINS.

March-pane was a constant article in the deserts of our ancestors. So, in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1540: “—seeing that the issue of the table, fruits and cheese, or wafers, hypocras, and *marchpanes*, or comfytures, be brought in.” See *Dugdale's Orig. Jurid.* p. 133.

In the year 1560, I find the following entry on the books of the Stationers' Company: “Item, payd for ix *marthe paynes*, xxvi s. viii. d.

STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter CAPULET, &c. with the Guests, and the Maskers.

1. Cap. Welcome, gentlemen! ladies, that have their toes *

Unplagu'd with corns, will have a bout with you:—
Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty, she,
I'll swear, hath corns; Am I come near you now?
You are welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day,
That I have worn a visor; and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please;—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:
You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians, play.
A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.

[Musick plays, and they dance.

More light, ye knaves! and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—
Ah, firrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet³;

For

* — *their toes*—] Thus all the ancient copies. The modern editors, following Mr. Pope, read, with more delicacy, *their feet*.—An editor by such capricious alterations deprives the reader of the means of judging of the manners of different ages; for the word employed in the text undoubtedly did not appear indelicate to the audiences of Shakspeare's time, though perhaps it would not be endured at this day. MALONE.

¹ *You are welcome, gentlemen!*] These two lines, omitted by the modern editors, I have replaced from the folio. JOHNSON.

² *A ball! a ball!*] Such is the old reading, and the true one, though the modern editors read, *A ball! a ball!* The former exclamation occurs frequently in the old comedies, and signifies, *make room*. So, in the comedy of *Doctor Dodypoll*, 1600:

“Room! room! a ball! a ball!”

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*:

“Then cry, a ball! a ball!”

and numberless other passages. STEEVENS.

³ — *good cousin Capulet*,] This *cousin* Capulet is *uncle* in the paper of invitation; but as Capulet is described as old, *cousin* is probably the right word in both places. I know not how Capulet and his lady might agree, their ages were very disproportionate; he has been past masking for thirty years, and her age, as she tells Juliet, is but eight and twenty.

JOHNSON.

Shakspeare and other contemporary writers used the word *cousin* to denote any collateral relation, of whatever degree, and sometimes even to denote those of lineal descent.

The king calls Hamlet frequently his cousin, though his nephew and step-son:

“But now, my *cousin* Hamlet, and my son.”

Richard

For you and I are past our dancing days⁴ :
How long is't now, since last yourself and I
Were in a mask ?

2. *Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.

1. *Cap.* What, man ! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much :

'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years ; and then we mask'd.

2. *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more : his son is elder, sir ;
His son is thirty.

1. *Cap.* Will you tell me that⁵ ?
His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight⁶ ?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright !

Richard III. during a whole scene calls his nephew York, *cousin* ; who in his answer constantly calls him *uncle*. And the old Dutchess of York in the same play calls her grandson, *cousin*.

" Why, my young *cousin*, it is good to grow.

" *York.* Grandam, one night, as he did sit at supper," &c.

In this very play Lady Capulet says,

" Tybalt, my *cousin*, O, my brother's child !"

and in Fletcher's *Woman Pleas'd*, Sylvio styles Rhodope at one time his *aunt*, at others his *cousin*, to the great annoyance of Mr. Symphon, the editor. MASON.

⁴ — our dancing days :] Thus the folio : the quarto reads, our *standing* days. STEEVENS.

⁵ Will you tell me, &c.] This speech stands thus in the first copy :

Will you tell me that ? it cannot be so ;

His son was but a ward three years ago ;

Good youths i'faith !—Oh, youth's a jolly thing !"

There are many trifling variations in almost every speech of this play ; but when they are of little consequence I have forborne to encumber the page by the insertion of them. The last, however, of these three lines is natural, and worth preserving. STEEVENS.

⁶ What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand

Of yonder knight ?] Here is another proof that our authour had the poem, and not Painter's Novel, in his mind. In the novel we are told, " A certain lord of that troupe took Juliet by the hand to dance." In the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*, as in the play, her partner is a knight :

" With torch in hand a comely knight did fetch her forth to dance." MALONE.

It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night⁷
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear⁸ :
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear !
So shews a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now ? forswear it, fight !
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night⁹.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague :—
Fetch me my rapier, boy :—What ! dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antick face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity ?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

1. *Cap.* Why, how now, kinsman ? wherefore storm
you so ?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe ;
A villain, that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

1. *Cap.* Young Romeo is't ?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

1. *Cap.* Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a portly gentleman ;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth :
I would not for the wealth of all this town,
Here in my house, do him disparagement :
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will ; the which if thou respect,
Shew a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest ;
I'll not endure him.

⁷ — upon the cheek of night—] Shakspeare has the same thought in his 27th Sonnet :

“ Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,

“ Makes black night beautiful, and his old face new.”

STEEVENS.

⁸ Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear :] So, in *Lily's Euphues* :
“ A fair pearl in a Morian's ear.” T. H. W.

⁹ For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.] Thus *K. Henry VIII.*

“ — o beauty,

“ Till now I never knew thee !” STEEVENS.

1. *Cap.* He shall be endur'd;
 What, Goodman boy!—I say, he shall;—Go to;—
 Am I the master here; or you? go to.
 You'll not endure him!—God shall mend my soul—
 You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
 You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame:

1. *Cap.* Go to, go to,
 You are a saucy boy:—Is't so, indeed?—
 This trick may chance to scathe you¹;—I know what.
 You must contrary me²! marry, 'tis time—
 Well said, my hearts:—You are a princox; go³:
 Be quiet, or—More light, more light, for shame!—
 I'll make you quiet; What!—Cheerly, my hearts.

Tyb. Patience perforce⁴ with wilful choler meeting;
 Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
 I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,
 Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.

Rom. If I profane with my unworthy hand [to Juliet. *Exit.*

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this,—
 My lips, two blushing pilgrims⁵, ready stand

To

¹ To scathe you;] i. e. to do you an injury. STEEVENS.

² You must contrary me!] The use of this verb is common to our old writers. So, in *Tully's Love* by R. Greene, 1615: "—rather wishing to die than to contrary her resolution." Many instances more might be selected from *Sidney's Arcadia*.

Again, in Warner's *Albions England*, 1602, B. 10. Chap. 59.

"—his countermand should have contraried so."

The same verb is used in Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch.

STEEVENS.

³ You are a princox; go:—] A *princox* is a coxcomb, a conceited person. The word is used by Ben Jonson in *The Case is alter'd*, 1609; by Chapman in his comedy of *May-Day*, 1610; in the *Return from Parnassus*, 1606: "Your proud university Princox;" again, in *Fumus Troes*, 1633: "That Princox proud;" and indeed by most of the old dramatick writers. Cotgrave renders *un jeune esjoudeau superbe*—a young *princox* boy. STEEVENS.

The etymology of the word *princox* may be found in Florio's Italian Dict. 1598, in v. *Pinchino*. It is rather a cockered or spoilt child, than a coxcomb. MALONE.

⁴ Patience perforce—] This expression is in part proverbial: the old adage is,

"Patience perforce is a medicine for a mad dog." STEEVENS.

⁵ If I profane with my unworthy hand

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this,—

My lips, two blushing pilgrims, &c.] The old copies read *sin*.

MALONE
 All

To smoothe that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shews in this ;

For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too ?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do ;

They pray, grant thou⁶, lest faith turn to despair.

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.

Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purg'd. [*kissing her*⁷.

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

Rom. Sin from my lips ? O trespass sweetly urg'd !

Give me my sin again.

Jul. You kiss by the book⁸.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Rom. What is her mother ?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,

Her mother is the lady of the house,

And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous :

I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal ;

I tell you,—he, that can lay hold of her,

Shall have the chinks⁹.

All profanations are supposed to be expiated either by some meritorious action, or by some penance undergone, and punishment submitted to. So Romeo would here say, if I have been profane in the rude touch of my hand, my lips stand ready, as two blushing pilgrims, to take off that offence, to atone for it by a sweet penance. Our poet therefore must have wrote.—the gentle *fine* is this. WARBURTON.

⁶ O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do ;

They pray, grant thou, &c.] Juliet had said before, that *palm to palm* was holy palmers' kiss ; she afterwards says that palmers have lips that they must use in prayer. Romeo replies, that "the prayer of his lips was, that they might do what hands do ;" that is, that they might kiss. MASON.

⁷ —*kissing her.*] Our poet here, without doubt, copied from the mode of his own time : and kissing a lady in a publick assembly, we may conclude, was not thought indecorous. In *K. Henry VIII.* he in like manner makes Lord Sands kiss Anne Boleyn, next to whom he sits at the supper given by Cardinal Wolsey. MALONE.

You kiss by the book.] In *As you Like it*, we find it was usual to quarrel by the book, and we are told in the note, that there were books extant for good manners. Juliet here appears to refer to a third kind, containing the *art of courtship*, an example from which it is probable that Rosalind hath adduced. HENLEY.

⁹ —the chinks.] Thus the old copies ; for which Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors have substituted *chink*. MALONE.

Rom.

Rom. Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

Ben. Away, begone; the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

1. Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards¹.—

Is it e'en so? Why, then I thank you all;

I thank you, honest gentlemen*; good night:—

More torches here!—Come on, then let's to bed.

Ah, sirrah, [to 2. Cap.] by my fay, it waxes late;

I'll to my rest. [Exeunt all but Juliet and Nurse.

Jul. Come hither, nurse†: What is yon gentleman?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What's he, that now is going out of door?

Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

Jul. What's he, that follows there, that would not
dance?

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go, ask his name:—if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

¹ *We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.*] *Towards* is ready at hand. So, in *Hamlet*:

“What might be *towards*, that this sweaty haste

“Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day?”

Again, in the *Phoenix*, by Middleton, 1607:—“here's a voyage *towards*, will make us all.” STEEVENS.

It appears from the former part of this scene that Capulet's company had supped. A *banquet*, it should be remembered, often meant in old times nothing more than a collation of fruit, wine, &c. So, in *The Life of Lord Cromwell*, 1602:

“Their dinner is our *banquet after dinner*.”

Again, in Heath's *Chronicle of the Civil Wars*, 1661, p. 662: “*After dinner*, he was served with a *banquet*.” MALONE.

* — *honest gentlemen*;] He.e the quarto, 1597, adds:

“I promise you, but for your company,

“I would have been in bed an hour ago:

“Light to my chamber, ho!” STEEVENS.

† *Come hither, nurse: What is yon gentleman?*] This and the following questions are taken from the novel. STEEVENS.

See the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*. MALONE.

Nurse.

Nurse. What's this? what's this?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within, Juliet.*]

Nurse. Anon, anon:—
Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter CHORUS*².

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir;
That fair³, for which love groan'd for*, and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;
But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new-beloved any where:
But passion lends them power, time means to meet,
Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet. [*Exit.*]

² This chorus added since the first edition. POPE.

The use of this chorus is not easily discovered; it conduces nothing to the progress of the play, but relates what is already known, or what the next scene will shew; and relates it without adding the improvement of any moral sentiment. JOHNSON.

³ *That fair*—] *Fair* it has been already observed, was formerly used as a substantive, and was synonymous to beauty. MALONE.

* — *for which love groan'd for,*] Thus the ancient copies, for which all the modern editors, adopting Mr. Rowe's alteration, read—*groan'd fore*. This is one of the many changes that have been made in the text from not attending to ancient phraseology; for this kind of duplication was common in Shakspeare's time. So, in *Coriolanus*: "In what enormity is Marcius poor in, that you two have not in abundance?" In *As you Like it*, Act II. sc. vii: "—the scene wherein we play in."

MALONE.

ACT II. SCENE I.

An open Place, adjoining Capulet's Garden.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Can I go forward, when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center'out.
[*He climbs the wall, and leaps down.*]

Enter BENVOLIO, and MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

Mer. He is wise;

And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:
Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.—

Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!

Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,

Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;

Cry but—Ah me! pronounce but—love and dove⁴;

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,

One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,

Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,

When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid⁵.—

He

⁴ — pronounce *but love and dove*;] Thus the first quarto, 1597. Pronounce in the quartos of 1599 and 1609 was made *provaunt*.

In the first folio, which appears to have been printed from the latter of these copies, the same reading is adopted. The editor of the second folio arbitrarily substituted *couply*, meaning certainly *couple*, and all the modern editors have adopted his innovation. *Provaunt*, as Mr. Steevens has observed, means *provision*; but I have never met with the verb *To provaunt*, nor has any example of it been produced. I have no doubt therefore that it was a corruption, and have adhered to the first quarto.

In this very line, *love and dove*, the reading of the original copy of 1597, was corrupted in the two subsequent quartos and the folio, to—*love and day*; and *heir* in the next line corrupted into *her*. MALONE.

⁵ Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,

[*When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.*] Cupid is called *Adam* with allusion to the celebrated archer Adam Bell, (see Percy's *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*, Vol. I. p. 7.) whom Shakspeare has again alluded to in *Much ado about nothing*: "If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat,

He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;
The ape is dead⁶, and I must conjure him.—
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead⁷, and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demefnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likenefs thou appear to us.

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
To raife a spirit in his miftrefs' circle
Of fome strange nature, letting it there ftand
'Till ſhe had laid it, and conjur'd it down;

cat, and ſhoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapp'd on the ſhoulder, and call'd *Adam*."—The old copies read *Abrabam*, the initial letter only being probably ſet down in the manuſcript. The foregoing paſſage fully ſupports the emendation, which was ſuggeſted by Mr. Upton. Of this kind of ignorance the old copies of the play before us furniſh a remarkable inſtance in the next ſcene. In the original copy of 1597 we have this line:

And follow thee, my *lord*, throughout the world.

In the two next quartos the word *lord* being abbreviated, according to a common faſhion of that time,—

And follow thee, my *L.* throughout the world.
the printer of the quarto published in 1637, exhibited the line thus:

And follow thee, my *love*, throughout the world.
and Mr. Pope, Mr. Theobald, and Dr. Warburton, adopted this arbitrary change.

The ballad here alluded to, is *King Copbetua and the Beggar-maid*, or, as it is called in ſome old copies, *The ſong of a beggar and a king*. The following ſtanza, which Shakspeare had particularly in view,

"The blinded boy that ſhoots ſo trim,

"From heaven down did hie,

"He drew a dart and ſhot at him,

"In place where he did lie;"

ſupports (as Dr. Percy has obſerved,) the reading *trim*, which is found in the firſt quarto 1597, and which in the ſubſequent copies was changed to *true*. The change was certainly not accidental; and this is one of a great many inſtances in which I have obſerved changes to have been made by the printer or editor, in the later quartos, and even in the firſt folio, for the ſake of ſome imaginary improvement, and without authority. MALONE.

⁶ *The ape is dead*,—] This phraſe appears to have been frequently applied to young men, in our authour's time, without any reference to the mimicry of that animal. It was an expreſſion of tenderneſs, like *poor ſiel*. Naſhe, in one of his pamphlets, mentions his having read Lily's *Euphuus*, when he was a little *ape* at Cambridge. MALONE.

⁷ *By her high forehead*,—] It has already been obſerved that a high forehead was in Shakspeare's time thought eminently beautiful.

MALONE.

That were some spight: my invocation
Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,
I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among those trees,
To be comforted with the humorous night⁸:
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar-tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.—
Ah, Romeo⁹, that she were, ah, that she were

An

⁸ — *the humorous night*:] I suppose *Shakspeare* means humid, the moist dewy night. *Chapman* uses the word in that sense in the translation of *Homer*, book II. edit. 1598:

“The other gods and knights at arms slept all the *humorous* night.” STEEVENS.

In *Measure for Measure* we have “the *vaporous* night approaches;” which shews that Mr. Steevens has rightly interpreted the word in the text. MALONE.

⁹ *Ab, Romeo, &c.*] These two lines, which are found in the quartos of 1597, 1599, and in the folio, were rejected by Mr. Pope, who in like manner has rejected *whole scenes* of our authour; but what is more strange, his example has in this instance been followed by the succeeding editors.

However improper any lines may be for recitation on the stage, an editor in my apprehension has no right to omit any passage that is found in all the authentick copies of his authour's works. I know not on what authority it has been said, that these lines are a proof that “either the poet or his friends knew sometimes how to blot.” They appear not only in the editions already mentioned, but also in that copy which has no date, and in the edition of 1637.

I have adhered to the original copy. The two subsequent quartos and the folio read, with a slight variation,

An open—*er* thou a poperin pear.

Shakspeare followed the fashion of his own time, which was, when something indecent was meant to be suppressed, to print *etcetera*, instead of the word. See *Minsheu's Dictionary*, p. 112. col. 2. Our poet did not consider, that however such a practice might be admitted in a printed book, it is absurd where words are intended to be recited. When these lines were spoken, as undoubtedly they were to our ancestors, who do not appear to have been extremely delicate, the actor must have evaded the difficulty by an abrupt sentence.

The unseemly name of the apple here alluded to, is well known.

Poperingue is a town in French Flanders, two leagues distant from Ypres. From hence the *Poperin* pear was brought into England. What were the peculiar qualities of a *Poperin* pear, I am unable to ascertain. The word was chosen, I believe, merely for the sake of a quibble, which it is not necessary to explain. Probably for the same reason the

Popering

An open—*etcætera*, thou a poperin pear!
Romeo, good night;—I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go, then; for 'tis in vain
To seek him here, that means not to be found. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Capulet's Garden.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. He jests at scars¹, that never felt a wound.—

[*Juliet appears above, at a window.*]

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks!

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief,

That thou her maid art far more fair than she:

Be not her maid², since she is envious;

Her vestal livery is but sick and green,

And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—

It is my lady; O, it is my love:

O, that she knew she were³!—

She speaks, yet she says nothing; What of that?

Her eye discourses, I will answer it.—

I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

Having some business, do entreat her eyes

Popering tree was preferred to any other by the authour of the mock poem of *Hero and Leander*, small 8vo. 1653:

“She thought it strange to see a man

“In privy walk, and then anan

“She stepp'd behind a *Popering* tree,

“And listen'd for some novelty.”

Of the parish of Poperin, or Poperling (as we called it) which was in the Marches of Calais, John Leland the Antiquary was parson in the time of King Henry the Eighth. By him the Poperin pear may have been introduced into England. MALONE.

¹ *He jests at scars,*] That is, Mercutio jests, whom he overheard.

JOHNSON.

² *Be not her maid,*] Be not a votary to the moon, to Diana.

JOHNSON.

³ *It is my lady; &c.*] This line and half I have replaced, JOHNSON.

To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
 What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
 The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
 As day-light doth a lamp; her eye in heaven
 Would through the airy region stream so bright,
 That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
 See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
 O, that I were a glove upon that hand⁴,
 That I might touch that cheek⁵!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She speaks:—

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
 As glorious to this night⁶, being o'er my head,
 As is a winged messenger of heaven
 Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
 Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
 When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds⁷,
 And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
 Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
 Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
 And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this? [*Aside.*]

Jul. 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy;—
 Thou art thyself though, not a Montague⁸.

What's

⁴ *O, that I were a glove upon that hand,*] This passage appears to have been ridiculed by Shirley in *The School of Compliments*, a comedy, 1637:

“Oh that I were a flea upon that lip,” &c. STEEVENS.

⁵ —touch *that cheek*!] The quarto 1597, reads—*kiss* that cheek.

STEEVENS.

⁶ *O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art*

As glorious to this night, &c.] The sense is, that Juliet appeared as splendid an object in the vault of heaven obscured by darkness, as an angel could seem to the eyes of mortals, who were falling back to gaze upon him.

As glorious to this night, means *as glorious an appearance in this dark night, &c.* STEEVENS.

⁷ —the lazy-pacing clouds,] Thus corrected from the first edition: in the others *lazy-puffing*. POPE.

⁸ *Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.*] For the present punctuation I am accountable. It appears to me to afford a clear sense, which the line as printed in the old copies, where we have a comma after *thyself*, and no point after *though*, does not in my apprehension afford.

Thou

What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!

Thou art, *however*, says Juliet, a being *sui generis*, amiable and perfect, not tainted by the enmity which your family bears to mine.

According to the common punctuation, the adversative particle is used without any propriety, or rather makes the passage nonsense. "*Although* thou art *not* a Montague, not actuated by any of those unjustifiable prejudices that actuate your family, you are most amiable and virtuous." The lady might with as much propriety have observed, that *though* it was summer, it was hot; or, *though* it was night, the sun did not shine.

According to Mr. Steevens, the meaning is—"Thou art thyself, i. e. a being of distinguished excellence, though thou art *not* (what thou appearest to others,) akin to thy family in malice." If he was *not* a Montague, or, as it is rightly explained, *not akin to his family in malice*, whence is the wonder that he is a being of distinguished excellence? or what the need of an *adversative* particle in such a proposition? If indeed the lady had said, that Romeo was a being of uncommon excellence, *though he was* a Montague, she would have talked with precision.

Though is again used by Shakspeare in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Act III. sc. last, in the same sense:

"My legs are longer *though*, to run away."

Again, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

"Would Catharine had never seen him *though*."

Again, in *K. Henry VIII.*

"I would not be so sick *though*, for his place."

Other writers frequently use *though* for *however*. So, in *The Fatal Dewry*, a tragedy, by Massinger, 1632:

"Would you have him your husband that you love,

"And can it not be?—He is your servant, *though*,

"And may perform the office of a husband."

Again, in *Cupid's Revenge*, by B. and Fletcher:

"—O dissembling woman,

"Whom I must reverence *though*."

Again, in the last speech of *the Maid's Tragedy* by B. and Fletcher, 1619:

"Look to him *though*, and bear those bodies in."

Again, in Otway's *Venice Preserved*:

"I thank thee for thy labour *though*, and him too."

Dr. Warburton's interpretation is wholly inadmissible. "You *would* be just what you are, [i. e. not *more* excellent,] although you were not of the house of Montague."—Juliet is not here speculating whether, if Romeo were not, or ceased to be, of the hostile faction, his excellence was or was not capable of *increase*; nor does she say, "thou *would'st* be thyself," (as Dr. Warburton makes her say,) but "thou art thyself." This, I say, is not the subject of her speculation. She is simply endeavouring to account for Romeo's being amiable and excellent, though he is a Montague. And, to prove this, she asserts that he merely bears that name, but has none of the qualities of that house.

MALONE.

What's in a name⁹? that which we call a rose,
By any other name¹ would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title:—Romeo, doff thy name;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself².

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in
night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance³, yet I know the sound;
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom.

⁹ — *nor any other part*

Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!

What's in a name? &c.] The middle line is not found in the original copy of 1597, being added, it should seem, on a revision. The passage in the first copy stands thus:

Nor arm, nor face, *nor any other part*:

What's in a name? That which we call a rose, &c.

In the copy of 1599 and all the subsequent ancient copies, the words *nor any other part* were omitted by the oversight of the transcriber or printer, and the lines thus absurdly exhibited:

Nor arm nor face, *O be some other name!*

Belonging to a man.

What's in a name, &c.

Belonging, &c. evidently was intended to begin a line, as it now does; but the printer having omitted the words *nor any other part*, took the remainder of the subsequent line, and carried it to that which preceded. The transposition now made needs no note to support it: the context in this and many other places supercedes all arguments.

MALONE.

¹ *By any other name—*] Thus the quarto, 1597. All the subsequent ancient copies read—*By any other word.* MALONE.

² *Take all myself.*] The elder quarto reads, *Take all I have.*

STEEVENS.

³ *My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words*

Of that tongue's utterance,] Thus the quarto, 1597. The subsequent ancient copies read—*of thy tongue's uttering.* We meet with almost

Rom. Neither, fair faint, if either thee dislike⁴.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me? and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these
walls⁵;

For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me⁶.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords⁷; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world, they saw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their
fight⁸;

almost the same words as those here attributed to Romeo, in *King Edward III.* a tragedy, 1596:

"I might perceive his eye in her eye lost,

"His ear to drink her sweet tongue's utterance." MALONE.

⁴ Neither, fair faint, if either thee dislike.] Thus the original copy. The subsequent ancient copies read—fair maid. "If either thee dislike" was the phraseology of Shakspeare's age. So, it likes me well; for it pleases me well. MALONE.

⁵ With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls;] Here also we find Shakspeare following the steps of the authour of *The Hyffory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"Approaching near the place from whence his heart had life,

"So light he wox, he leap'd the wall, and there he spy'd his wife,

"Who in the window watch'd the coming of her lord,—"

MALONE.

⁶ —no let to me.] i. e. no stop or hinderance. So, in *Hamlet*:

"By heaven I'll make a ghost of him that lets me."

Thus the original edition. The subsequent copies read—no stop to me.

MALONE.

⁷ —there lies more peril in thine eye,

Than twenty of their swords;] B. and Fletcher have copied this thought in *The Maid of the Mill*:

"—The lady may command, sir;

"She bears an eye more dreadful than your weapon."

STEEVENS.

⁸ —from their fight;] So the first quarto. All the other ancient copies have—from their eyes. MALONE.

And, but thou love me, let them find me here⁹ :
 My life were better ended by their hate,
 Than death prorogued¹, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Rem. By love, who first did prompt me to inquire ;
 He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
 I am no pilot ; yet, wert thou as far
 As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
 I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st, the mask of night is on my face ;
 Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
 For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
 Fain would I dwell on form, fain fain deny
 What I have spoke ; but farewell compliment² !
 Dost thou love me ? I know, thou wilt say—Ay ;
 And I will take thy word : yet, if thou swear'st,
 Thou may'st prove false ; at lovers' perjuries,
 They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,
 If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully :
 Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
 I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
 So thou wilt woo ; but, else, not for the world.
 In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond ;
 And therefore thou may'st think my haviour light :
 But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
 Than those that have more cunning to be strange³.

I should

⁹ *And, but thou love me, let them find me here :*] And so thou do but love me, I care not what may befall me : Let me be found here. Such appears to me to be the meaning.

Mr. Mason thinks that "*but thou love me,*" means, *unless* thou love me ; grounding himself, I suppose, on the two subsequent lines. But those contain, in my apprehension, a distinct proposition. He first says, that he is content to be discovered, if he be but secure of her affection ; and then adds, that death from the hands of her kinsmen would be preferable to life without her love. *But*, however, it must be acknowledged, has often in old English the meaning which Mr. Mason would here affix to it. MALONE.

¹ *Than death prorogued,*] i. e. delayed, deferred to a more distant period. So in Act IV. sc. i.

" I hear thou must, and nothing may *prorogue* it,

" On thursday next be married to this county." MALONE.

² — *farewell compliment !*] That is, farewell attention to forms.

MASON.

³ *Than those that have more cunning to be strange.*] Thus the quarto, 1597. In the subsequent ancient copies *cunning* was changed to—*coying*.

MALONE.

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I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion; therefore pardon me;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—

Jul. Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contrast to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say—It lightens⁴. Sweet, good night⁵!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.

To be strange, is to put on affected coldness, to appear shy. So, in Greene's *Mamillia*, 1593: "Is it the fashion in Padua to be so *strange* with your friends?" STEEVENS.

⁴ *Ere one can say—It lightens.*] So, in the *Miracles of Moses*, by Drayton:

"—lightning ceaselessly to burn,

"Swifter than thought from place to place to pass,

"And being gone, doth suddenly return

"*Ere you could say precisely what it was.*"

The same thought occurs in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

STEEVENS.

Drayton's *Miracles of Moses* was first printed in quarto, in 1604.

MALONE.

⁵ *Sweet, good night!*] All the intermediate lines from *Sweet, good night*, to *Stay but a little*, &c. were added after the first copy.

STEEVENS.

Rom.

Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

[*Nurse calls within.*

I hear some noise within; Dear love, adieu!
Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again.

[*Exit.*

Rom. O blessed blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night, indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honourable⁶,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world:

Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam.

Jul. I come, anon:—But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee,—

Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam.

Jul. By and by, I come:—

⁶ *If that thy bent of love be honourable, &c.*] In *The Tragical History* already quoted Juliet uses nearly the same expressions:

“—if your thought be chaste, and have on virtue ground,
“ If wedlock be the end and mark which your desire hath found,
“ Obedience set aside, unto my parents due,
“ The quarrel eke that long ago between our households grew,
“ Both me and mine I will all whole to you betake,
“ And following you whereso you go, my father's house forsake:
“ But if by wanton love and by unlawful suit
“ You think in ripest years to pluck my maidenhood's dainty fruit.
“ You are beguil'd, and now your Juliet you beseeks,
“ To cease your suit, and suffer her to live among her likes.”

MALONE.

To cease thy suit⁷, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul,—

Jul. A thousand times good night! [Exit.

Rom. A thousand times the worse to want thy light.—
Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their books;
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

[retiring slowly.]

Re-enter JULIET above.

Jul. Hift! Romeo, hift!—O, for a faulconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again⁸!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom. It is my soul, that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest musick to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

⁷ To cease thy suit,—] So the quarto, 1597. The two subsequent quartos and the folio have—thy *frife*. MALONE.

⁸ To lure this tassel-gentle back again!] The *tassel* or *tiercel* (for so it should be spelt) is the male of the *goshawk*; so called, because it is a *tierce* or *third* less than the female. This is equally true of all birds of prey. In the *Booke of Falconrye*, by George Turberville, gent. printed in 1575, I find a whole chapter on the *falcon-gentle*, &c. So, in *The Guardian*, by Massinger:

“—then for an evening flight,

“A *tiercel-gentle*.”

Again, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631:

“Your *tassel-gentle*, she's lur'd off and gone.”

This species of hawk had the epithet of gentle annexed to it, from the ease with which it was tamed, and its attachment to man.

STEEVENS.

It appears from the old books on this subject, that certain hawks were considered as appropriated to certain ranks. The *tercel-gentle* was appropriated to the prince; and thence, we may suppose, was chosen by Juliet as an appellation for her beloved Romeo. In an ancient treatise entitled *Hawking, Hunting, and Fishing, with the true measures of blowing*, is the following passage:

“The names of all manner of hawkes, and to whom they belong:

For a PRINCE.

There is a falcon gentle, and a *tercel* gentle; and these are for a prince.”

MALONE.

Rom.

Rom. Madam⁹.

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. At the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone:
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would, I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say—good night, till it be morrow. [*Exit.*]

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy
breast!—

'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell;
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell'. [*Exit.*]

⁹ — *Madam.*] Thus the original copy of 1597. In the two subsequent copies and the folio we have—*My niece*. What word was intended it is difficult to say. The editor of the second folio substituted—*My sweet*. I have already shewn, that all the alterations in that copy were made at random; and have therefore preserved the original word, though less tender than that which was arbitrarily substituted in its place.

MALONE.

¹ *Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell;*

His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.] Thus the quarto, 1597, except that it has *good* instead of *dear*. That of 1599, and the folio, read:

Hence will I to my ghostly *frier's* close cell,

His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Friar Lawrence's Cell.

Enter Friar LAWRENCE, with a basket.

Fri. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night²,
 Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
 And flecked darkness³ like a drunkard reels
 From forth day's path, and Titan's fiery wheels⁴:
 Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,
 The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
 I must up-fill this osier cage of ours,
 With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers,
 The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb⁵;
 What is her burying grave, that is her womb:
 And from her womb children of divers kind

² *The grey ey'd morn, &c.*] So the first edition. The first four lines of this speech, as has been observed by Mr. Pope and Dr. Johnson, are inadvertently printed twice over in the subsequent ancient copies, and form the conclusion of Romeo's preceding speech as well as the commencement of the friar's in the present scene. MALONE.

³ *And flecked darkness*—] *Flecked* is spotted, dappled, streak'd, or variegated. In this sense it is used by Churchyard, in his *Legend of Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolk*. Mowbray, speaking of the Germans, says:

"All jagg'd and frounc'd, with divers colours deck'd,

"They swear, they curse, and drink till they be *fleck'd*."

Lord Surrey uses the same word in his translation of the 4th *Æneid*:

"Her quivering cheekes *flecked* with deadly straine."

The same image occurs in *Much ado about Nothing*: Act V. sc. iii.

"Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey." STEEVENS.

The word is still used in Scotland, where a *flecked* cow is a common expression. See the Glossary to Gawin Douglas's translation of Virgil, in v. *fleckit*. MALONE.

⁴ *From forth day's path, and Titan's fiery wheels*:] Thus the quarto 1597. That of 1599, and the folio have—*burning* wheels.

The modern editions read corruptly, after the second folio:

From forth day's *path-way made by* Titan's wheels. MALONE.

⁵ *The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb*;

"Omniparens, eadem rerum commune sepulchrum."

Lucretius.

"The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave." Milton.

STEEVENS.

So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

"—Time's the king of men,

"For he's their parent, and he is their grave." MALONE.

We

We sucking on her natural bosom find ;
 Many for many virtues excellent,
 None but for some, and yet all different.
 O, mickle is the powerful grace⁶, that lies
 In herbs, plants, stones⁷, and their true qualities :
 For nought so vile that on the earth doth live⁸,
 But to the earth⁹ some special good doth give ;
 Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
 Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse :
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapply'd ;
 And vice sometime's by action dignify'd.
 Within the infant rind of this small flower¹
 Poison hath residence, and med'cine power :
 For this, being smelt, with that part² cheers each part ;
 Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
 Two such oppos'd foes encamp them still
 In man³ as well as herbs, grace, and rude will ;

⁶ — *powerful grace*,] Efficacious virtue. JOHNSON.

⁷ O, mickle is the powerful grace, that lies

In herbs, plants, stones, &c.] This affords a natural introduction to the friar's furnishing Juliet with the sleepy potion in Act IV. In the passage before us Shakspeare had the poem in his thoughts :

“ But not in vain, my child, hath all my wand'ring been ;—

“ What force the stones, the plants, and metals, have to work,

“ And divers other things that in the bowels of earth do lurk,

“ With care I have sought out, with pain I did them prove.”

MALONE.

⁸ For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,] The quarto, 1597, reads :

For nought so vile that vile on earth doth live. STEEVENS.

⁹ — to the earth—] i. e. to the inhabitants of the earth. MALONE.

¹ — of this small flower—] So the quarto 1597. All the subsequent ancient copies have—this weak flower. MALONE.

² — with that part—] i. e. with the part which smells ; with the olfactory nerves. MALONE.

³ Two such oppos'd foes encamp them still

In man—] So, in our authour's *Lover's Complaint* :

“ —terror, and dear modesty,

“ Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.”

Thus the quarto of 1597. The quarto of 1599, and all the subsequent ancient copies read—such oppos'd kings.—Our authour has more than once alluded to these oppos'd foes, contending for the dominion of man.—So, in *Othello* :

“ Yea, curse his better angel from his side.”

Again, in his 144th Sonnet :

“ To win me soon to hell, my female evil

“ Tempteth my better angel from my side :

“ Yet this I ne'er shall know, but live in doubt,

“ Till my bad angel fire my good one out.” MALONE.

And

And, where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant⁴.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good morrow, father!

Fri. *Benedicite!*

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?—
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain⁵
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign:
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
Thou art up-rous'd by some distemp'rature;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right—
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. That's my good son: But where hast thou been
then?

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy;
Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physick lies⁶:
I bear no hatred, blessed man; for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

⁴ Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.] So, in our authour's 99th Sonnet:

"A vengeful canker eat him up to death." MALONE.

⁵ — with unstuff'd brain, &c.] The copy, 1597, reads:

— with unstuff'd brains

Doth couch his limmes, there golden sleep remains.

STEEVENS.

⁶ — both our remedies

Within thy help and holy physick lies:] See Vol. XIII. p. 46, n. 4.

MALONE.

Rom.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage: When, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us this day.

Fri. Holy saint Francis! what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria! what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy fallow cheeks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet:
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline;
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then—
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Fri. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave,

To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not: she, whom I love now,
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow;
The other did not so.

Fri. O, she knew well,

Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.⁷
But come, young waverer, come go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be;

⁷ — and *could not spell*.] Thus the quarto, 1597. The subsequent ancient copies all have—

Thy love did read by rote *that* could not spell.

I mention these minute variations only to shew, what I have so often urged, the very high value of first editions. MALONE.

For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love⁸.

Rom. O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. Wisely, and slow; They stumble, that run fast.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV.

A Street.

Enter BENVOLIO, and MERCUTIO.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be?—Came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,

Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet, Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man, that can write, may answer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! stabb'd with a white wench's black eye; shot through the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft⁹; And is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

⁸ The two following lines were added since the first copy of this play.

STEEVENS.

⁹ — the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft;] The allusion is to archery. The clout, or white mark at which the arrows are directed, was fastened by a black pin placed in the center of it. To hit this was the highest ambition of every marksman. So, in *No Wit like a Woman's*, a comedy, by Middleton, 1657:

"They have shot two arrows without heads,

"They cannot stick i' the but yet: hold out, knight,

"And I'll cleave the black pin i' the midst of the white."

Again, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1590:

"For kings are clouts that every man shoots at;

"Our crown the pin that thousands seek to cleave." MALONE.

Mer.

Mer. More than prince of cats¹, I can tell you². O, he is the courageous captain of compliments³. He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion⁴; rests me his *minim* rests⁵, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button⁶, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house, —of the first and second cause⁷: Ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hay⁸! —

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antick, lispings, affecting fantasticoes⁹; these new tuners of accents! — *By Jesu, a very*

¹ *More than prince of cats,* —] *Tybert*, the name given to the *cat*, in the story-book of *Reynard the Fox*. WARBURTON.

So, in *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, &c. 1596: “—not *Tibalt* prince of cats,” &c. STEEVENS.

² — *I can tell you.*] So the first quarto. These words are omitted in all the subsequent ancient copies. MALONE.

³ — *courageous captain of compliments.*] A complete master of all the laws of ceremony; the principal man in the doctrine of punctilio.

“A man of compliments, whom right and wrong

“Have chose as umpire;”

says our authour of *Don Armado*, the Spaniard, in *Lowe's Labour's Lost*.

JOHNSON.

⁴ — *keeps time, distance, and proportion;*] So *Jenson's Bobadil*:

“Note your distance, keep your due proportion of time.”

STEEVENS.

⁵ — *his minim rests* —] A *minim* is a note of slow time in musick, equal to two crotchets. MALONE.

⁶ — *the very butcher of a silk button,*] So, in the *Return from Par-nassus*:

“Strikes his poinado at a button's breadth.” STEEVENS.

⁷ *A gentleman of the very first house,—of the first and second cause;*] “A gentleman of the first house;—of the first and second cause,” is a gentleman of the first rank, of the first eminence among these duellists; and one who understands the whole science of quarrelling, and will tell you of the first cause, and the second cause, for which a man is to fight.—The *Clown*, in *As you like it*, talks of the seventh cause in the same sense. STEEVENS.

We find the first of these expressions in Fletcher's *Women Pleas'd*:

“—a gentleman's gone then;

“A gentleman of the first house; there's the end of't.”

MALONE.

⁸ — *the hay!*] All the terms of the modern fencing-school were originally Italian; the rapier, or small thrusting sword, being first used in Italy. The *hay* is the word *bai*, you have it, used when a thrust reaches the antagonist, from which our fencers, on the same occasion, without knowing, I suppose, any reason for it, cry out, *ka!* JOHNSON.

⁹ — *affecting fantasticoes;*] Thus the old copies, and rightly. The modern editors read, *phantasies*. Nash, in his *Have with you to Saffron*

very good blade!—a very tall man!—a very good whore!
—Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandfire¹, that
we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these
fashion-mongers, these pardon-mes², who stand so much
on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old
bench? O, their *bons*, their *bons*³!

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring:—O flesh,
flesh, how art thou fishified!—Now is he for the numbers

Saffron Walden, 1596, says—"Follow some of these new-fangled
Galiardo's and Signor Fantastico's," &c. Again, in Decker's comedy
of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600:—"I have danc'd with queens, dallied with
ladies, worn strange attires, seen *fantasticoes*, convers'd with hu-
mourists," &c. STEEVENS.

Fantasticoes is the reading of the first quarto, 1597; all the subsequent
ancient copies read arbitrarily and corruptly—*phantacies*. MALONE.

¹ Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandfire,] Humourously apo-
strophising his ancestors, whose sober times were unacquainted with the
fopperies here complained of. WARBURTON.

² —these pardon-mes,] *Pardonnez-moi* became the language of doubt
or hesitation among men of the sword, when the point of honour was
grown so delicate, that no other mode of contradiction would be en-
dured. JOHNSON.

The old copies have—these *pardon-mees*, not, these *pardon nez-mois*.
Theobald first substituted the French word, without any necessity.

MALONE.

³ O, their *bons*, their *bons*!] Mercutio is here ridiculing those
frenchified fantastical coxcombs whom he calls *pardonnez-moi's*: and
therefore, I suspect here he meant to write French too.

O, their *bon's*! their *bon's*!

i. e. how ridiculous they make themselves in crying out *good*, and being
in ecstasies with every trifle; as he had just described them before:

"—a very good blade!" &c. THEOBALD.

The old copies read—O, their *bones*, their *bones*! Mr. Theobald's
emendation is confirmed by a passage in Green's *Tu Quoque*, from
which we learn that *bon jour* was the common salutation of those who
affected to appear fine gentlemen in our authour's time: "No, I
want the *bon jour* and the *tu quoque*, which yonder gentleman has."

MALONE.

They stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the
old bench.] This conceit is lost, if the double meaning of the word
form be not attended to. FARMER.

A quibble on the two meanings of the word *form* occurs in *Love's
Labour's Lost*, Act I. sc. ii: "—sitting with her on the *form*, and taken
following her into the park; which, put together, is, in manner and
form following." STEEVENS.

that

that Petrarch flow'd in : Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen-wench ;—marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her : Dido, a dowdy ; Cleopatra, a gipsy ; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots ; Thisbé, a grey eye or so⁴, but not to the purpose.—Signior Romeo, *ben jour* ! there's a French salutation to your French sloop⁵. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you ?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip⁶ ; Can you not conceive ?

Rom.

⁴ *Thisbé a grey eye or so,*] He means to allow that Thisbé had a very fine eye ; for from various passages it appears that a grey eye was in our author's time thought eminently beautiful. This may seem strange to those who are not conversant with ancient phraseology ; but a *grey* eye undoubtedly meant what we now denominate a *blue* eye. Thus, in *Venus and Adonis* :

“ Her two *blue* windows faintly she upheaveth,”—

i. e. the windows or lids of her *blue* eyes. In the very same poem the eyes of *Venus* are termed *grey* :

“ Mine eyes are *grey* and bright, and quick in turning.”

Again, in *Cymbeline* :

“ To ice the inclosed lights, now canopy'd

“ Under these windows : white and *azure* lac'd ;

“ With *blue* of heaven's own tinct.”

In *Twelfth Night*, Olivia says, “ I will give out divers schedules of my *beauty* ;—as *item*, two lips, indifferently red ; *item*, two *grey* eyes, with lids to them,” &c. So Julia, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, speaking of her rival's eyes, as eminently beautiful, says,

“ Her eyes are *grey* as glass, and so are mine.”

And Chaucer has the same comparison :

“ — hire eyes *gray* as *glas*.”

This comparison proves decisively what I have asserted ; for clear and transparent glass is not what we now call *grey*, but *blue*, or *azure*.

MALONE.

⁵ — *your French sloop.*] *Sloops* are large loose *breeches* or *trousers*, worn at present only by sailors. STEEVENS.

⁶ — *What counterfeit, &c.*

Mer. *The slip, sir, the slip ;*] To understand this play upon the words *counterfeit* and *slip*, it should be observed that in our author's time there was a counterfeit piece of money distinguished by the name of a *slip*. This will appear in the following instances : “ And therefore he went and got him certain *slips*, which are *counterfeit* pieces of money, being *brasse*, and covered over with *silver*, which the common people call *slips*.” *Thieves falling out, true men come by their goods* ; by Robert Greene.

Again :

“ — I had like t' have been

“ Abus'd i' the business, had the *slip* slurr'd on me ;

“ A *counterfeit*.” *Magnetick Lady*, A. III. S. vi. REED.

The

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and, in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say—such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning—to court'sy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flower'd?

Mer. Well said⁸: follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

Rom. O single-soled jest⁹, solely singular for the singleness!

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits fail.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done; for thou hast more of the wild goose in one of thy

The slip is again used equivocally in *No Wit like a Woman's*, a comedy, by Middleton, 1657: "*Clown*. Because you shall be sure on't you have given me a *nine-pence* here, and I'll give you *the slip* for it." [Exit. MALONE.

⁷ —*then is my pump well flower'd*.] Here is a vein of wit too thin to be easily found. The fundamental idea is, that Romeo wore *pinked* pumps, that is, punched with holes in figures. JOHNSON.

See the shoes of the *maoris-dancers* in the plate at the conclusion of the first part of *K. Henry IV.* with Mr. Tollet's remarks annexed to it.

It was the custom to wear ribbons in the shoes formed into the shape of roses, or of any other flowers. So, in the *Masque* by the gent. of Gray's-Inn, 1614: "Every masker's *pump* was fastened with a *flower* suitable to his cap." STEEVENS.

⁸ *Well said*:] So the original copy. The quarto of 1599, and the other ancient copies have—*Sure wit*, follow, &c. What was meant, I suppose, was—*Sheer wit*! follow, &c. and this corruption may serve to justify an emendation that I have proposed in a passage in *Antony and Cleopatra*, where I am confident *sure* was a printer's blunder.

MALONE.

⁹ *O single-soled jest*,] This epithet is here used equivocally. It formerly signified mean or contemptible; and that is one of the senses in which it is used here. So, in Holinshed's Description of Ireland, p. 23:—"which was not unlikely, considering that a meane tower might serve such *single-sole* kings as were at those daies in Ireland."

MALONE.

wits.

wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five: Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear¹ for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not².

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweetening³; it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheverel⁴, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom. I stretch it out for that word—broad: which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo? now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this driveling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole⁵.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

¹ *I will bite thee by the ear—*] So Sir Epicure Mammon to Face in Jonson's *Alchymist*:

“Slave, I could bite thine ear.” STEEVENS.

² — *good goose, bite not.*] is a proverbial expression, to be found in Ray's Collection; and is used in *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599. STEEVENS.

³ — *a very bitter sweetening*;] A bitter sweetening, is an apple of that name. So, in *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, 1600:

“—as well crabs as sweetenings for his summer fruits.”

Again, in *Fair Em*, 1631:

“—what, in displeasure gone!

“And left me such a bitter sweet to gnaw upon?” STEEVENS.

⁴ — *a wit of cheverel*,] *Cheverel* is soft leather for gloves. JOHNSON. So, in the *Two Maids of More-clacke*, 1609:

“Drawing on love's white hand a glove of warmth,

“Not cheveril stretching to such prophanation.”

Again, in *The Owl*, by Drayton:

“A cheverell conscience, and a searching wit.” STEEVENS.

Cheveril is from *Chevreuil*, roebuck. MUSGRAVE.

⁵ — *to hide his bauble in a hole.*] It has been already observed by Sir J. Hawkins, in a note on *All's Well*, &c. that a *bauble* was one of the accoutrements of a licensed fool or jester. So again, in Sir W. D'Avenant's *Albervine*, 1629: “For such rich widows there love court fools, and use to play with their baubles.”

See the plate at the end of *K. Henry IV.* P. I. with Mr. Tollet's observations on it. STEEVENS.

Mer.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair⁶.

Ben. Thou would'st else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceived, I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale: and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer⁷.

Rom. Here's goodly geer!

Enter Nurse, and PETER.

Mer. A fail, a fail, a fail⁸!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

Nurse. Peter!

Peter. Anon.

Nurse. My fan, Peter⁹.

Mer. Pr'ythee, do, good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den¹, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial² is now upon the prick of noon.

⁶ — *against the hair.*] *A contrepoil:* Fr. An expression equivalent to one which we now use,—"against the grain." STEEVENS.

⁷ — *to occupy the argument no longer.*] Here we have another wanton allusion. MALONE.

⁸ *Mer. A fail, a fail, &c.*] Thus the quarto, 1597. In the subsequent ancient copies these words are erroneously given to Romeo.

MALONE.

⁹ *My fan, Peter.*] The business of *Peter* carrying the *Nurse's fan*, seems ridiculous according to modern manners; but I find such was formerly the practice. In an old pamphlet, called "*The Serving-man's Comfort*," 1598, we are informed, "The mistress must have one to carry her cloake and hood, another her *fanne*." FARMER.

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

To see him walk before a lady, and to bear a fan.

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*: "If any lady, &c. wants an upright gentleman in the nature of a gentleman-usher, &c. who can hide his face with her fan." &c. STEEVENS.

¹ *God ye good den.*] i. e. God give you a good even. The first of these contractions is common among the ancient comic writers. So, in R. Brome's *Northern Lads*, 1633:

"God you good even sir." STEEVENS.

² — *the hand of the dial*—] In the *Puritan Widow*, 1607, which has been attributed to our author, is a similar expression: "—the feskewe of the diall is upon the chriffe-crosse of noon." STEEVENS.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you?

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar,

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said;—For himself to mar, quoth'a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for 'fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? very well look, i'faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, fir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, fir³; unless a hare, fir, in a lenten pye, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

An old hare bear⁴,

And an old hare hoar,

Is very good meat in lent:

But a hare that is bear,

Is too much for a score,

When it bears ere it be spent.—

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

³ *No hare, fir;*] Mercutio having roared out, *So, ho!* the cry of the sportsmen when they start a hare, Romeo asks *what he has found*. And Mercutio answers, *No hare, &c.* The rest is a series of quibbles unworthy of explanation, which he who does not understand, needs not lament his ignorance. JOHNSON.

So ho! is the term made use of in the field when the hare is found in her seat, and not when she is *started*. A. C.

⁴ *An old hare hoar,*] *Hoar* or *beary*, is often used for mouldy, as things grow white from moulding. So, in *Pierce Pennyles's Supplication to the Devil*, 1595: "—as *beary* as Dutch butter." Again, in F. Beaumont's letter to Speght on his edition of Chaucer, 1602: "Many of Chaucer's words are become as it were vinew'd and *bearie* with overlong lying." STEEVENS.

These lines appear to have been part of an old song. In the quarto 1597, we have here this stage direction: "*He walks between them,* [i. e. the nurse and Peter,] *and sings.*" MALONE.

Mer.

Mer. Farewel, ancient lady ; farewel, lady, lady, lady⁵.

[*Exeunt MERCUTIO, and BENVOLIO.*]

Nurse. Marry, farewel⁶ !—I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this⁷, that was so full of his ropery⁸ ?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk ; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An 'a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks ; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave ! I am none of his flirt-gills ; I am none of his skains-mates¹ :—And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure ?

Peter. I saw no man use you at his pleasure ; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you ; I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

⁵ —*lady, lady, lady.*] The burthen of an old song. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Marry, farewell !*] These words I have recovered from the quarto, 1597. MALONE.

⁷ —*what saucy merchant was this, &c.*] The term *merchant* which was, and even now is, frequently applied to the lowest sort of dealers, seems anciently to have been used on these familiar occasions in contradistinction to *gentleman* ; signifying that the person shewed by his behaviour he was a low fellow. The term *chap*, i. e. *chapman*, a word of the same import with *merchant* in its less respectable sense, is still in common use among the vulgar, as a general denomination for any person of whom they mean to speak with freedom or disrespect.

STEEVENS.

⁸ —*of his ropery ?*] *Ropery* was anciently used in the same sense as *rogue* is now. So, in the *Three Ladies of London*, 1584 :

“Thou art very pleasant and full of thy ropery.”

Rope tricks are mentioned in another place. STEEVENS.

¹ —*none of his skains-mates :*] *None of his skains-mates* means, I apprehend, none of his cut-throat companions. MALONE.

A *skain* or *skain* was either a knife or a short dagger. By *skains-mates* the nurse means none of his loose companions who frequent the fencing-school with him, where we may suppose the exercise of this weapon was taught.

The word is used in the old tragedy of *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599 :

“Against the light-foot Irish have I serv'd,

“And in my skin beare tokens of their *skains*.”

Green, in his *Quip for an upstart Courtier*, describes “an ill-favour'd knave, who wore by his side a *skaine* like a brewer's bung-knife.”

Skain is the Irish word for a *knife*. STEEVENS.

Swift has the word in his description of an Irish feast :

“A cubit at least

“The length of their *skains*.” NICHOLS.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vex'd, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say², it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,—

Nurse. Good heart! and, i'faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest³; which, as I take it, is a gentleman-like offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift This afternoon;

And there she shall at friar Lawrence's cell
Be shriv'd, and marry'd. Here is for thy pains⁴.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say, you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall:
Within this hour my man shall be with thee;

² — if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say,] So, in *A Handfull of pleasant delights, containing sundrie new sonnets*, &c. 1584:

“ When they see they may her win,

“ They leave then where they did begin:

“ They prate, and make the matter nice,

“ And leave her in *foles paradise*.” MALONE.

³ — *protest*;] Whether the repetition of this word conveyed any idea peculiarly comic to Shakspeare's audience, is not at present to be determined. The use of it, however, is ridiculed in the old comedy of *Sir Giles Goosecap*, 1606:

“ There is not the best duke's son in France dares say, *I protest*, till he be one and thirty years old at least; for the inheritance of that word is not to be possessed before.” STEEVENS.

⁴ — *Here is for thy pains*.] So, in *The Tragical History of Romeo and Juliet*, 1562:

“ Then he vi crowns of gold out of his pocket drew,

“ And gave them her;—a slight reward, quoth he;—and so

“ adieu.” MALONE.

And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair⁵ ;
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy⁶
Must be my convoy in the secret night.

Farewel!—Be trully, and I'll quit thy pains.

Farewel!—Commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee!—Hark you, fir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say—
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee⁷ : my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, fir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—
Lord, lord!—when 'twas a little prattling thing⁸,—O,—
there's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain
lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lieve see
a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes,
and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll war-
rant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in
the varshal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin
both with a letter⁹?

Rom.

⁵ — *like a tackled stair*;] Like stairs of rope in the tackle of a ship.

JOHNSON.

A stair, for a flight of stairs, is still the language of Scotland, and
was probably once common to both kingdoms. MALONE.

⁶ — *top-gallant of my joy*—] The *top-gallant* is the highest extremity
of the mast of a ship.

The expression is common to many writers; among the rest, to Mark-
ham in his *English Arcadia*, 1607: “— beholding in the high *top-gal-*
lant of his valour—.” STEEVENS.

⁷ *I warrant thee*;] *I*, which is not in the quartos or first folio, was
supplied by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

⁸ *Well, fir; my mistress is the sweetest lady*:—Lord, lord!—*when*
'twas a little prating thing,—] So, in the poem:

“And how she gave her suck in youth, she leaveth not to tell.

“A pretty babe, quoth she, it was, when it was young;

“Lord, how it could full prettily have *prated* with its tongue,”
&c.

This dialogue is not found in Painter's *Romeo and Julietta*.

MALONE.

⁹ *Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter*?] By this
question the nurse means to insinuate that Romeo's image was ever
in the mind of Juliet, and that they would be married. Rosemary
being conceived to have the power of strengthening the memory, was an
emblem of remembrance, and of the affection of lovers, and (for this
reason probably,) was worn at weddings. So, in *A Handfull of pleasant*
Devises, &c. 1584:

“Rosemary is for remembrance,

“Betweene us daie and night,

Rom. Ay, nurse; What of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for the dog. No; I know it begins with some other letter¹: and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady.

[Exit.

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times.—Peter!

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before². [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Capulet's Garden.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she promis'd to return.
Perchance, she cannot meet him:—that's not so.—

“Wishing that I might alwaies have

“You present in my sight.”

Again, in our authour's *Hamlet*:

“There's *rosemary*, that's for remembrance.”

That *rosemary* was much used at weddings, appears from many passages in the old plays. So, in the *Noble Spanish Soldier*, 1634: “I meet few but are struck with *rosemary*; every one ask'd me, who was to be married?” Again, in the *Wit of a Woman*, 1604: “What is here to do? Wine and cakes, and *rosemary*, and *nosegayes*? What, a wedding?”

MALONE.

¹ *Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R. is for the dog. No; I know it begins with some other letter:*] This passage is not in the original copy of 1597. The quarto 1599, and folio read—Ah, mocker, that's the dog's name. R is for the no, I know it begins, &c. The emendation was made by Mr. Tyrwhitt.

Dr. Warburton observes that Ben Jonson in his *English Grammar*, says, that R is the dog's name, and hirreth in the sound.

“*Irritata canis quod R R quam plurima dicat.*” *Lucil.*

I am not sure that Mr. Tyrwhitt's emendation is necessary. An abrupt sentence may have been intended. R. is for the—No; I know it begins, &c. The same remark, I have lately observed, has been made by an anonymous writer. MALONE.

² *Peter, take my fan, and go before.*] Thus the first quarto. The subsequent ancient copies instead of these words have—Before, and apace.

MALONE.

O, she

O, she is lame ! love's heralds should be thoughts ³,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over lowring hills :
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey ; and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.
Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as swift in motion as a ball ;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me :
But old folks, many feign as they were dead ;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse, and Peter.

O God, she comes !—O honey nurse, what news ?
Hast thou met with him ? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate.

[*Exit Peter.*

Jal. Now, good sweet nurse,—O lord ! why look'st
thou sad ?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily ;
If good, thou sham'st the musick of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face ⁴.

Nurse. I am weary, give me leave a while ;—

³ — *should be thoughts, &c.*] The speech is thus continued in the quarto, 1597 :

— should be thoughts,
And run more swift than hasty powder fir'd,
Doth hurry from the fearful cannon's mouth.
Oh, now she comes ! Tell me, gentle nurse,
What says my love ?—

The greatest part of the scene is likewise added since that edition.

STEEVENS.

⁴ *If good, thou sham'st the musick of sweet news,
By playing it to me with so sour a face.*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ — needs so tart a favour,
“ To trumpet such good tidings !”

Again, in *Cymbeline* :

“ — if it be summer-news,
“ Smile to it before.” MALONE.

Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had⁵!

Jul. I would, thou hadst my bones, and I thy news:
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak;—good, good nurse,
speak.

Nurse. Jesu, what haste? can you not stay awhile?
Do you not see, that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast
breath

To say to me—that thou art out of breath?
The excuse, that thou dost make in this delay,
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, Is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know
not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he; though
his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all
men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body,—though
they be not to be talk'd on, yet they are past compare:
He is not the flower of courtesy,—but I'll warrant him, as
gentle as a lamb.—Go thy ways, wench; serve God:—
What, have you dined at home?

Jul. No, no: But all this did I know before;
What says he of our marriage? what of that⁶?

Nurse. Lord, how my head akes! what a head have I?
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back o' t' other side,—O, my back, my back!—
Bestrew your heart, for sending me about,
'To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

Jul. I'faith, I am sorry that thou art not well:
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

⁵ *What a jaunt have I had!*] This is the reading of the folio. The quarto reads:

—what a jaunce have I had!

The two words appear to have been formerly synonymous. See *King Richard II.*

“Spurr-gall'd and tir'd by jauncing Bolingbroke.” MALONE.

⁶ *No, no: But all this did I know before;*

What says he of our marriage? *what of that?*] So, in *The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

“Tell me else what, quod she, this evermore I thought;

“But of our marriage, say at once, what answer have you brought?” MALONE.

Nurse.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

81

Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous:—Where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother?—why, she is within;
Where should she be? How oddly thou reply'st?

*Your love says like an honest gentleman,—
Where is your mother?*

Nurse. O, God's lady dear!
Ate you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow;
Is this the poultrice for my aking bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil;—Come, what says Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to friar Lawrence's cell,
There stays a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark:
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go, I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune!—honest nurse, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Friar Lawrence's Cell.

Enter Friar LAWRENCE, and ROMEO⁷.

Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom.

⁷ This scene was entirely new formed: the reader may be pleased to have it as it was at first written:

Rom. Now, father Laurence, in thy holy grant
Consists the good of me and Juliet.

Friar. Without more words, I will do all I may
To make you happy, if in me it lie.

Rom. This morning here she 'pointed we should meet,
And consummate those never-parting bands,

Rom. Amen, amen ! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight :
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
'Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends⁸,
And in their triumph die ; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume : The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite :
'Therefore, love moderately ; long love doth so ;
'Too swift arrives⁹ as tardy as too slow.

Witness of our hearts' love, by joining hands ;
And come she will.

Friar. I guess she will indeed :
Youth's love is quick, swifter than swiftest speed.

Enter Juliet somewhat fast, and embraceth Romeo.

See where she comes ! —
So light a foot ne'er hurts the trodden flower ;
Of love and joy, see, see the sovereign power !

Jul. Romeo !

Rom. My Juliet, welcome ! As do waking eyes
(Clos'd in night's mists) attend the frolick day,
So Romeo hath expected Juliet ;
And thou art come.

Jul. I am (if I be day).

Come to my sun ; shine forth, and make me fair.

Rom. All beauteous fairness dwelleth in thine eyes.

Jul. Romeo, from thine all brightness doth arise.

Friar. Come, wantons, come, the stealing hours do pass ;
Defer embracements to some fitter time :

Part for a time, " you shall not be alone,

" 'Till holy church hath join'd you both in one."

Rom. Lead, holy father, all delay seems long.

Jul. Make haste, make haste, this ling'ring doth us wrong.

Friar. O, soft and fair makes sweetest work, they say ;

Haste is a common hind'rer in cross-way.

[*Exeunt.*

STEEVENS.

⁸ *These violent delights have violent ends,*] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece* :

" These violent vanities can never last." MALONE.

⁹ *Too swift arrives*—] He that travels too fast is as long before he comes to the end of his journey, as he that travels slow. Precipitation produces mishap. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady¹:—O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:
A lover may bestride the gossamours²
That idle in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich musick's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words³,
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth⁴;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth⁵.

Fri.

¹ *Here comes the lady: &c.*] However the poet might think the alteration of this scene on the whole to be necessary, I am afraid, in respect of the passage before us, he has not been very successful. The violent hyperbole of *never wearing out the everlasting flint* appears to me not only more reprehensible, but even less beautiful than the lines as they were originally written, where the lightness of Juliet's motion is accounted for from the cheerful effects the passion of love produced in her mind. STEEVENS.

² *A lover may bestride the gossamours—*] The *Gossamer* is the long white filament which flies in the air in summer. So, in *Hannibal and Scipio*, 1637, by Nabbes:

"Fine as Arachne's web, or gossamer,

"Whose curls when garnish'd by their dressings, shew

"Like that spun vapour when 'tis pearl'd with dew?"

STEEVENS.

See Bullokar's *English Expofitor*, 1616: "*Gossamer*. Things that fly like cobwebs in the ayre." MALONE.

³ *Conceit, more rich, &c.*] Conceit here means imagination. So, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

"—which the conceited painter drew so proud," &c.

⁴ *They are but beggars that can count their worth;*] So, in *Much ado about Nothing*: "I were but little happy, if I could say how much."

MALONE.

⁵ *I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.*] The quarto, 1599, reads:
I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.

The

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make short work;
 For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
 Till holy church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

A publick Place.

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants.

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire;
 The day is hot⁶, the Capulets abroad,
 And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;
 For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows, that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table, and says *God send me no need of thee!* and, by the operation of the second cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy; and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes; What eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrell'd with a man for coughing in the street,

The undated quarto and the folio:

I cannot sum up *ferre* of half my wealth.

The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

⁶ *The day is hot,*] It is observed, that in Italy almost all assassinations are committed during the heat of summer. JOHNSON.

because

because he hath waken'd thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarreling?⁷!

Ben. An I were so apt⁸ to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple? O simple!

Enter TYBALT, and Others.

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them⁹.—

Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, if you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,—

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords; here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

Ben. We talk here in the publick haunt of men:
Either withdraw into some private place,

⁷ — *thou wilt tutor me from quarreling!*] Thou wilt endeavour to restrain me, by prudential advice, from quarreling.

Thus the quarto 1599, and the folio. The quarto, 1597, reads—*thou wilt forbid me of quarreling.* The modern editions, after Mr. Pope, read—*Thou wilt tutor me for quarreling.* MALONE.

⁸ *An I were so apt, &c.*] These two speeches have been added since the first quarto, together with some few circumstances in the rest of the scene, as well as in the ensuing one. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Follow me close, for I will speak to them.*] In the original copy this line is not found, Tybalt entering alone. In that of 1599 we find this stage direction: "Enter Tybalt, *Petrucchio*, and others;" and the above line is inserted; but I strongly suspect it to be an interpolation; for would Tybalt's partizans suffer him to be killed without taking any part in the affray? That they do not join in it, appears from the account given by Benvolio. In the original copy Benvolio says, on the entrance of Tybalt, "By my head, here comes a *Capulet*." Instead of the two latter words, we have in the quarto 1599, *the Capulets*."

MALONE.

Or

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MALONE.

Or

Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them
gaze;
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir! here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery:
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;
Your worship, in that sense, may call him—man.

Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee¹, can afford
No better term than this—Thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting:—Villain am I none;
Therefore farewell; I see thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore turn, and draw.

Rom. I do protest, I never injur'd thee;
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:
And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender
As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
*A la stoccata*² carries it away.—

[*draws.*

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What would'st thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats³, nothing, but one of your
nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as
you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight.
Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the

¹ —the hate I bear thee,] So the quarto, 1597. The subsequent ancient copies have—the love, &c. MALONE.

² *A la stoccata*—] *Stoccata* is the Italian term for a thrust or a stab with a rapier. So, in the *Devil's Charter*, 1607:

“He makes a quick thrust; I with a swift passado

“Make quick avoidance, and with this *stoccata*,” &c.

STEEVENS.

³ *Good king of cats*,] Alluding to his name. See p. 68, n. 1.

MALONE

ears⁴? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you.

[drawing.

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado.

[They fight.

Rom. Draw, Benvolio;

Beat down their weapons:—Gentlemen, for shame

Forbear this outrage;—Tybalt—Mercutio—

The prince expressly hath forbid this bandying

In Verona streets:—hold, Tybalt;—good Mercutio.

[Exeunt Tybalt and his Partizans.

Mer. I am hurt;—

A plague o' both the houses!—I am sped:—

Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.—

Where is my page?—go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[Exit Page.

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man⁵. I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world:—A plague o' both your houses!—

⁴ Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? We should read *pilche*, which signifies a cloke or coat of skins, meaning the scabbard. WARBURTON.

The old quarto reads *scabbard*. Dr. Warburton's explanation is, I believe, just. Nath. in *Pierce Pennyles his Supplication*, 1595, speaks of a carman in a leather *pilche*. Again, in *Decker's Satiromastix*: "Thou hast forgot how thou ambled'it in a leather *pilch*, by a play-waggon on the highway, and took'st mad Jeronimo's part, to get service among the mimics."

It appears from this passage, that Ben Jonson acted the part of *Hieronimo* in the *Spanish Tragedy*, the speech being addressed to *Horace*, under which character old Ben is ridiculed. STEEVENS.

⁵ — a grave man.] After this, the quarto, 1597, continues Mercutio's speech as follows:

—A pox o' both your houses! I shall be fairly mounted upon four men's shoulders for your house of the Montagues and the Capulets: and then some peasantly rogue, some sexton, some base slave, shall write my epitaph, that Tybalt came and broke the prince's laws, and Mercutio was slain for the first and second cause. Where's the surgeon?

Boy. He's come, sir.

Mer.

houses!—'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetick!—Why, the devil, came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses!
They have made worms' meat of me:
I have it, and soundly too:—Your houses!

[*Exeunt MERCUTIO, and BENVOLIO.*]

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got this mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman:—O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel*.

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead;
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds⁶,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Mer. Now he'll keep a mumbling in my guts on the other side.—
Come, Benvolio, lend me thy hand: A pox o' both your houses!

STEEVENS.

—*you shall find me a grave man.*] This jest was better in old language, than it is at present; Lidgate says, in his elegy upon Chaucer:

"My master Chaucer now is grave." FARMER.

I meet with the same quibble in the *Revenger's Tragedy*, 1608, where *Vindici* dresses up a lady's *skull*, and observes:

"—she has a somewhat grave look with her." STEEVENS.

Again, in sir Thomas Overbury's Description of a Sexton, CHARACTERS, 1616: "At every church-style commonly there's an alehouse; where let him bee found never so idle-pated, hee is still a grave drunkard."

MALONE.

* —soften'd valour's steel.] So, in *Coriolanus*:

"—When steel grows soft

"As the parasite's silk—." MALONE.

⁶ —*batb aspir'd the clouds*,] So, in Greene's *Card of Fancy*, 1608:

"Her haughty mind is too lofty for me to *aspire*."

We never use this verb at present without some particle, as, *to* and *after*. STEEVENS.

So also Marlowe, in his *Tamburlaine*, 1590:

"Until our bodies turn to elements,

"And both our souls *aspire* celestial thrones. MALONE.

Rom.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth depend⁷;
This but begins the woe, others must end.

Re-enter TYBALT.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive! in triumph⁸! and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven, respective lenity⁹,
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now¹!—
Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,
That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company;
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

[*They fight; Tybalt falls.*]

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain:—
Stand not amaz'd:—the prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken:—hence!—be gone!—away!

⁷ *This day's black fate on more days does depend;*] This day's unhappy destiny hangs over the days yet to come. There will yet be more mischief. JOHNSON.

⁸ *Alive! in triumph! &c.*] Thus the quarto, 1597: for which the quarto 1599 has:

He *gan* in triumph—

This in the subsequent ancient copies was made—He *gone*, &c.

MALONE.

⁹ —*respective lenity*—] Cool, considerate gentleness. *Respect* formerly signified consideration; prudential caution. So, in the *Rape of Lucrece*, Vol. X. p. 102:

“*Respect* and reason well beseem the sage.” MALONE.

¹ *And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!*] *Conduct* for *conductor*. So, in a former scene of this play, quarto, 1597:

“Which to the high top-gallant of my joy

“Must be my *conduct* in the secret night.”

Thus the first quarto. In that of 1599 *end* being corruptly printed instead of *ey'd*, the editor of the folio, according to the usual process of corruption, exhibited the line thus:

And fire *and* fury be my conduct now. MALONE.

Rom.

Rom. O! I am fortune's fool²!

Ben. Why dost thou stay?

[*Exit* ROMEO.]

Enter Citizens, &c.

1. *Cit.* Which way ran he, that kill'd Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

1. *Cit.* Up, fir, go with me;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince, attended; MONTAGUE, CAPULET, their
Wives, and Others.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin!—O my brother's child!
Unhappy fight! ah, the blood is spill'd³
Of my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art true⁴,
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.—
O cousin, cousin!

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay;
Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel⁵ was, and urg'd withal⁶

² O! I am fortune's fool!] I am always running in the way of evil fortune, like the fool in the play. *Thou art death's fool*, in *Measure for Measure*. See Dr. Warburton's note. JOHNSON.

In the first copy, O! I am fortune's slave. STEEVENS.

³ Unhappy fight! ah, the blood is spill'd—] Thus the quarto, 1597. The quarto 1599, and the subsequent ancient copies, read:

O prince! O cousin! husband! O, the blood is spill'd, &c.

The modern editors have followed neither copy. The word *me* was probably inadvertently omitted in the first quarto.

Unhappy fight! ah *me*, the blood is spill'd, &c. MALONE.

⁴ —as thou art true,] As thou art just and upright. JOHNSON.

⁵ How nice the quarrel—] How slight, how unimportant, how petty. So, in the last Act:

"The letter was not nice, but full of charge,

"Of dear import." JOHNSON.

⁶ —and urg'd withal—] The rest of this speech was new written by the poet, as well as a part of what follows in the same scene.

STEEVENS.
Your

Your high displeasure :—all this—uttered
 With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,—
 Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
 Of Tybalt ⁷ as to peace, but that he tilts
 With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast ;
 Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
 And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
 Cold death aside, and with the other sends
 It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
 Retorts it : Romeo he cries aloud,
Hold, friends ! friends, part ! and, swifter than his tongue,
 His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
 And 'twixt them rushes ; underneath whose arm
 An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
 Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled :
 But by and by comes back to Romeo,
 Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
 And to't they go like lightning ; for, ere I
 Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain ;
 And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly :
 'This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague,
 Affection makes him false⁷, he speaks not true :
 Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
 And all these twenty could but kill one life :
 I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give ;
 Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio ;
 Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe ?

Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend ;
 His fault concludes but, what the law should end,
 The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And, for that offence,
 Immediately we do exile him hence :
 I have an interest in your hates' proceeding⁸,

⁷ *Affection makes him false,*] The charge of falshood on Benvolio, though produced at hazard, is very just. The authour, who seems to intend the character of Benvolio as good, meant perhaps to shew, how the best minds in a state of faction and discord, are detorted to criminal partiality. JOHNSON.

⁸ — *in your hates' proceeding ;*] This, as Mr. Steevens has observed, is the reading of the original quarto, 1597. From that copy, in almost every speech of this play, readings have been drawn by the modern editors, much preferable to those of the succeeding ancient copies. The quarto of 1599 reads—*hearts* proceeding ; and the corruption was adopted in the folio. MALONE.

My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding ;
 But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
 That you shall all repent the loss of mine :
 I will be deaf to pleading and excuses ;
 Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses⁹,
 Therefore use none : let Romeo hence in haste,
 Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
 Bear hence this body, and attend our will :
 Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill¹.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*A Room in Capulet's house.**Enter JULIET.*

Jul. Gallop apace, you fire-footed steeds,
 Towards Phœbus' mansion² ; such a waggoner
 As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
 And bring in cloudy night immediately³.—
 Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night !

⁹ *Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses.*] This was probably designed as a stroke at the church of Rome, by which the different prices of murder, incest, and all other crimes, were minutely settled, and as shamelessly received. STEEVENS.

¹ *Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.*] So, in *Hale's Memorials* : "When I find myself swayed to mercy, let me remember likewise that there is a mercy due to the country."

Thus the quarto 1599, and the folio. The sentiment here enforced is different from that found in the first edition, 1597. There the prince concludes his speech with these words :

Pity shall dwell, and govern with us still ;

Mercy to all but murderers,—pardoning none that kill.

MALONE.

² Gallop apace, you fire-footed steeds,

Towards Phœbus' mansion ; &c.] Our authour probably remembered Marlowe's *King Edward II.* which was performed before 1593 :

"Gallop apace, bright Phœbus, through the skie,

"And dusky night in rusty iron car ;

"Between you both, shorten the time, I pray,

"That I may see that most desired day." MALONE.

The second quarto and folio read, *Phœbus' lodging.* STEEVENS.

³ —*immediately.*] Here ends this speech in the eldest quarto. The rest of the scene has likewise received considerable alterations and additions. STEEVENS.

That

That run-away's eyes may wink⁴ ; and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen !—
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties⁵ : or, if love be blind,

⁴ *Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night !*

That run-away's eyes may wink ;] Dr. Warburton reads—That the runaway's eyes may wink, i. e. the *sun's*. Mr. Heath justly observes on this emendation, that the sun is necessarily absent as soon as night begins, and that it is very unlikely that Juliet, who has just complained of his tediousness, should call him a *runaway*. In the *Merchant of Venice*, as Dr. Warburton has observed, that term is applied to night :

“ For the close night doth play the *runaway*.” MALONE.

The construction of this passage, however elliptical or perverse, I believe to be as follows :

May that run-away's eyes wink !

Or, *That run-away's eyes, may (they) wink !*

These ellipses are frequent in Spenser ; and *that for oh ! that*, is not uncommon, as Dr. Farmer observes in a note on the first scene of the *Winter's Tale*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act. III. sc. vi.

That ever I should call thee east-away !

Juliet first wishes for the absence of the sun, and then invokes the night to spread its curtain close around the world :

Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night !

next, recollecting that the night would seem short to her, she speaks of it as of a *run-away*, whose flight she would wish to retard, and whose eyes she would blind lest they should make discoveries. The *eyes of night* are the stars, so called in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*. Dr. Warburton has already proved that Shakspeare terms *the night a run-away* in the *Merchant of Venice* : and in the *Fair Maid of the Exchange*, 1607, it is spoken of under the same character :

“ The night hath play'd the swift-foot *run-away*.”

Romeo was not expected by Juliet till the sun was gone, and therefore it was of no consequence to her that any eyes should wink but those of the night ; for, as Ben Jonson says in *Sejanus*,

“ — *night hath many eyes*,

“ Whereof, tho' most do sleep, yet some are spies.”

STEEVENS.

That seems not to be the optative adverb *utinam*, but the pronoun *ista*. These lines contain no wish, but a reason for Juliet's preceding wish for the approach of *cloudy* night ; for in such a night there may be no star-light to discover our stolen pleasures ;

“ That runaway eyes *may* wink, and Romeo

“ Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen.”

BLACKSTONE.

⁵ *Lovers can see to do their amorous rites*

By their own beauties :] So, in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander* :

“ — dark night is Cupid's day.”

The quartos 1599 and 1609, and the folio read—*And by their own beauties*. In the text the undated quarto has been followed. MALONE.

It

It best agrees with night.—Come, civil night⁶,
 Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
 And learn me how to lose a winning match,
 Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods :
 Hood my unmann'd blood⁷ bating in my cheeks,
 With thy black mantle ; till strange love, grown bold *,
 Think true love acted, simple modesty.
 Come, night !—Come, Romeo ! come, thou day in night !
 For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
 Whiter than new snow upon a raven's back⁸.—
 Come, gentle night ; come, loving, black-brow'd night,
 Give me my Romeo : and, when he shall die⁹,
 Take him and cut him out in little stars¹,
 And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
 That all the world will be in love with night,
 And pay no worship to the garish sun².—

O, I have

⁶ *Come, civil night,*] *Civil is grave, decently solemn.* JOHNSON.

So, in our poet's *Lower's Complaint* :

“ — my white stole of chastity I daff'd,

“ Shook off my sober guards and civil fears.” MALONE.

⁷ — unmann'd blood—] *Hood my unmann'd blood bating in my cheeks.*

These are terms of falconry. An *unmanned* hawk is one that is not brought to endure company. *Bating* (not *bairing*, as it has hitherto been printed) is fluttering with the wings as striving to fly away. So, in Ben Jonson's *Sad Shepherd* :

“ A hawk yet half so haggard and unmann'd.”

Again, in the *Book of Hawking*, &c. bl. l. no date : “ It is called *bating*, for she *bateth* with herselfe most often causelesse.” STEEVENS.

To *hood* a hawk, that is, to cover its head with a hood, was an usual practice, before the bird was suffered to fly at its quarry. MALONE.

* — grown bold.] This is Mr. Rowe's emendation. The old copies for *grown* have *grow*. MALONE.

⁸ *Whiter than new snow upon a raven's back.*] Thus the quarto 1599, and the folio. The line is not in the first quarto. The editor of the second folio, for the sake of the metre, reads—*on* a raven's back ; and so, many of the modern editors. MALONE.

⁹ — *when he shall die,*] This emendation is drawn from the undated quarto. The quarto of 1599, 1609, and the folio, read—*when I shall die*. MALONE.

¹ *Take him and cut him out in little stars, &c.*] The same childish thought occurs in *The Wisdom of Doctor Dodypoll*, which was acted before the year 1596 :

“ The glorious parts of fair Lucilla,

“ Take them and joine them in the heavenly spheres ;

“ And fixe them there as an eternal light,

“ For lovers to adore and wonder at.” STEEVENS.

² — *the garish sun.*] Milton had this speech in his thoughts when he wrote *Il Penseroso* :

“ — Civil

O, I have bought the mansion of a love*,
But not possess'd it; and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd: So tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,

Enter Nurse, with cords.

And she brings news; and every tongue, that speaks
But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—
Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the cords,
That Romeo bade thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords. *[throws them down.]*

Jul. Ah me! what news! why dost thou wring thy
hands?

Nurse. Ah well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone?—

Alack the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse. Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot:—O Romeo! Romeo!—
Who ever would have thought it?—Romeo!

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but I³,
And that bare vowel I shall poison more

" — Civil night,

" Thou sober-suited matron."—*Shakspeare.*

" Till civil-suited morn appear."—*Milton.*

" Pay no worship to the garish sun."—*Shakspeare.*

" Hide me from day's garish eye."—*Milton.* JOHNSON.

Garish is gaudy, showy. So, in *K. Richard III*:

" A dream of what thou wast, a garish flag.

Again, in Marlowe's *Edward II.* 1598:

" — march'd like players

" With garish robes."

It sometimes signifies wild, flighty. So, in the following instance:
" — starting up and garishly staring about, especially on the face of
Eliosto." Hinde's *Eliosto Libidinoso*, 1606. STEEVENS.

* — I have bought the mansion of a love,] So, in *Antony and Cleo-
patra*:

" — the strong base and building of my love

" Is as the very center to the earth,

" Drawing all things to it." MALONE.

³ — say thou but I,] In Shakspeare's time (as Theobald has observed,) the affirmative particle *ay* was usually written *I*, and here it is necessary to retain the old spelling. MALONE.

Than

'Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice⁴ :
 I am not I, if there be such an I;
 Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer, I.
 If he be slain, say—I; or if not, no:
 Brief sounds determine of my weal, or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—
 God save the mark!—here on his manly breast:
 A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
 Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawb'd in blood,
 All in gore blood;—I swooned at the sight.

Jul. O break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break at
 once!

'To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!
 Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;
 And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
 O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
 'That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul. What storm is this, that blows so contrary?
 Is Romeo slaughter'd? and is Tybalt dead?
 My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord⁵?—

⁴ — death-darting eye of cockatrice i]

The strange lines that follow here in the common books, are not in the old edition. POPE.

The strange lines are these:

I am not I, if there be such an I,
 Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer, I.
 If he be slain, say—I; or if not, no:
 Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

These lines hardly deserve emendation; yet it may be proper to observe, that their meanness has not placed them below the malice of fortune, the two first of them being evidently transposed; we should read:

— that bare vowel I shall poison more
 'Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice,
 Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer, I.
 I am not I, &c. JOHNSON.

I think the transposition recommended may be spared. The second line is corrupted. Read *shut* instead of *shot*, and then the meaning will be sufficiently intelligible.

Shut, however, may be the same as *shut*. So, in Chaucer's *Miller's Tale*, late edit. ver. 3358:

"And dressed him up by a *shot* window." STEEVENS.

⁵ *My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord?*] The quarto 1599, and the folio, read,

My dearest cousin, and my dearer lord?

Mr. Pope introduced the present reading from the original copy of 1597. MALONE.

'Then,

Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
For who is living, if these two are gone?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banish'd;
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day! it did.

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!

Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?

Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!

Dove-feather'd raven? ! wolfish-ravelling lamb!

Despised substance of divinest show!

Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,

A damned saint*, an honourable villain!—

O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,

When thou did'st bower the spirit of a fiend

In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?—

Was ever book, containing such vile matter,

So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell

In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no trust,

No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,

All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—

Ah, where's my man? give me some *aqua vitae* :—

These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old⁸.

Shame come to Romeo!

⁶ *O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!*

Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?] So, in *King John*:

“Ruff, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,

“*With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleen.*

Again, in *King Henry VIII.*

“You have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.”

The line, *Did ever dragon, &c.* and the following eight lines, are not in the quarto 1597. MALONE.

⁷ *Dove-feather'd raven!*] The quarto 1599, and folio, read:

Ravenous dove-feather'd raven, wolfish-ravelling lamb.

The word *ravenous*, which was written probably in the manuscript by mistake in the latter part of the line, for *ravelling*, and then struck out, crept from thence to the place where it appears. It was properly rejected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

* *A damned saint,*] The quarto 1599, for *damned* has—*dimme*; the first folio *dimne*. The reading of the text is found in the undated quarto. MALONE.

⁸ *These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.*] So, in our author's *Lower's Complaint*:

“Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power.” MALONE.

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,
For such a wish ! he was not born to shame :
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit⁹ ;
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at him !

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your
cousin ?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband ?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it¹ ?
But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin ?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband :
Back, foolish tears², back to your native spring ;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.

⁹ Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit ;] So, in *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*, tom. ii. p. 223 : " Is it possible that under such beautie and rare comelineſſe, diſloyaltie and treaſon may have their ſiedge and lodging ?" STEEVENS.

¹ Ah, poor my lord, what tongue ſhall ſmooth thy name,
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it &c.] So, in the poem already quoted :

" Ah cruel murd'ring tongue, murderer of others' fame,
" How durst thou once attempt to touch the honour of his
name ?
" Whose deadly foes do yield him due and earned praise,
" For though his freedom be bereft, his honour not decays.
" Why blam'st thou Romeus for slaying of Tybalt ?
" Since he is guiltless quite of all, and Tybalt bears the fault.
" Whither shall he, alas ! poor banish'd man, now fly ?
" What place of succour shall he seek beneath the starry sky ?
" Since she pursueth him, and him defames by wrong,
" That in distress should be his fort, and only rampire strong."

MALONE.

² Back, foolish tears, &c.] So, in the *Tempest* :

" — I am a fool
" To weep at what I am glad of."

I think, in this speech of Juliet, the words *woe* and *joy* should change places ; otherwise, her reasoning is inconclusive. STEEVENS.

There is surely no need of change. Juliet's reasoning, as the text now stands, is perfectly correct. " Back," says she, " to your native source, you foolish tears ! Properly you ought to flow only on melancholy occasions ; but now you erroneously shed your tributary drops for an event [the death of Tybalt and the subsequent escape of my beloved Romeo] which is in fact to me a subject of joy.—Tybalt, if he could, would have slain my husband ; but my husband is alive, and has slain Tybalt. This is a source of joy, not of sorrow : wherefore then do I weep ?" MALONE.

My

My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:
All this is comfort; Wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;

But, O! it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banish'd;
That—*banished*, that one word—*banished*,
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts³. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:

Or,—if four woe delights in fellowship⁴,
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,—
Why follow'd not, when she said—Tybalt's dead,
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern lamentation⁵ might have mov'd?
But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
Romeo is banished,—to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead:—*Romeo is banished*,—
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.—
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears? mine shall be
spent,
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords:—Poor ropes, you are beguil'd,
Both you and I; for Romeo is exil'd:
He made you for a highway to my bed;

³ *Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts.*] That is, is worse than the loss of ten thousand Tybalts. Dr. Johnson's explanation [hath put Tybalt out of my mind, as if out of being,] cannot be right; for the passage itself shews that Tybalt was not out of her mind. MASON.

⁴ — *four woe delights in fellowship,*] So, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

“ And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,

“ As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage.”

Again, in *King Lear*:

“ — the mind much sufferance doth o'er-skip,

“ When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.” MALONE.

⁵ *Which modern lamentation, &c.*] This line is left out of the later editions, I suppose because the editors did not remember that Shakspeare uses *modern* for *common*, or *sight*: I believe it was in his time confounded in colloquial language with *moderate*. JOHNSON.

But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.

Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding bed;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

Nurse. Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo
To comfort you:—I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night;
I'll to him; he is hid at Lawrence's cell.

Jul. O find him! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Friar Lawrence's Cell.

Enter Friar LAWRENCE, and ROMEO.

Fri. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful
man;

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such foul company:
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the prince's doom?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say—death:
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death:—do not say—banishment.

Fri. Hence from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death:—then banishment⁶

⁶ — *then banishment*—] The quarto 1599, and the folio, read—
then banish'd. The emendation was made by Sir Thomas Hanmer.
The words are not in the quarto 1597. MALONE.

Is death mis-term'd : calling death—banishment,
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin ! O rude unthankfulness !
Thy fault our law calls death ; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment :
This is dear mercy ⁷, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy : heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives ; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
But Romeo may not.—More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo ⁸ : they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips ;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin ;
But Romeo may not ; he is banished ⁹ :
Flies may do this, when I from this must fly ;
They are free men, but I am banished.
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death ¹ ?

⁷ *This is dear mercy,—*] So the quarto 1599, and the folio. The earliest copy reads—*This is mere mercy.* MALONE.

⁸ — *More validity,*

More honourable state, more courtship lives

In carrion flies, than Romeo :] *Validity* seems here to mean *worth* or *dignity* : and *courtship* the state of a *courtier* permitted to approach the highest presence. JOHNSON.

By *courtship*, the authour seems rather to have meant, the state of a lover ; that dalliance, in which he who *courts* or woos a lady is sometimes indulged. This appears clearly from the subsequent lines :

“ — they may seize

“ On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,

“ And steal immortal blessing from her lips ;—

“ *Flies* may do this.” MALONE.

⁹ *But Romeo may not ; he is banished :*] This line in the original copy immediately follows—*And steal immortal blessing from her lips.* The two lines, *Who, even, &c.* were added in the copy of 1599, and are merely parenthetical : the line therefore, *But Romeo may not, &c.* undoubtedly ought to follow those two lines. By mistake, in the copy of 1599, it was inserted lower down, after—*is not death.* MALONE.

¹ *They are free men, but I am banished.*

And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death ?] These two lines are not in the original copy. MALONE.

Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
 No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
 But—banished—to kill me; banished?
 O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
 Howlings attend it: How hast thou the heart,
 Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
 A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
 To mangle me with that word—banishment?

Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word².

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;
 Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
 To comfort thee, though thou art banished³.

Rom. Yet banished?—Hang up philosophy!
 Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
 Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom;
 It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more.

Fri. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel:
 Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love⁴,
 An hour but marry'd, Tybalt murdered,

² Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.] So the quarto 1597. The quartos 1599 and 1609 read:

Then fond mad man, bear me a little speak.

The folio:

Then fond mad man, hear me speak. MALONE.

³ Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,

To comfort thee, though thou art banished.] So, in *Romulus and Juliet*, the friar says,

"Virtue is always thrall to troubles and annoy,

"But wisdom in adversity finds cause of quiet joy.

See also Lily's *Euphuus*, 1580: "Thou sayest *banishment* is better to the freeborne. There be many meates which are sowre in the mouth and sharp in the maw; but if thou mingle them with *sweet sawces*, they yeeld both a pleasant taste and wholesome nourishment.—I speake this to this end; that though thy *exile* seeme grievous to thee, yet guiding thyselfe with the rules of *philosophy*, it shall be more tolerable."

MALONE.

⁴ Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,] Thus the original copy; for which in the folio we have—

Wert thou as young as Juliet my love.

I only mention this to shew the very high value of the early quarto editions. MALONE.

Doating like me, and like me banished,
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy
hair⁵,

And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Fri. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.

[*Knocking within.*]

Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,
Mild-like, infold me from the search of eyes. [*Knocking.*]

Fri. Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—Romeo,
arise;

Thou wilt be taken:—Stay a while:—stand up;

[*Knocking.*]

Run to my study:—By and by:—God's will!

What wilfulness is this⁶?—I come, I come. [*Knocking.*]

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your
will?

Nurse. [*within.*] Let me come in, and you shall know
my errand;

I come from lady Juliet.

Fri. Welcome then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

Fri. There on the ground, with his own tears made
drunk.

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case!

Fri. O woeful sympathy!
Piteous predicament⁷!

⁵ — *then might'st thou tear thy hair,*] So, in the poem:

“These heavy tidings heard, his golden locks he tare,

“And like a frantick man hath torn the garments that he
ware.—

“He riseth oft, and strikes his head against the walls;

“He falleth down again, and loud for hasty death he calls.”

MALONE.

⁶ *What wilfulness—*] Thus the quarto 1597. That of 1599, and
the folio, have—*What simpleness.* MALONE.

⁷ — *O woeful sympathy!*

Piteous predicament!] These words, which in the old copies make
part of the nurse's speech, have been assigned to the friar on the sug-
gestion of Dr. Farmer. MALONE.

Nurse. Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering :—
Stand up, stand up ; stand, an you be a man :
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand ;
Why should you fall into so deep an O ?

Rom. Nurse !

Nurse. Ah sir ! ah sir !—Well, death's the end of all.

Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet ? how is it with her ?
Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own ?
Where is she ? and how doth she ? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love ?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps ;
And now falls on her bed ; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls ; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her ; as that name's curst hand
Murder'd her kinsman.—O tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge ? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. *[drawing his sword.]*

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand :
Art thou a man ? thy form cries out, thou art ;
Thy tears are womanish ; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast :

⁸ — cancell'd love ?] The folio reads—conceal'd love. JOHNSON.
The quarto, cancell'd love. STEEVENS.

The epithet *concealed* is to be understood, not of the person, but of the condition of the lady. So that the sense is, my lady whose being so, together with our marriage which made her so, is concealed from the world. HEATH.

⁹ *Art thou a man ? thy form cries out, thou art ;*
Thy tears are womanish ; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast :] Shakspeare has here closely followed his original :

“ *Art thou, quoth he, a man ? thy shape saith, so thou art ;*

“ *Thy crying and thy weeping eyes denote a woman's heart.*

“ *For manly reason is quite from off thy mind out-chafed,*

“ *And in her stead affections lewd and fancies highly placed ;*

“ *So that I stood in doubt, this hour at the least,*

“ *If thou a man or woman wert, or else a brutish beast.”*

Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet, 1562. MALONE.

Unseemly woman, in a seeming man¹ !
 Or ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both !
 Thou hast amaz'd me : by my holy order,
 I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
 Hast thou slain Tybalt ? wilt thou slay thyself ?
 And slay thy lady too that lives in thee²,
 By doing damned hate upon thyself ?
 Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth³ ?
 Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
 In thee at once ; which thou at once would'st lose.
 Fie, fie ! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit ;
 Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,
 And usest none in that true use indeed
 Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
 Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
 Digressing from the valour of a man :
 Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,
 Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish :
 Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
 Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
 Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask⁴,

Is

¹ *Unseemly woman, &c.] Thou art a beast of ill qualities, under the appearance both of a woman and a man.* JOHNSON.

² *And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,]* Thus the first copy. The quarto 1599, and the folio, have—

And slay thy lady, that in thy life lives. MALONE.

³ *Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth ?]* Romeo has not here rail'd on his birth, &c. though in his interview with the friar as described in the poem, he is made to do so :

“ First Nature did he blame, the author of his life,

“ In which his joys had been so scant, and sorrows aye so rife ;

“ The time and place of birth he fiercely did reprove ;

“ He cryed out with open mouth against the stars above.—

“ On fortune eke he rail'd.”

Shakspeare copied the remonstrance of the friar, without reviewing the former part of his scene. He has in other places fallen into a similar inaccuracy, by sometimes following and sometimes deserting his original.

The lines, *Why rail'st thou, &c. to—thy own defence*, are not in the first copy. They are formed on a passage in the poem :

“ Why cry'st thou out on love ? why dost thou blame thy fate ?

“ Why dost thou so cry after death ? thy life why dost thou hate ?”

&c. MALONE.

⁴ *Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask, &c.]* To understand the force of this allusion, it should be remembered that the ancient English soldiers, using match-locks, instead of locks with flints as at present,

Is set on fire by thine own ignorance,
 And thou dismember'd with thine own defence⁵.
 What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
 For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
 There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
 But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too⁶:
 The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,
 And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:
 A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;
 Happiness courts thee in her best array;
 But, like a mis-behav'd and sullen wench,
 Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love⁷:
 Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
 Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
 Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her;
 But, look, thou stay not till the watch be set,
 For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
 Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
 Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
 With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
 Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—
 Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
 Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
 Romeo is coming⁸.

sent, were obliged to carry a lighted *match* hanging at their belts, very near to the wooden *flask* in which they kept their powder. The same allusion occurs in *Humor's Ordinary*, an old collection of English epigrams:

“When she his *flask* and touch-box set on fire,

“And till this hour the burning is not out.” STEEVENS.

⁵ *And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.*] And thou torn to pieces with thy own weapons. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *there art thou happy too:*] Thus the first quarto. In the subsequent quartos and the folio too is omitted. MALONE.

⁷ *Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:*] The quarto 1599, and 1609, read:

Thou *puts up* thy fortune and thy love.

The editor of the folio endeavoured to correct this by reading:

Thou *puttest up* thy fortune and thy love.

The undated quarto has *powrs*, which, with the aid of the original copy in 1597, pointed out the true reading. There the line stands:

Thou *frown'st upon* thy fate, that smiles on thee. MALONE.

⁸ *Romeo is coming.*] Much of this speech has likewise been added since the first edition. STEEVENS.

Nurse.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have staid here all the night,
To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!—
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir:
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late. [*Exit Nurse.*]

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

Fri. Go hence: Good night⁹; and here stands all your
state¹;—

Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence:
Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you, that chances here:
Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:
Farewel.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV².

A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and PARIS.

Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I;—Well, we were born to die.—
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night:

⁹ *Go hence: Good night; &c.*] These three lines are omitted in all the modern editions. JOHNSON.

They were first omitted, with many others, by Mr. Pope. MALONE.
¹ — *here stands all your state;*] The whole of your fortune depends on this. JOHNSON.

² Some few unnecessary verses are omitted in this scene according to the oldest editions. POPE.

Mr. Pope means, as appears from his edition, that *he* has followed the oldest copy, and omitted some unnecessary verses which are not found there, but inserted in the enlarged copy of this play. But he has expressed himself falsely, as to have been misunderstood by Mr. Steevens. In the text these unnecessary verses, as Mr. Pope calls them, are preserved, conformably to the enlarged copy of 1599. MALONE.

I promise

I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo :
Madam, good night : commend me to your daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow ;
To-night she's mew'd up³ to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love⁴ : I think, she will be rul'd
In all respects by me ; nay more, I doubt it not.—
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed ;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love ;
And bid her, mark you me, on wednesday next—
But, soft ; What day is this ?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday ? ha ! ha ! Well, wednesday is too soon,
O' thursday let it be ;—o' thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl :—
Will you be ready ? do you like this haste ?
We'll keep no great ado ;—a friend, or two :—
For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much :
'Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to thursday ?

Par. My lord, I would that thursday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone :—O' thursday be it then :—
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.—
Farewel, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho !
Afore me, it is so very late, that we
May call it early by and by :—Good night. [*Exeunt.*

³ —mew'd up—] This is a phrase from falconry. A *mew* was a place of confinement for hawks. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender*

Of my child's love :—] *Desperate* means only *bold, adventurous*, as if he had said in the vulgar phrase, *I will speak a bold word, and venture to promise you my daughter.* JOHNSON.

So, in *The Weakest goes to the Wall*, 1600 :

“ Witness this desperate tender of mine honour.” STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Juliet's Chamber⁵.

Enter ROMEO, and JULIET.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day⁶:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree⁷:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day

⁵ SCENE V. *Juliet's chamber.*] The stage-direction in the first edition is—"Enter Romeo and Juliet, at the window." In the second quarto, "Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft." They appeared probably in the balcony which was erected on the old English stage. See the *Account of the Ancient Theatres* in Vol. I. MALONE.

⁶ *Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day, &c.*] This scene is formed on the following hints in the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"The golden sun was gone to lodge him in the west,
"The full moon eke in yonder south had sent most men to rest;
"When restless Romeus and restless Juliet,
"In wonted sort, by wonted mean, in Juliet's chamber met, &c.

* * *
"Thus these two lovers pass away the weary night
"In pain, and plaint, not, as they wont, in pleasure and delight.
"But now, somewhat too soon, in farthest east arose
"Fair Lucifer, the golden star that lady Venus chose;
"Whose course appointed is with speedy race to run,
"A messenger of dawning day and of the rising sun.—
"When thou ne lookest wide, ne closely dost thou wink,
"When Phæbus from our hemisphere in western wave doth sink,
"What colour then the heavens do shew unto thine eyes,
"The same, or like, saw Romeus in farthest eastern skies:
"As yet he saw no day, ne could he call it night,
"With equal force decreasing dark fought with increasing light.
"Then Romeus in arms his lady gan to fold,
"With friendly kifs, and ruthfully she 'gan her knight behold."

MALONE.

⁷ *Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:*] This is not merely a poetical supposition. It is observed of the nightingale, that, if undisturbed, she sits and sings upon the same tree for many weeks together. STEVENS.

Stands

Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops ;
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I :
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua :
'Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death ;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex ⁸ of Cynthia's brow ;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads :
I have more care to stay ⁹, than will to go ;—
Come, death, and welcome ! Juliet wills it so.—
How is't, my soul ? let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away ;
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.
Some say, the lark makes sweet division ¹ ;
This doth not so, for she divideth us :
Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes ;
O, now I would they had chang'd voices too ² !

Since

⁸ — *the pale reflex*—] The appearance of a cloud opposed to the moon. JOHNSON.

⁹ *I have more care to stay*,] *Care* was frequently used in Shakspeare's age for inclination. MALONE.

¹ — *sweet division* ;] *Division* seems to have been the technical term for the pauses or parts of a musical composition. So, in *K. Henry IV. P. I.*

“ Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,

“ With ravishing *division* to her lute.” STEEVENS.

² *Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes* ;

O, now I would they had chang'd voices too !] I wish the lark and toad had changed voices ; for then the noise which I hear would be that of the toad, not of the lark ; it would consequently be evening, at which time the toad croaks ; not morning, when the lark sings ; and we should not be under the necessity of separation. A. C.

If the toad and lark had changed voices, the unnatural croak of the latter would have been no indication of the appearance of day, and consequently no signal for her lover's departure. This is apparently the aim and purpose of Juliet's wish. HEATH.

The *toad* having very fine eyes, and the *lark* very ugly ones, was the occasion of a common saying amongst the people, that *the toad and lark had changed eyes*. To this the speaker alludes.

WARBURTON.

This

Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray³,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day⁴.
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light?—more dark and dark our
woes.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam!

Jul. Nurse?

Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about. [Exit Nurse.]

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewel, farewell! one kifs, and I'll descend.

[Romeo descends.]

Jul. Art thou gone so? my love! my lord! my friend*!
I must hear from thee every day i' the hour,
For in a minute there are many days:

This tradition of the toad and lark I have heard expressed in a rustick
rhyme:

—To beco'n I'd fly,

But that the toad beguil'd me of mine eye. JOHNSON.

³ Since arm from arm, &c.] These two lines are omitted in the modern editions, and do not deserve to be replaced, but as they may shew the danger of critical temerity. Dr. Warburton's change of *I would* to *I wot* was specious enough, yet it is evidently erroneous. The sense is this: *The lark, they say, has lost her eyes to the toad, and now I would the toad had her voice too, since she uses it to the disturbance of lovers.*

JOHNSON.

⁴ Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.] The *buntup* was the name of the tune anciently played to wake the hunters, and collect them together. So, in the *Return from Parnassus*, 1606:

"Yet will I play a hunts-up to my Muse."

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song 13th:

"But bunts-up to the morn the feather'd sylvans sing."

STEEVENS.

A *buntup* also signified a morning song to a new-married woman, the day after her marriage, and is certainly used here in that sense. See Cotgrave's Dictionary, in v. *Resveil*. MALONE.

Puttenham in his *Art of English Poesy*, 1589, speaking of one Gray, says, "what good estimation did he grow unto with the same King Henry [the Eighth,] and afterward with the duke of Somerset, Protector, for making certaine merry ballades, whereof one chiefly was, *The hunte is up, the hunte is up.*" ANONYMUS.

* *Art thou gone so? my love, my lord, my friend!*] Thus the quarto 1597. That of 1599, and the folio, read:

Art thou gone so? love, lord, ay husband, friend! MALONE.

O! by

O! by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo⁵.

Rom. Farewel! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'st thou, we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul⁶:
Methinks, I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead⁷ in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eye-sight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood⁸. Adieu! adieu!

[*Exit Romeo.*]

Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

⁵ O! by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo.]

" Illa ego, quæ fueram te decedente puella,

" Protinus ut redeas, facta videbor anus." *Ovid. Epist. 1.*

STEEVENS.

⁶ O God! I have an ill-divining soul: &c.] This miserable prescience of futurity I have always regarded as a circumstance particularly beautiful. The same kind of warning from the mind Romeo seems to have been conscious of, on his going to the entertainment at the house of Capulet:

" — my mind misgives,

" Some consequence yet hanging in the stars,

" Shall bitterly begin his fearful date

" From this night's revels." STEEVENS.

⁷ O God! I have an ill-divining soul;

Methinks, I see thee, now thou art below,

As one dead—] So, in our authour's *Venus and Adonis*:

" The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed;

" And fear doth teach it divination;

" I prophecy thy death."

The reading of the text is that of the quarto, 1597. That of 1599, and the folio, read—now thou art *so-low*. MALONE.

⁸ Dry sorrow drinks our blood.] This is an allusion to the proverb, "sorrow's dry." STEEVENS.

He is accounting for their *paleness*. It was an ancient notion that sorrow consumed the blood, and shortened life. Hence in one of the three parts of *King Henry VI.* we have—"blood sucking sighs."

MALONE.

La. Cap.

La. Cap. [*within.*] Ho, daughter! are you up?
Jul. Who is't that calls? it is my lady mother?
 Is she not down so late, or up so early?⁹
 What unaccustom'd cause procures her thither?

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?
Jul. Madam, I am not well.
La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?²
 What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
 An if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him live;
 Therefore, have done: Some grief shews much of love;
 But much of grief shews still some want of wit.
Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.
La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend
 Which you weep for.
Jul. Feeling so the loss,
 I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.
La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his
 death,
 As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.
Jul. What villain, madam?
La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.
Jul. Villain and he are many miles asunder.
 God pardon him*! I do, with all my heart;
 And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.
La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer lives.

⁹ *Is she not down so late, or up so early?* Is she not laid down in her bed at so late an hour as this? or rather is she risen from bed at so early an hour of the morn? MALONE.

¹ —procures her *bitber*?] *Procures for brings.* WARBURTON.

² *Evermore weeping for your cousin's death? &c.*] So, in *The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"—time it is that now you should our Tybalt's death forget;
 "Of whom since God hath claim'd the life that was but lent,
 "He is in bliss, ne is there cause why you should thus lament;
 "You cannot call him back *with tears and shrickings shrill*;
 "It is a fault thus still to grudge at God's appointed will."

MALONE.

* *God pardon him!*] The word *him*, which was inadvertently omitted in the old copies, was inserted by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.

Jul.

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands³.
'Would, none but I might venge my cousin's death!

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,—
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,—
That shall bestow on him so sure a draught⁴,
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vext:—
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it;
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet.—O, how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him,—
To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt*
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man⁵.
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful time:
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath fortold out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time⁶, what day is that?

³ *Ay, madam, from, &c.*] Juliet's equivocations are rather too artful for a mind disturbed by the loss of a new lover. JOHNSON.

⁴ *That shall bestow on him so sure a draught,*] Thus the elder quarto, which I have followed in preference to the quartos 1599 and 1609, and the folio 1623, which read, less intelligibly,

Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram. STEEVENS.

The elder quarto has—*That should, &c.* The word *shall* is drawn from that of 1599. MALONE.

—*unaccustom'd dram,*] In vulgar language, shall give him a *dram* which he is not used to. Though I have, if I mistake not, observed, that in old books *unaccustomed* signifies *wonderful, powerful, efficacious*.

JOHNSON.

* —*my cousin Tybalt*—] The last word of this line, which is not in the old copies, was added by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

⁵ *Find thou, &c.*] This line, in the quarto 1597, is given to Juliet.

STEEVENS.

⁶ —*in happy time,*—] *A la bonne heure.* This phrase was interjected, when the hearer was not quite so well pleased as the speaker.

JOHNSON.

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next thursday morn,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The county Paris⁷, at saint Peter's church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by saint Peter's church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.

I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris:—These are news indeed!

La. Cap. Here comes your father; tell him so yourself.
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET, and Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew⁸;
But for the sun-set of my brother's son,
It rains downright.—

⁷ *The county Paris*,—] It is remarked, that "Paris, though in one place called *Earl*, is most commonly stiled the *Countie* in this play. Shakspeare seems to have preferred, for some reason or other, the *Italian Conte* to our *Count*: perhaps he took it from the old English novel, from which he is said to have taken his plot."—He certainly did so: Paris is there first stiled a *young Earle*, and afterward *Counte*, *Countee*, and *County*; according to the unsettled orthography of the time.

The word however is frequently met with in other writers; particularly in Fairfax:

"So far'd the *Countie* with the Pagan bold," &c.

Godfrey of Bulloigne, Book 7. Stanza 90. FARMER.

See p. 38, n. 6. MALONE.

⁸ *When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew*;] Thus the undated quarto. The quarto 1599, and the folio, read,—the *earth* doth drizzle dew. The line is not in the original copy.

The reading of the quarto 1599 and the folio is philosophically true; and perhaps ought to be preferred. Dew undoubtedly rises from the earth, in consequence of the action of the heat of the sun on its moist surface. Those vapours which rise from the earth in the course of the day, are evaporated by the warmth of the air as soon as they arise; but those which rise after sun-set, form themselves into drops, or rather into that fog or mist which is termed dew.

Though, with the modern editors, I have here followed the un-dated quarto, and printed—the *air* doth drizzle dew, I suspected when this note was written, that *earth* was the poet's word, and a line in *The Rape of Lucrece* strongly supports that reading:

"But as the *earth* doth weep, the sun being set,—"

MALONE.

How

How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?⁹
 Evermore showering? In one little body
 Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:
 For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
 Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
 Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;
 Who,—raging with thy tears, and they with them,—
 Without a sudden calm, will overset
 Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife?
 Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.

I would, the fool were married to her grave!

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.
 How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
 Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
 Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
 So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have:

Proud can I never be of what I hate;
 But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How now! how now! chop logick? What is this?

Proud,—and, I thank you,—and, I thank you not;—
 And yet not proud;—Mistress minion, you!¹
 Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no pouds,
 But settle your fine joints 'gainst thursday next,
 To go with Paris to saint Peter's church,
 Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
 Out, green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!
 You tallow face²!

La. Cap.

⁹ *How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?* Conduits in the form of human figures, it has been already observed, were common in Shakspeare's time.

We have again the same image in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,

"Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling." MALONE.

¹ *And yet not proud, &c.*] This line is wanting in the folio.

STEEVENS.

² —cut, you baggage!

You tallow-face!] Such was the indelicacy of the age of Shakspeare, that authors were not contented only to employ these terms of abuse

La. Cap. Fie, fie! what are you mad?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what,—get thee to church o'thursday,
Or never after look me in the face:

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us blest,
That God had sent us³ but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her, hilding!

Nurse. God in heaven blefs her!—
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O, God ye good den!

Nurse. May not one speak?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread⁴! it makes me mad: Day, night,
early, late,

At

abuse in their own original performances, but even felt no reluctance to introduce them in their versions of the most chaste and elegant of the Greek or Roman poets. Stanyhurst, the translator of Virgil, in 1582, makes Dido call Æneas,—*hedgebrat, cullion, and tar-breech*, in the course of one speech.

Nay, in the interlude of the *Repentance of Mary Magdalene*, 1567, *Mary Magdalen* says to one of her attendants:

“*Horefen*, I beshrowe your heart, are you here?” STEEVENS.

³ — *had sent us*—] So the first quarto, 1597. The subsequent ancient copies read—*had lent us*. MALONE.

⁴ *God's bread! &c.*] The first three lines of this speech are formed from the first quarto, and that of 1599, with which the folio concurs. The first copy reads:

God's blessed mother, wife, it makes me mad.

Day, night, early, late, at home, abroad,

Alone, in company, waking or sleeping,

Still my care hath been to see her match'd.

The

At home, abroad, alone, in company,
 Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been
 To have her match'd : and having now provided
 A gentleman of princely parentage,
 Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
 Stuff'd (as they say) with honourable parts,
 Proportion'd as one's heart could wish a man,—
 And then to have a wretched puling fool,
 A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
 To answer—I'll not wed,—I cannot love^s,

I am

The quarto 1599, and the folio, read :

God's bread, it makes me mad.

Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,

Alone, in company, still my care hath been

To have her match'd, &c. MALONE.

^s — and having now provided

A gentleman of princely parentage,—

A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,

To answer—I'll not wed,—I cannot love,—] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, 1562 :

“ Such care thy mother had, so dear thou wert to me,

“ That I with long and earnest suit *provided* have for thee

“ One of the greatest lords that wons about this town,

“ And for his many virtues' sake a man of great renown ;—

“ — and yet thou playest in this case

“ The dainty fool and stubborn girl ; for want of skill,

“ Thou dost refuse thy offer'd weal, and disobey my will.

“ Even by his strength I swear that first did give me life,

“ And gave me in my youth the strength to get thee on my wife,

“ Unless by Wednesday next thou bend as I am bent,

“ And, at our castle call'd Freetown, thou freely do assent

“ To county Paris suit,—

“ Not only will I give all that I have away,

“ From thee to those that shall me love, me honour and obey ;

“ But also to so close and to so hard a game

“ I shall thee wed for all thy life, that sure thou shalt not fail

“ A thousand times a day to wish for sudden death :—

“ Advise thee well, and say that thou art warned now,

“ And think not that I speak in sport, or mind to break my vow.”

There is a passage in an old play called *Wily beguil'd*, so nearly resembling this, that one poet must have copied from the other. *Wily beguil'd* was on the stage before 1596, being mentioned by Nashe in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, printed in that year. In that play Gripe gives his daughter Lelia's hand to a suitor, which she plucks back ; on which her nurse says,

“ — She'll none, she thanks you, sir.

“ Gripe. Will she none ? why, how now, I say ?

“ What, you *powring*, peevish thing, you untoward baggage,

“ Will

I am too young.—*I pray you, pardon me ;—*
 But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you :
 Graze where you will, you shall not house with me ;
 Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
 Thursday is near ; lay hand on heart, advise :
 An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend ;
 An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets,
 For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
 Nor what is mine shall never do thee good :
 Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn.

[*Exit.*

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
 That sees into the bottom of my grief⁶ ?
 O, sweet my mother, cast me not away !
 Delay this marriage for a month, a week ;
 Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
 In that dim monument where Tybalt lies⁷.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word ;
 Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.

[*Exit.*

Jul. O God !—O nurse ! how shall this be prevented ?
 My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven ;
 How shall that faith return again to earth,
 Unless that husband send it me from heaven
 By leaving earth ?—comfort me, counsel me.—
 Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems
 Upon so soft a subject as myself !—
 What say'st thou ? hast thou not a word of joy ?
 Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. 'Faith, here 'tis : Romeo
 Is banished ; and all the world to nothing,
 That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you ;

" Will you not be ruled by your father ?

" *Have I ta'en care to bring you up to this ?*

" And will you doe as you list ?

" Away, I say ; hang, starve, beg, be gone ;

" Out of my sight ! pack, I say :

" Thou ne'er get'st a pennyworth of my goods for this.

" Think on't ; *I do not use to jest :*

" Be gone, I say, I will not hear thee speake." MALONE.

⁶ *Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,*

That sees into the bottom of my grief ?] So, in *King John*, in two parts, 1591 :

" Ah boy, thy yeeres, I see, are far too greene,

" *To look into the bottom of these cares.*" MALONE.

⁷ *In that dim monument, &c.*] The modern editors read *dim* monument. I have replaced *dim* from the old quarto 1597, and the folio.

STEEVENS.

Or,

Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
 Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
 I think it best you married with the county^s.
 O, he's a lovely gentleman!
 Romeo's a dish-clout to him; an eagle, madam,
 Hath not so green¹, so quick, so fair an eye,
 As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
 I think you are happy in this second match,
 For it excels your first: or if it did not,

^s *Faith, here 'tis: Romeo*

*Is banished; and all the world to nothing,
 That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;—
 Then since the case so stands as now it doth,*

I think it best you married with the county.] The character of the nurse exhibits a just picture of those whose actions have no principles for their foundation. She has been unfaithful to the trust reposed in her by Capulet, and is ready to embrace any expedient that offers, to avert the consequences of her first infidelity. STEEVENS.

This picture, however, is not an original. In *The Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562, the nurse exhibits the same readiness to accommodate herself to the present conjuncture:

"The flattering nurse did praise the friar for his skill,
 "And said that she had done right well, by wit to order will
 "She setteth forth at large the father's furious rage,
 "And eke she praiseth much to her the second marriage;
 "And county Paris now she praiseth ten times more
 "By wrong, than she herself by right had Romeus prais'd before:
 "Paris shall dwell there still; Romeus shall not return;
 "What shall it boot her all her life to languish still and mourn?"

MALONE.

Sir John Vanbrugh, in the *Relapse*, has copied in this respect the character of his nurse from Shakspeare. BLACKSTONE.

¹ — *so green an eye*—] So the first editions. Hanmer reads—*so keen*.

JOHNSON.

Perhaps Chaucer has given to *Emetrius*, in the *Knight's Tale*, eyes of the same colour:

His nose was high, his eyes bright citryn:

i. e. of the hue of an unripe lemon or citron.

Again, in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Fletcher and Shakspeare, Act V. sc. i.

"—oh vouchsafe,

"With that thy rare green eye," &c. STEEVENS.

What Shakspeare meant by this epithet here, may be easily collected from the following lines, which he has attributed to Thibé in the last Act of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"These lily lips,

"This cherry nose,

"These yellow cowslip cheeks,

"Are gone, are gone!—

"His eyes were green as leeks." MALONE.

Your

Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
As living here ² and you no use of him.

Jul. Speak'st thou from thy heart?

Nurse. Ay, and from my soul;
Or elle beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen!

Nurse. What?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.
Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence's cell,
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done. [*Exit.*]

Jul. Ancient damnation ³! O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin—to with me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which the hath prais'd him with above compare
So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Friar Lawrence's Cell.

Enter Friar LAWRENCE, and PARIS.

Fri. On thursday, sir? the time is very short.

Par. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste ⁴.

Fri.

² *As living here—*] Sir T. Hanmer reads, *as living hence*, that is, at a distance, in banishment; but *here* may signify, in this world.

JOHNSON.

³ *Ancient damnation!*] This term of reproach occurs in the *Malcontent*, 1604:

“—out, you ancient damnation!” STEEVENS.

⁴ *And I am nothing slow, &c.*] *His haste shall not be abated by my slowness.* It might be read:

And I am nothing slow to *back* his haste:
that is, I am diligent to *abet* and *enforce* his haste. JOHNSON.

Fri. You say, you do not know the lady's mind;
Uneven is the course, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous,
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway;
And, in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society:
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd^s.—
[*Aside.*
Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met, my lady, and my wife!

Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be, love, on thursday next.

Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father?

Jul. To answer that, were to confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.

Slack was certainly the authour's word, for, in the first edition, the line ran—

“ And I am nothing *slack* to slow his haste.”

Back could not have stood there.

If this kind of phraseology be justifiable, it can be justified only by supposing the meaning to be, *there is nothing of slowness in me, to induce me to slacken or abate his haste.* The meaning of Paris is very clear; he does not wish to restrain Capulet, or to delay his own marriage; but the words which the poet has given him, import the reverse of this, and seem rather to mean, *I am not backward in restraining his haste;* I endeavour to retard him as much as I can. Dr. Johnson saw the impropriety of this expression, and that his interpretation extorted a meaning from the words, which they do not at first present; and hence his proposed alteration; but our authour must answer for his own peculiarities. MALONE.

^s —be *slow'd.*] So, in Sir A. Gorges' translation of the second book of Lucan:

“ ——— will you overflow

“ The fields, thereby my march to *slow*?” STEEVENS.

Jul.

Jul. I will confess to you, that I love him.

Par. So will you, I am sure, that you love me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that;
For it was bad enough, before their spight.

Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.

Jul. That is no wrong, sir, that is a truth * ;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.—
Are you at leisure, holy father, now;
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now :—
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

Par. God shield, I should disturb devotion !—
Juliet, on thursday early will I rouse you :

Till then, adieu ! and keep this holy kiss. [*Exit PARIS.*]

Jul. O, shut the door ! and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me ; Past hope, past cure, past help !

Fri. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits :
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On thursday next be married to this county.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it :
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands ;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed ⁶,

Or

* *That is no wrong, sir, &c.*] So the quarto, 1597. A word was probably omitted at the press. The quarto, 1599, and the subsequent copies, read :

That is no slander, sir, which is a truth.

The context shews that the alteration was not made by Shakspeare.

MALONE.

⁶ *Shall be the label to another deed,*] The seals of deeds in our author's time were not impressed on the parchment itself on which the deed was written, but were appended on distinct slips or labels affixed

Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
 Turn to another, this shall slay them both :
 Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,
 Give me some present counsel ; or, behold,
 'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
 Shall play the umpire⁷ ; arbitrating that
 Which the commission of thy years and art⁸
 Could to no issue of true honour bring.
 Be not so long to speak ; I long to die,
 If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter ; I do spy a kind of hope,
 Which craves as desperate an execution
 As that is desperate which we would prevent.
 If, rather than to marry county Paris,
 Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself ;
 Then is it likely, thou wilt undertake
 A thing like death to chide away this shame,
 That cop'st with death himself to scape from it ;
 And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
 From off the battlements of yonder tower⁹ ;
 Or walk in thievish ways ; or bid me lurk
 Where serpents are ; chain me¹ with roaring bears ;

Or

to the deed. Hence, in *K. Richard II.* the duke of York discovers a covenant which his son the duke of Aumerle had entered into by the depending seal :

" What seal is that, which hangs without thy bosom ? "

See the *fac simile* of Shakspeare's hand writing. MALONE.

⁷ *Shall play the umpire ;*—] That is, this knife shall decide the struggle between me and my distresses. JOHNSON.

⁸ — *commission of thy years and art*—] *Commission* is for *authority* or *power*. JOHNSON.

⁹ *O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,*

From off the battlements of yonder tower ;] So in *King Lear*, written before 1594 :

" Yea, for to do thee good, I would ascend

" The highest turret in all Britanny,

" And from the top leap headlong to the ground." MALONE.

— *of yonder tower ;*] Thus the quarto 1597. All other ancient copies—*of any tower*. STEEVENS.

¹ *Chain me, &c.*]

Or walk in thievish ways, or bid me lurk

Where serpents are ; chain me with roaring bears,

Or hide me nightly, &c.

It is thus the editions vary. FOLE.

My

Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud²;
Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow;
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this phial³, being then in bed,

And

My edition has the words which Mr. Pope has omitted; but the old copy seems in this place preferable; only perhaps we might better read,

Where *savage* bears and *roaring* lions roam. JOHNSON.

I have inserted the lines which Pope omitted; for which I must offer this short apology: in the lines rejected by him we meet with three distinct ideas, such as may be supposed to excite terror in a woman, for one that is to be found in the others. The lines now omitted are these:

Or chain me to some steepy mountain's top,
Where roaring bears and savage lions are;
Or shut me—. STEEVENS.

The lines last quoted, which Mr. Pope and Dr. Johnson preferred, are found in the copy of 1597; in the text the quarto of 1599 is followed, except that it has—Or *hide* me nightly, &c. MALONE.

² And *hide* me with a dead man in his shroud;] In the quarto 1599, and 1609, this line stands thus:

And hide me with a dead man in his,

The editor of the folio supplied the defect by reading—in his *grave*, without adverting to the disgusting repetition of that word.

The original copy leads me to believe that Shakspeare wrote—in his *tomb*; for there the line stands thus:

Or lay me in a *tombe* with one new dead.

I have, however, with the other modern editors, followed the undated quarto, in which the printer filled up the line with the word *shroud*.

MALONE.

³ Take thou this phial, &c.] So, in the *Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet*:

“Receive this phial small, and keep it in thine eye,

“And on the marriage day, before the sun doth clear the sky,

“Fill it with water full up to the very brim,

“Then drink it off, and thou shalt feel throughout each *vein* and *limb*

And this distilled liquor drink thou off :
 When, presently, through all thy veins shall run
 A cold and drowsy humour⁴, which shall seize
 Each vital spirit ; for no pulse shall keep
 His natural progress, but surcease to beat :
 No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st ;
 'The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
 To paly ashes⁵ ; thy eyes' windows fall^{*},
 Like death, when he shuts up the day of life ;

" A pleasant *slumber* slide, and quite disspread at length
 " On all thy parts ; from every part reve all thy kindly strength :
 " Withouten moving then thy idle parts shall rest,
 " *No pulse shall go*, no heart once heave within thy hollow breast ;
 " But thou shalt lie as she that dieth in a trance ;
 " Thy kinsmen and thy trusty friends shall wail the sudden chance :
 " Thy corps then will they bring to grave in this church-yard,
 " Where thy forefathers long ago a costly tomb prepar'd :
 " ——— where thou shalt rest, my daughter,
 " Till I to Mantua send for Romeus, thy knight,
 " Out of the tomb both *he and I* will take thee forth that night."

MALONE.

Thus *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*, tom. ii. p. 237. " Beholde heere I give thee a viose, &c. drink so much as is contained therein. And then you shall feele a certaine kind of pleasant sleepe, which inroaching by lide and litle all the parts of your body, wil constrain them in such wise, as unmoveable they shal remaine : and by not doing their accustomed duties, shall loose their natural feelings, and you abide in such extasse the space of xl houres at the least, without any beating of poulse or other perceptible motion, which shall so astonne them that come to see you, as they will judge you to be dead, and according to the custome of our citie, you shall be carried to the church-yard hard by our church, when you shall be intombed in the common monument of the Capeliets your ancestors," &c. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *through all thy veins shall run*

A cold and drowsy humour, &c.] The first edition in 1597 has in general been here followed, except only, that instead of *a cold and drowsy humour*, we there find—" *a dull and heavy slumber*," and a little lower, "*no sign of breath*," &c. The speech, however, was greatly enlarged ; for in the first copy it consists of only thirteen lines ; in the subsequent edition, of thirty three. MALONE.

⁵ *To paly ashes* ;] These words are not in the original copy. The quarto, 1599, and the folio, read—*To many ashes*, for which the editor of the second folio substituted—*mealy ashes*. The true reading is found in the undated quarto. This uncommon adjective occurs again in *K. Henry V.*

" ——— and through their *paly* flames,

" Each battle sees the other's umber'd face."

We have had too already in a former scene—" *Pale*, pale as *ashes*."

MALONE.

^{*} — *thy eyes' windows fall*,] See Vol. XII. MALONE.

Each

Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
 Shall stiff, and stark, and cold, appear like death :
 And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
 Thou shalt remain full two and forty hours,
 And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
 Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
 To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead :
 Then (as the manner of our country is)
 In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier⁶,
 Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
 Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
 In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
 Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift ;
 And hither shall he come ; and he and I
 Will watch thy waking⁷, and that very night
 Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
 And this shall free thee from this present shame ;
 If no unconstant toy⁸, nor womanish fear,

⁶ Then (as the manner of our country is)

In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,] The Italian custom here alluded to, of carrying the dead body to the grave with the face uncovered, (which is not mentioned by Painter) our authour found particularly described in *The Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet* :

" Another use there is, that whosoever dies,

" Borne to their church with open face upon the bier he lies,

" In wonted weed attir'd, not wrapt in winding-sheet—."

MALONE.

In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,] Between this line and the next, the quartos 1599, 1609, and the first folio, introduce the following verse, which the poet very probably had struck out on his revision, because it is quite unnecessary, as the sense of it is repeated, and as it will not connect with either :

Be borne to burial in thy kindred's grave.

Had Virgil lived to have revised his *Æneid*, he would hardly have permitted both of the following lines to remain in his text :

" At *Venus* obscuro gradientes aëre sepsit ;

" Et multo nebulæ circum *dea* fudit amictu."

The awkward repetition of the nominative case in the second of them, seems to decide very strongly against it. STEEVENS.

⁷ — and he and I

Will watch thy waking,—] These words are not in the folio.

JOHNSON.

⁸ If no unconstant toy, &c.] If no fickle freak, no light caprice, no change of fancy, hinder the performance. JOHNSON.

Abate thy valour in the acting it⁹.

Jul. Give, give me! O tell me not of fear.

Fri. Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength! and strength shall help
afford.

Farewel, dear father!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, Nurse, and Servants.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.—

[*Exit Servant.*]

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

2. Serv. You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try if they
can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

2. Serv. Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his
own fingers: therefore he, that cannot lick his fingers,
goes not with me.

Cap. Go, begone.—

[*Exit Servant.*]

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.—

What, is my daughter gone to friar Lawrence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

Nurse. See, where she comes from shrift¹ with merry
look.

⁹ *If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.*] These expressions are borrowed
from the poem:

“Cast off from thee at once the weed of womanish dread,

“With manly courage arm thyself from heel unto the head:—

“God grant he so confirm in thee thy present will,

“That no inconstant toy thee let thy promise to fulfill!”

MALONE.

¹ —from shrift—] i. e. from confession. STEEVENS.

Cap.

Cap. How now, my headstrong? where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin Of disobedient opposition

To you, and your behests; and am enjoin'd By holy Lawrence to fall prostrate here, And beg your pardon:—Pardon, I beseech you! Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the county; go tell him of this; I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Lawrence's cell; And gave him what becomed love I might, Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't; this is well,—stand up: This is as't should be.—Let me see the county; Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.— Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar, All our whole city is much bound to him².

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet, To help me fort-fuch needful ornaments As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not till thursday; there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her:—we'll to church to-morrow. [Exeunt JULIET, and Nurse.]

La. Cap. We shall be short³ in our provision; 'Tis now near night⁴.

² —this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.] So, in *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

“—this is not, wife, the friar's first desert;
“In all our commonweal scarce one is to be found,
“But is, for some good turn, unto this holy father bound.”

MALONE.

Thus the folio, and the quartos 1599 and 1609. The oldest quarto reads, I think, more grammatically:

All our whole city is much bound unto. STEEVENS.

³ We shall be short:—] That is, we shall be defective. JOHNSON.

⁴ 'Tis now near night.] It appears in a foregoing scene, that Romeo parted from his bride at day-break on Tuesday morning. Immediately afterwards she went to Friar Lawrence, and he particularly mentions the day of the week:—[“Wednesday is to-morrow.”] She could not well have remained more than an hour or two with the friar, and she is just now returned from shrift;—yet lady Capulet says, “'tis near night,” and the same night is ascertained to be Tuesday. This is one out of many instances of our authour's inaccuracy in the computation of time. MALONE.

Cap. Tush! I will stir about,
 And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife:
 Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;
 I'll not to bed to-night;—let me alone;
 I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho!—
 They are all forth: Well, I will walk myself
 To county Paris, to prepare him up
 Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous light,
 Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Juliet's Chamber.

Enter JULIET, and Nurse⁵.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best:—But, gentle nurse,
 I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
 For I have need of many orisons⁶
 To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
 Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

⁵ *Enter Juliet, and Nurse.*] Instead of the next speech, the quarto 1597, supplies the following short dialogue:

Nurse. Come, come; what need you anie thing else?

Juliet. Nothing, good nurse, but leave me to myselfe.

Nurse. Well, there's a cleane smocke under your pillow, and so good night. STEEVENS.

⁶ *For I have need of many orisons—*] Juliet plays most of her pranks under the appearance of religion: perhaps Shakspeare meant to punish her hypocrisy. JOHNSON.

This pretence of Juliet's, in order to get rid of the nurse, was suggested by *The Tragicall Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet*, and some of the expressions of this speech were borrowed from thence:

“ Dear friend, quoth she, you know to-morrow is the day
 “ Of new contract; wherefore, *this night, my purpose is to pray*
 “ Unto the *heavenly minds* that dwell above the skies,
 “ And order all the course of things as they can best devise,
 “ That they so *smile* upon the doings of to-morrow,
 “ That all the remnant of my life may be exempt from sorrow;
 “ Wherefore, I pray you, *leave me here alone this night,*
 “ But see that you to-morrow come before the dawning light,
 “ For you must curl my hair, and set on my attire—.” MALONE.

Enter

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What, are you busy? do you need my help?

Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good night!
Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

[*Exeunt Lady Capulet, and Nurse.*]

Jul. Farewel!—God knows, when we shall meet
again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life⁷:
I'll call them back again to comfort me;—
Nurse!—What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—
Come, phial.—
What if this mixture do not work at all⁹!

Must

⁷ *Farewel!*] This speech received considerable additions after the elder copy was published. STEEVENS.

⁸ *I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:*] So, in *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

“ And whilst she in these thoughts doth dwell somewhat too long,
“ The force of her imagining anon did wax so strong,
“ That she surmis'd she saw out of the hollow vault,
“ A grisly thing to look upon, the carcase of Tybalt;
“ Right in the self same sort that she few days before
“ Had seen him in his blood embrew'd, to death eke wounded sore.
“ Her dainty tender parts 'gan shiver all for dread,
“ Her golden hair did stand upright upon her *chillish* head:
“ Then pressed with the fear that she there lived in,
“ *A frost as cold as mountain ice pierc'd through her tender skin.*”

MALONE.

⁹ *What if this mixture do not work at all?*] Here also Shakspeare appears to have followed the poem:

“ —to the end I may my name and conscience save,
“ I must devour the *mixed drink* that by me here I have:
“ Whose *working* and whose *forte* as yet I do not know:—
“ And of this piteous plaint began another doubt to grow:

“ What

Must I of force be married to the county?—

No, no;—this shall forbid it:—lie thou there.—

[*laying down a dagger*.²

What

“What do I know, (quoth she) if that this powder shall

“Sooner or later than it should, or else *not work at all*?

“And what know I, quoth she, if serpents odious,

“And other beasts and worms, that are of nature venomous,

“That wonted are to lurk in dark caves under ground,

“And commonly, as I have heard, in dead men’s tombs are found,

“Shall harm me, yea or nay, where I shall lie as dead?

“Or how shall I, that always have in so fresh air been bred,

“Endure the loathsome stink of such a heaped store

“Of carcases not yet consum’d, and bones that long before

“Intombed were, where I my sleeping-place shall have,

“Where all my ancestors do rest, my kindred’s common grave?

“Shall not the fear and my Romeus, when they come,

“Find me, if I awake before, *y-stified in the tomb*? MALONE.

So, in *Painter’s Palace of Pleasure*, tom. ii. p. 239. “—but what know I, (sayd she) whether the operation of this powder will be to soone or to late, or not correspondent to the due time, and that my faulte being discovered, I shall remayne a jesting-stocke and fable to the people? what know I moreover, if the serpents and other venomous and crawling wormes, which commonly frequent the graves and pittes of the earth, will hurt me thinking that I am dead? But how shall I indure the stinche of so many carions and bones of myne auncestors which rest in the grave, if by fortune I do awake before Romeo and frier Lawrence doe come to help me? And as she was thus plunged in the deepe contemplation of things, she thought that she saw a certaine vision or fanisie of her cousin Thibault, in the very same sort as she sawe him wounded and imbrued with blood;” &c. STEEVENS.

¹ Must I of force be married to the county? Thus the quarto of 1597, and not, as the line has been exhibited in the late editions,

Shall I of force be married to the count?

The subsequent ancient copies read, as Mr. Steevens has observed,

Shall I be married then to-morrow morning? MALONE.

² —*lie thou there.* [*laying down a dagger.*] This stage-direction has been supplied by the modern editors. The quarto, 1597, reads: “—*Knife*, lie thou there.” It appears from several passages in our old plays, that *knives* were formerly part of the accoutrements of a bride; and every thing *bebovesful* for Juliet’s *state* had just been left with her. So, in Decker’s *Match me in London*, 1631:

“See, at my girdle hang my *wedding knives*!”

Again, in *King Edward III.* 1596:

“Here by my side do hang my *wedding knives*:

“Take thou the one, and with it kill thy queen,

“And with the other, I’ll dispatch my love.” STEEVENS.

In order to account for Juliet’s having a dagger, or, as it is called in old language, a knife, it is not necessary to have recourse to the ancient accoutrements of brides, how prevalent soever the custom mentioned by Mr. Steevens may have been; for Juliet appears to have furnished her-

self

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead ;
Left in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo ?
I fear, it is : and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man :
I will not entertain so bad a thought³.—
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me ? there's a fearful point !
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes !
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,—
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle⁴,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd ;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth⁵,

self with this instrument immediately after her father and mother had threatened to force her to marry Paris :

“ If all fail else, myself have power to die.”

Accordingly, in the very next scene, when she is at the friar's cell, and before she could have been furnished with any of the apparatus of a bride, (not having then consented to marry the count,) she says :

“ Give me some present counsel, or, behold,

“ Twixt my extremes and me *this bloody knife*

“ Shall play the umpire.” MALONE.

³ *I will not entertain so bad a thought.*] This line I have restored from the quarto, 1597. STEEVENS.

⁴ *As in a vault, &c.*] This idea was probably suggested to our poet by his native place. The charnel house at Stratford upon Avon is a very large one, and perhaps contains a greater number of bones than are to be found in any other repository of the same kind in England.—I was furnished with this observation by Mr. Murphy, whose very elegant and spirited defence of Shakspeare against the criticisms of Voltaire, is one of the least considerable out of many favours which he has conferred on the literary world. STEEVENS.

⁵ — *green in earth,*] i. e. fresh in earth, newly buried. So, in *Hamlet* :

“ — of our dear brother's death,

“ The memory be *green*.”

Again, in the *Opportunity*, by Shirley :

“ — I am but

“ *Green* in my honours.” STEEVENS.

Lies fest'ring⁶; in his shroud; where, as they say,
 At some hours in the night spirits resort;—
 Alack, alack! is it not like, that I⁷,
 So early waking,—what with loathsome smells;
 And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
 That living mortals, hearing them, run mad⁸;—
 O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught⁹,
 Environed with all these hideous fears?
 And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
 And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
 And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
 As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
 O, look! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost
 Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
 Upon a rapier's point:—Stay, Tybalt, stay!—
 Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee¹.

[*She throws herself on the bed.*]

⁶ Lies *festring*—] To *feſter* is to corrupt. So, in *K. Edward III.* 1596:

“Lillies that *feſter* ſmell far worſe than weeds.”

This line likewise occurs in the 94th Sonnet of Shakspeare. The play of *Edward III.* has been aſcribed to him. STEEVENS.

⁷ — *is it not like, that I,*] This ſpeech is confuſed, and inconſequential, according to the diſorder of Juliet's mind. JOHNSON.

⁸ — *run mad*—] So, in Webſter's *Dutchefs of Malfy*, 1623:

“I have this night dig'd up a *mandrake*,

“And am *grown mad* with't.”

So, in *The Atheiſt's Tragedy*, 1611:

“The cries of *mandrakes* never touch'd the ear

“With more ſad horror, than that voice does mine.”

“The *mandrake*,” (ſays Thomas Newton, in his *Herball* to the Bible, 8vo. 1587,) “has been ſuppoſed to be a creature having life and engendered under the earth, of the ſeed of ſome dead perſon that hath been convicted and put to death for ſome felonie or murder; and that they had the ſame in ſuch dampiſh and funeral places where the ſaid convicted perſons were buried,” &c. STEEVENS.

⁹ — *be distraught*.] *Distraught* is diſtracted. So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song 10:

“Is, for that river's ſake, near of his wits *diſtraught*,” &c.

STEEVENS.

¹ *Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.*] So the firſt quarto, 1597. The ſubſequent ancient copies read:

Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, here's drink, I drink to thee.

MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Capulet's Hall.

Enter Lady CAPULET, and Nurse.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices,
nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry².

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath
crow'd,
The curfew bell hath rung³, 'tis three o'clock:—
Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica:
Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed; 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit; What! I have watch'd ere now
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt⁴ in your
time;

But

² *They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.*] i. e. in the room
where paste was made. So *laundry, spicery, &c.* MALONE.

On the books of the Stationers' Company in the year 1560, are the
following entries:

"Item payd for iiii pound of *dates* iiii s.

"Item payd for xxiiii pounde of *prunys* iii s. viii d.

STEEVENS.

³ *The curfew bell—*] I know not that the morning-bell is called the
curfew in any other place. JOHNSON.

The *curfew* bell was rung at nine in the evening, as appears from a
passage in the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1626:

"—well 'tis *nine* o'clock, 'tis time to ring *curfew*."

STEEVENS.

⁴ —a *mouse-hunt—*] It appears from a passage in *Hamlet*, that *mouse*
was once a term of endearment applied to a woman:

"Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his *mouse*."

STEEVENS

So,

But I will watch you from such watching now.

[*Exeunt Lady Capulet, and Nurse.*]

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!—Now, fellow; What's there?

Enter Servants, with spits, logs, and baskets.

1. *Serv.* Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. [*Exit Serv.*—Sirrah, fetch drier logs;

Call Peter, he will shew thee where they are.

2. *Serv.* I have a head, sir, that will find out logs, And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*

Cap. 'Mas, and well said; A merry whoreson! ha, Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good faith, 'tis day: 'The county will be here with musick straight,

[*Musick within.*]

For so he said he would. I hear him near:—

Nurse!—Wife!—what, ho!—what, Nurse, I say!

Enter Nurse.

Go, waken Juliet, go, and trim her up;

I'll go and chat with Paris:—Hie, make haste,

Make haste! the bridegroom he is come already:

Make haste, I say! [*Exeunt.*]

So, in a letter from Alleyn, the celebrated player, to his wife, written in 1593 (now in Dulwich college):

“EMANUEL,

“My good sweet *mause*, I comend me hartely to you and to my father, my mother, and to my sister Bess, hoping in God, though the sickness be round about you, yett by his mercy itt may escape your house,” &c. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Juliet's Chamber; Juliet on the Bed.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress!—what, mistress!—Juliet!—fast, I warrant her, she:—

Why, lamb!—why, lady!—fie, you slug-a-bed!—

Why, love, I say!—madam! sweet-heart!—why, bride!

What, not a word?—you take your pennyworths now;

Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,

The county Paris hath set up his rest,

That you shall rest but little⁵.—God forgive me,

(Marry, and amen!) how sound is she asleep!

I needs must wake her:—Madam! madam! madam!

Ay, let the county take you in your bed⁶;

He'll

⁵ — set up his rest,

That you shall rest but little.] This expression, which is frequently employed by the old dramatick writers, is taken from the manner of firing the harquebuses. This was so heavy a gun, that the soldiers were obliged to curry a supporter called a *rest*, which they fixed in the ground before they levelled to take aim. Decker uses it in his comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600: “—set your heart at rest, for I have set up my rest, that unless you can run swifter than a hart, home you go not.” The same expression occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Elder Brother*:

“ — My rest is up,

“ Nor will I go less—.”

Again, in the *Roaring Girl*: “—like a musket on a rest.”

See Montfaucon's *Monarchie Française*, tom. v. plate 48.

STEEVENS.

The origin of this phrase has certainly been rightly explained, but the good nurse was here thinking of other matters. T. C.

The above expression may probably be sometimes used in the sense already explained; it is however oftner employed with a reference to the game at *Primero*, in which it was one of the terms then in use. In the second instance above quoted it is certainly so. To avoid loading the page with examples, I shall refer to Dodsley's *Collection of Old Plays*, Vol. X. p. 364, edit. 1780, where several are brought together.

REED.

⁶ — why lady!—fie, you slug-a-bed!—

Ay, let the county take you in your bed;] So, in *The Tragical History of Romeo and Juliet*:

“ First

He'll fright you up, i'faith.—Will it not be?
 What, drest! and in your clothes! and down again!
 I must needs wake you: Lady! lady! lady!
 Alas! alas!—Help! help! my lady's dead!—
 O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!—
 Some aqua-vitæ, ho!—my lord! my lady!

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What noise is here?
Nurse. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. What's the matter?
Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!
La. Cap. O me, O me!—my child, my only life
 Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—
 Help, help!—call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.
Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead; alack the
 day!
La. Cap. Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead, she's
 dead.
Cap. Ha! let me see her:—Out, alas! she's cold;
 Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
 Life and these lips have long been separated;
 Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
 Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
 Accursed time! unfortunate old man*!
Nurse. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. O woeful time!
Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me
 wail,
 Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak?.

Enter

“First softly did she call, then louder did she cry,
 “Lady, you sleep too long, the earl will raise you by and by.”

MALONE.

* *Accursed time! &c.*] This line is taken from the first quarto, 1597.

MALONE.

7 *Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
 Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.*] Our authour has
 here

Enter Friar LAWRENCE, and PARIS, with Musicians.

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return:

O son, the night before thy wedding day⁸

Hath death lain with thy bride⁹:—See, there she lies,

Flower as she was, deflowered by him¹.

Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir²;

My daughter he hath wedded! I will die,

And leave him all; life leaving, all is death's³.

here followed the poem closely, without recollecting that he had made Capulet, in this scene, clamorous in his grief. In *The Tragical History of Romeo and Juliet*, Juliet's mother makes a long speech, but the old man utters not a word:

"But more than all the rest the father's heart was for

"Smit with the heavy news, and so shut up with sudden woe,

"That he ne had the power his daughter to beweepe,

"Ne yet to speak, but long is forc'd his tears and plaints to keep."

MALONE.

⁸ O son, the night before the wedding day

Hath death lain with thy bride:—] Euripides has sported with this thought in the same manner. *Iphig. in Aul.* ver. 460.

"Τὴν δ' αὖ τάλαναν παρθένον (τί παρθένον;

"Ἀδὴς νιν, ὡς εἶοικε, νυμφεύσει τάχα.)" Sir W. RAWLINSON.

⁹ *Hath death lain with thy bride:*] Perhaps this line is coarsely ridiculed in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602:

"Dead: she's death's bride; he hath her maidenhead."

STEEVENS.

Decker seems rather to have intended to ridicule a former line in this play:

"—I'll to my wedding bed,

"And Death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead."

The word *see* in the line before us, is drawn from the first quarto.

MALONE.

¹ Flower as she was, deflowered by him.] This jingle was common to other writers; and among the rest, to Greene, in his *Greene's Conceipt*, 1598:—"in a garden-house having round about it many flowers, and within it much deflowering." COLLINS.

² Death is my son-in-law, &c.] The remaining part of this speech, "death is my heir," &c. was omitted by Mr. Pope in his edition; and some of the subsequent editors, following his example, took the same unwarrantable licence. The lines were very properly restored by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

³—life leaving, all is death's.] The old copies read—life living. The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

Par.

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face⁴,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.

Nurse. O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day⁵!
Most lamentable day! most woeful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this:
O woeful day, O woeful day!

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spighted, slain!
Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!—
O love! O life!—not life, but love in death!

Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!—
Uncomfortable time! why cam'st thou now
To murder murder our solemnity?—
O child! O child!—my soul, and not my child!—
Dead art thou⁶!—alack! my child is dead;
And, with my child, my joys are buried!

⁴ — *morning's face,*] The quarto, 1597, continues the speech of Paris thus:

And doth it now present such prodigies?
Accurst, unhappy, miserable man,
Forlorn, forsaken, destitute I am;
Born to the world to be a slave in it:
Distrest, remediless, unfortunate,
O heavens! Oh nature! wherefore did you make me
'To live so vile, so wretched as I shall? STEEVENS.

⁵ *O woe! O woeful, &c.*] This speech of exclamation is not in the edition above-cited. [that of 1597.] Several other parts, unnecessary or tautology, are not to be found in the said edition; which occasions the variation in this from the common books. POPE.

In the text the enlarged copy of 1599 is here followed. MALONE.

⁶ *Dead art thou! &c.*] From the defect of the metre it is probable that Shakspeare wrote—

Dead, dead, art thou, &c.

When the same word is repeated, the compositor often is guilty of omission. MALONE.

Fri. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure ⁷ lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death;
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you fought was—her promotion;
For 'twas your heaven, she should be advanc'd:
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd,
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
She's not well marry'd, that lives marry'd long;
But she's best marry'd, that dies marry'd young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church:
For though fond nature ⁸ bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.
Cap. All things, that we ordained festival ⁹,
Turn from their office to black funeral:

Our

⁷ —*confusion's cure*—] Old copies—*care*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. These violent and confused exclamations, says the friar, will by no means alleviate that sorrow which at present overwhelms and disturbs your minds. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“Why, Collatine, is woe the *cure* of woe?” MALONE.

⁸ *For though fond nature*—] This line is not in the first quarto. The quarto 1599, and the folio read—though *some* nature. The editor of the second folio substituted *fond* for *some*. I do not believe this was the poet's word, though I have nothing better to propose. I have already shewn that all the alterations made by the editor of the second folio were capricious, and generally extremely injudicious.

In the preceding line the word *all* is drawn from the quarto, 1597, where we find—

In all her best and sumptuous ornaments, &c.

The quarto 1599, and folio, read:

And in her best array bear her to church. MALONE.

⁹ *All things, that we ordained festival, &c.*] So, in the poem already quoted:

“Now is the parents' mirth quite changed into mone,
“And now to sorrow is return'd the joy of every one;
“And now the *wedding weeds* for *mourning weeds* they change,
“And *Hymen* to a *dirge*:—alas! it seemeth strange.
“Instead of marriage gloves now funeral gowns they have,
“And, whom they should see married, they follow to the grave;
“The

Our instruments, to melancholy bells;
 Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast;
 Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
 Our bridal flowers serve for a bury'd corse,
 And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with him;—
 And go, sir Paris;—every one prepare
 To follow this fair corse unto her grave:
 The heavens do lour upon you, for some ill;
 Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET, *Lady* CAPULET, PARIS, and
 FRIAR.

1. *Mus.* 'Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.
Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up;
 For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. [*Exit Nurse.*
 1. *Mus.* Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter PETER¹.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, *Hearts ease, heart's ease*;
 O, an you will have me live, play—*heart's ease*.

1. *Mus.* Why *heart's ease*?

Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays—*My heart is full of woe*²: O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.

2. *Mus.* Not a dump we³; 'tis no time to play now.

Pet.

"The *faßt* that should have been of pleasure and of joy,
 Hath every dish and cup fill'd full of sorrow and annoy."

MALONE.

Instead of this and the following speeches, the eldest quarto has only a couplet:

Cap. Let it be so, come, woeful sorrow-mates,

Let us together taste this bitter fate. STEEVENS.

¹ *Enter Peter.*] From the quarto of 1599, it appears, that the part of *Peter* was originally performed by *William Kempe*. MALONE.

² *My heart is full of woe:*] This is the burthen of the first stanza of *A pleasant new ballad of Two Lovers*:

"Hey hoe! my heart is full of woe." STEEVENS.

³ *Not a dump we;*] A *dump* anciently signified some kind of dance, as well as sorrow. So, in *Humour out of Breath*, a comedy, by John Day, 1607:

"He loves nothing but an *Italian dump*,
 "Or a *French brawl*."

But

Pet. You will not then?

Muf. No.

Pet. I will then give it you foundly.

1. *Muf.* What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith; but the glee⁴: I will give you the minstrel⁵.

1. *Muf.* Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you; Do you note me?

1. *Muf.* An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2. *Muf.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit; I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger:— Answer me like men:

When griping grief the heart doth wound⁶,

And

But on this occasion it means a mournful song. So, in the *Arraignment of Paris*, 1584, after the shepherds have sung an elegiac hymn over the hearle of *Colin*, *Venus* says to *Paris*:

“—How cheers my lovely boy after this *dump* of woe?”

“*Paris*. Such *dumps*, sweet lady, as bin these, are deadly *dumps* to prove.” STEEVENS.

⁴ — the glee:] So, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“Nay, I can *gleek*, upon occasion.”

To *gleek* is to scoff. The term is taken from an ancient game at cards called *gleek*. STEEVENS.

The game is mentioned in the beginning of the present century, by Dr. King of the Commons, in his *Art of Love*:

“But whether we diversion seek

“In these, in comet, or in *Gleek*,

“Or Ombre,” &c. NICHOLS.

⁵ — the minstrel.] From the following entry on the books of the Stationers' Company, in the year 1560, it appears that the hire of a *parson* was cheaper than that of a *minstrel* or a *cook*:

“Item paid to the preacher vi s. ii d.

“Item paid to the minstrell xii s.

“Item paid to the coke xvs.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *When griping grief*, &c.] The epithet *griping* was by no means likely to excite laughter at the time it was written. Lord Surrey, in his translation of the second book of Virgil's *Æneid*, makes the hero say:

“New *gripes* of dread then pearse our trembling brestes.”

Dr. Percy thinks that the questions of Peter are designed as a ridicule on the forced and unnatural explanations too often given by us painful editors of ancient authors. STEEVENS.

In

*And doleful dumps the mind oppresse⁷,
Then musick, with her silver sound;*

Why *silver sound*? why, *musick with her silver sound*?
What say you, Simon Catling⁸?

1. *Mus.* Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck⁹?

2. *Mus.* I say—*silver sound*, because musicians sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too!—What say you, James Sound-post?

3. *Mus.* 'Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet.

In Commendation of Musicke.

Where griping grief y^e hart would wou^d, and dolsul dumps y^e mind
opresse,

There musick with her silver sound, is wont with spe^de to geue
redresse;

Of troubled minds for every sore, swete musick hath a salue in store:
In joy it makes our mirth abound, in grief it chers our heauy sprights,
The carefull head releef hath found, by musicks pleasant swete de-
lights:

Our senses, what should I saie more, are subject unto musicks lore.
The Gods by musick hath their pray, the soule therein doth ioye,
For as the Romaine poets saie, in seas whom pirats would destroye,
A Dolphin sau'd from death most sharpe, Arion playng on his harp.
Oh heauenly gift that turnes the minde, (like as the sterne doth rule
the ship)

Of musick, whom y^e Gods assignde, to comfort man, whom cares
would nip,

Sith thou both man, and beast doest moue, what wisemā thē will thee
reprove? *Richard Edwards.*

From *The Paradise of Daintie Devises*, Fol. 31. b.

Of Richard Edwards and William Hunnis, the authors of sundry poems
in this collection, see an account in Wood's *Athenæ Oxon.* and also in
Tanner's *Bibliotheca*. SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

Another copy of this song is published by Dr. Percy, in the first volume
of his *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*. STEEVENS.

⁷ *And doleful dumps the mind oppresse,*] This line I have recovered from
the old copy. [1597.] It was wanting to complete the stanza as it is af-
terwards repeated. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Simon Catling?*] A *catling* was a small lutestring made of *catgut*.

STEEVENS.

In *An historical account of taxes under all denominations in the time of
William and Mary*, p. 336, is the following article: "For every gross of
catlings and lutestring," &c. A. C.

⁹ *Hugh Rebeck?*] The fidler is so called from an instrument with
three strings, which is mentioned by several of the old writers. *Rebec*,
rebecquin. See Ménage, in v. *Rebec*. In *England's Helicon*, 1614, is
The Shepberd Arfilius his song to his REBECK, by Bar. Yong.

STEEVENS.

I:

Pet. O, I cry you mercy! you are the finger: I will say for you. It is—*musick with her silver sound*¹, because such fellows as you² have seldom gold for sounding:—

Then musick with her silver sound,

With speedy help doth lend redress. [Exit, singing.

1. *Mus.* What a pestilent knave is this same?

2. *Mus.* Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [Exeunt.

ACT V³. SCENE I.

Mantua. A Street.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep⁴,
My dreams preface some joyful news at hand:

My

It is mentioned by Milton, as an instrument of mirth:

"When the merry bells ring round.

"And the jocund rebecks sound,—." MALONE.

¹ —*silver sound*,] So, in *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606:

"Faith, fellow fiddlers, here's no *silver sound* in this place."

Again, in *Wily Beguiled*, 1606:

"—what harmony is this,

"With *silver sound* that glutteth Sophos' ears?"

Spenser perhaps is the first who used this phrase:

"A *silver sound* that heavenly musick seem'd to make."

STEEVENS.

Edwards's song preceded Spenser's poem. MALONE.

² —*because such fellows as you*—] Thus the quarto 1597. The others read—*because musicians*. I should suspect that a fiddler made the alteration. STEEVENS.

³ Act V. The acts are here properly enough divided, nor did any better distribution than the editors have already made, occur to me in the perusal of this play; yet it may not be improper to remark, that in the first folio, and I suppose the foregoing editions are in the same state, there is no division of the acts, and therefore some future editor may try, whether any improvement can be made, by reducing them to a length more equal, or interrupting the action at proper intervals.

JOHNSON.

⁴ *If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep*,] i. e. If I may confide in those delightful visions which I have seen while asleep. The precise meaning

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H

My bosom's lord^s fits lightly in his throne;
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit

Lifts

meaning of the word *flattering* here, is ascertained by a former passage in ACT II.

" — all this is but a *dream*,

" Too *flattering-sweet* to be substantial."

By *the eye of sleep* Shakspeare, I think, rather meant the visual power, which a man asleep is enabled by the aid of imagination to exercise, than the eye of *the god of sleep*.

This is the reading of the original copy in 1597, which in my opinion is preferable in this and various other places, to the subsequent copies. That of 1599, and the folio, read:

If I may trust the *flattering truth* of sleep,
which by a very forced interpretation may mean, If I may confide in the pleasing visions of sleep, and, believe them to be true.—Dr. Johnson's interpretation is, "*If I may trust the honesty of sleep, which I know however not to be so nice as not often to practice flattery.*"

Otway, to obtain a clearer sense than that furnished by the words which Dr. Johnson has thus interpreted, reads, less poetically than the original copy, which he had probably never seen, but with nearly the same meaning:

If I may trust the *flattery* of sleep,

My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:

and Mr. Pope has followed him. MALONE.

^s My bosom's lord—] So, in *K. Artbur*, a Poem, by R. Chester, 1601:

" That neither Uter nor his counsell knew,

" How his deepe *bosome's lord* the dutcheffs thwarted."

The author, in a marginal note, declares, that by *bosom's lord* he means —Cupid. STEEVENS.

So also, in the preface to *Caltha Poetarum, or the Bumble-bee*, 1599:
" — whilst he [*Cupid*,] continues honoured in the world, we must once a yeare bring him upon the stage, either dancing, kissing, laughing, or angry, or dallying with his darlings, *seating himself in their breasts*," &c.
Thus too Shakspeare, in *Twelfth Night*:

It gives a very echo to the feat

Where love is thron'd.

Again, in *Othello*:

Yield up, O Love, thy crown and hearted throne.

Though the passage quoted above from *Othello* proves decisively that Shakspeare considered the *heart* as the *throne* of love, it has been maintained, since this note was written, strange as it may seem, that by *my bosom's lord*, we ought to understand, not the *god of love*, but the *heart*. The words—*love sits lightly on his throne*, says Mr. Malone, can only import "that Romeo loved less intensely than usual." Nothing less. Love, the lord of my bosom, (says the speaker,) who has been much disquieted by the unfortunate events that have happened since my marriage, is now, in consequence of my last night's dream, *gay and cheerful*. The reading of the original copy—*sits cheerful* in his throne, ascertains the authour's meaning beyond a doubt.

When

Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead;
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think,)
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd⁶, and was an emperor.

When the poet described the god of love as sitting lightly on the heart, he was thinking, without doubt, of the common phrase, *a light heart*, which signified in his time, as it does at present, a heart undisturbed by care.

Whenever Shakspeare wishes to represent a being that he has personified, eminently happy, he almost always *crowns* him, or places him on a *throne*. So in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.

"And on your eyelids *crown* the god of sleep."

Again, in the play before us:

"Upon his brow shame is *asham'd* to fit:

"For 'tis a *throne* where honour may be *crown'd*,

"Sole monarch of the universal earth."

Again, more appositely, in *K. Henry V.*

"As if allegiance in *their bosoms sat*,

"*Crowned* with faith and constant loyalty." MALONE.

In this note I have said, that I thought Shakspeare *by the eye of sleep* meant the visual power which a man asleep is enabled by the aid of imagination to exercise, rather than the eye of the *God of sleep*: but a line in *King Richard III.* which at the same time strongly supports the reading of the old copy which has been adopted in the text, now inclines me to believe that the eye of the god of sleep was meant:

"My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;

"O, if thy eye be not a *flatterer*,

"Come thou on my side, and entreat for me." MALONE.

My bosom's lord—] These three lines are very gay and pleasing. But why does Shakspeare give Romeo this involuntary cheerfulness just before the extremity of unhappiness? Perhaps to shew the vanity of trusting to those uncertain and casual exaltations or depressions, which many consider as certain foretokens of good and evil. JOHNSON.

The poet has explained this passage himself a little further on:

"How oft, when men are at the point of death,

"Have they been merry? which their keepers call

"A lightning before death."

Again, in G. Whetstone's *Castle of Delight*, 1576:

"—a lightning delight against his sudden destruction."

STEEVENS.

⁶ *I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead*;

And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,

That I reviv'd,—] Shakspeare seems here to have remember'd Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, a poem which he has quoted in *As you Like it*:

"By this sad Hero—

"Viewing Leander's face, fell down and fainted;

"*He kiss'd her, and breath'd life into her lips*," &c. MALONE.

Ah me! how sweet is love itself posselt,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy?

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet*? That I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill;
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument⁷,
And her immortal part with angels lives;
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it even so? then I defy my stars⁸!—
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

Bal. Pardon me, sir, I will not leave you thus⁹:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

* *How fares my Juliet?*] So the first quarto. That of 1599, and the folio, read:

How doth my lady Juliet? MALONE.

⁷ — *in Capels' monument,*] Shakspeare found *Capel* and *Capulet* used indiscriminately in the poem which was the ground work of this tragedy. For *Capels'* monument the modern editors have substituted—*Capulet's* monument. MALONE.

The old copies read in *Capels'* monument; and thus Gascoigne in his *Flowers*, p. 51:

“Thys token whych the *Mountacutes* did beare alwaies, so that

“They covet to be knowne from *Capels*, where they passe,

“For ancient grutch whych long ago 'twene these two houses
was.” STEEVENS.

⁸ *I defy my stars!*] Thus the original copy in 1597. The quarto of 1597 and the folio, read—I deny you, stars. MALONE.

⁹ *Pardon me, sir, I will not leave you thus:*] This line is taken from the quarto, 1597.—The quarto, 1609, and the folio, read:

“I do beseech you, sir, have patience.” STEEVENS.
So also the quarto, 1599. MALONE.

Bal.

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter : Get thee gone,
And hire those horses ; I'll be with thee straight.

[Exit Balthasar.

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means :—O, mischief ! thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men !
I do remember an apothecary¹,—
And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples ; meager were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones* :
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd², and other skins
Of ill-thap'd fishes ; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes³,

¹ I do remember an apothecary, &c.] It is clear, I think, that Shakespeare had here the poem of *Romeus and Juliet* before him ; for he has borrowed more than one expression from thence :

“ And seeking long, alas, too soon ! the thing he sought, he found.
“ An apothecary sat unbusied at his door,
“ Whom by his *heavy countenance* he guessed to be poor ;
“ And in his shop he saw his *boxes* were but few,
“ And in his window of his wares there was so small a *shew* :
“ Wherefore our Romeus assuredly hath thought,
“ What by no friendship could be got, with money should be bought ;
“ For needy lack is like the poor man to compel
“ To sell that which the city's law forbiddeh him to sell.—
“ Take fifty crowns of gold, (quoth he)——
“ Fair sir, (quoth he) be sure this is the *speeding geer*,
“ And more there is than you shall need ; for half of that is there
“ Will serve, I undertake, in less than half an hour
“ To kill the strongest man alive, such is the poison's power.”

MALONE.

* — *meagre were his looks*,

Sharp misery had worn him to the bones :] See Sackville's description of *Miserie* in his *Induction* :

“ His face was *leane*, and some deal pinde away ;

“ And eke his *hands consumed to the bone*. — MALONE.

² An alligator stuff'd—] It appears from Nashe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596, that a stuff'd alligator, in Shakspeare's time, made part of the furniture of an apothecary's shop. “ He made (says Nashe,) an anatomie of a rat, and after hanged her over his head, instead of an apothecary's crocodile, or dried alligator.” MALONE.

³ A beggarly account of empty boxes,] Dr. Warburton would read, a *braggartly* account ; but *beggarly* is probably right ; if the boxes were empty, the account was more *beggarly*, as it was more pompous.

JOHNSON.

Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
 Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
 Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a shew.
 Noting this penury, to myself I said—
 An if a man did need a poison now,
 Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
 Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
 O, this same thought did but fore-run my need;
 And this same needy man must sell it me.
 As I remember, this should be the house:
 Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—
 What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man.—I see, that thou art poor;
 Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
 A dram of poison; such soon-speeding geer
 As will disperse itself through all the veins,
 That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
 And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
 As violently, as hasty powder fir'd
 Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
 Is death, to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
 And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
 Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes⁴,

Upon

⁴ *Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,*] The first quarto reads:

"And starved famine dwelleth in thy cheeks."

The quartos, 1599, 1609, and the folio:

"Need and oppression *starveth* in thy eyes."

Our modern editors, without authority,

"Need and oppression *stare* within thy eyes." STEEVENS.

This modern reading was introduced by Mr. Pope, and was founded on that of Otway, in whose *Caius Marius* the line is thus exhibited:

"Need and oppression *stareth* in thy eyes."

The word *starved* in the first copy shews that *starveth* in the text is right. In the quarto of 1597, this speech stands thus:

And dost thou fear to violate the law?

The law is not thy friend, nor the lawes friend,

And therefore make no conscience of the law.

Upon thy back hangs ragged miserie,

And starved famine dwelleth in thy cheeks.

The

Upon thy back hangs ragged misery^s,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law :
The world affords no law to make thee rich ;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off ; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold ; worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell :
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.

Farewel ; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—

Come, cordial, and not poison ; go with me

To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Friar Lawrence's Cell.

Enter Friar JOHN.

John. Holy Franciscan friar ! brother, ho !

Enter Friar LAWRENCE.

Law. 'This fame should be the voice of friar John.—
Welcome from Mantua : What says Romeo ?

The last line is in my opinion preferable to that which has been substituted in its place, but it could not be admitted into the text without omitting the words—*famine is in thy cheeks*, and leaving an hemistick.

MALONE.

^s *Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,*] So, in Kyd's *Cornelia*, a tragedy, 1594 :

" Upon thy back where misery doth sit,

" O Rome, &c. MALONE.

This is the reading of the oldest copy. I have restored it in preference to the following line, which is found in all the subsequent impressions :

" Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back."

In the *First Part of Jeronimo*, 1605, is a passage somewhat resembling this of Shakspeare :

" Whose famish'd jaws look like the chaps of death,

" Upon whose eye brows hang damnation." STEEVENS.

Jeronimo was performed before 1590. MALONE.

Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me⁶,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Law. Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

John. I could not send it,—here it is again,—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Law. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice⁷, but full of charge,

⁶ *One of our order, to associate me,*] Each friar has always a companion assigned him by the superior, whenever he asks leave to go out; and thus, says Baretti, they are a check upon each other. STEEVENS.

Going to find a bare-foot brother out,

One of our order, to associate me,

Here in this city visiting the sick,

And finding him, the searchers of the town

Suspecting, &c.] So, in *The Tragical History of Romeo and Juliet*, 1562:

“Apace our friar John to Mantua him hies;

“And, for because in Italy it is a wonted guise

“That friars in the town should seldom walk alone,

“But of their convent eye *should be accompanied with one*

“Of his profession, straight a house he findeth out,

“In mind to take some friar with him, to walk the town about.”

Our authour having occasion for friar John, has here departed from the poem, and supposed the pestilence to rage at Verona, instead of Mantua.

Friar John sought for a brother merely for the sake of form, to accompany him in his walk, and had no intention of visiting the sick; the words therefore, *to associate me*, must be considered as parenthetical, and *Here in this city, &c.* must refer to the bare-foot brother.

I formerly conjectured that the passage ought to be regulated thus:

Going to find a bare-foot brother out,

One of our order, to associate me,

And finding him, the searchers of the town

Here in this city visiting the sick, &c.

But the text is certainly right. The searchers would have had no ground of suspicion, if neither of the friars had been in an infected house. MALONE.

⁷ — *was not nice*,—] i. e. was not written on a trivial or idle subject.

Nice signifies *foolish* in many parts of Gower, and Chaucer. The learned editor of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, 1775, observes, that H. Stephens informs us, that *nice* was the old French word for *niais*, one of the synonymes of *fool*. Apol. Herod l. i. c. 4. STEEVENS.

Of

Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger: Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee.

[*Exit.*

Law. Now must I to the monument alone;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake⁸;
She will beshrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb!

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Church-yard; in it, a monument belonging to the Capulets.

Enter PARIS, and his Page, bearing flowers and a torch.

Par. Give me thy torch, boy: Hence, and stand
aloof;—

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the church-yard tread,
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,)
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone

Here in the church-yard; yet I will adventure. [*retires.*

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy bridal
bed:

Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain
The perfect model of eternity;

⁸ *Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake;*] Instead of this line, and the concluding part of the speech, the quarto, 1597, reads only:

"Lest that the lady should before I come

"Be wak'd from sleep, I will hye

"To free her from that tombe of miserie." STEEVENS.

Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain⁹,
 Accept this latest favour at my hands ;
 That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,
 With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb !

[*The boy whistles.*

The boy gives warning, something doth approach.
 What curled foot wanders this way to-night,
 To cross my obsequies, and true love's rites ?
 What, with a torch !—muffle me, night, a while. [*retires.*

Enter ROMEO, and BALTHASAR with a torch, mattock,
&c.

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.
 Hold, take this letter ; early in the morning
 See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
 Give me the light : Upon thy life I charge thee,
 Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
 And do not interrupt me in my course.
 Why I descend into this bed of death,
 Is, partly, to behold my lady's face :
 But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger
 A precious ring ; a ring, that I must use
 In dear employment¹ : therefore hence, be gone :—
 But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
 In what I further shall intend to do,
 By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
 And strew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs :

⁹ *Fair Juliet, that with angels, &c.*] These four lines from the old edition. POPE.

The folio has these lines :

“ Sweet flow'r, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew ;

“ O woe ! thy canopy is dust and stones,

“ Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,

“ Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans.

“ The obsequies that I for thee will keep,

“ Nightly shall be, to strew thy grave, and weep.” JOHNSON.

Mr. Pope has followed no copy with exactness ; but took the first and fourth lines from the elder quarto, omitting the two intermediate verses, which I have restored. STEEVENS.

The folio follows the quarto of 1599. In the text the seven lines are printed as they appear in the quarto, 1597. MALONE.

¹ — *dear employment :*] That is, *action of importance*. Gems were supposed to have great power and virtues. JOHNSON.

The time and my intents are savage-wild² ;
More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than empty tygers, or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, fir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou shew me friendship.—Take thou that :

Live, and be prosperous ; and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout ;
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [retires.]

Rom. Thou détestable³ maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[breaking up the monument.]

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food !

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
'That murder'd my love's cousin ;—with which grief,
It is supposed, the fair creature dy'd,—
And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies : I will apprehend him.— [advances.]
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague ;
Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death ?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee :
Obey, and go with me ; for thou must die.

Rom. I must, indeed ; and therefore came I hither.—
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,
Fly hence and leave me ;—think upon these gone ;
Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth,
Heap not another sin⁴ upon my head,
By urging me to fury :—O, be gone !
By heaven, I love thee better than myself ;

² — *savage-wild* ;] Here the speech concludes in the old copy.

STEEVENS.

³ — *détestable*—] This word, which is now accented on the second syllable, was once accented on the first ; therefore this line did not originally seem to be inharmonious. So, in the *Tragedie of Cræsus*, 1604 :

“ Court with vain words and *détestable* lyes.”

Again, in Shakspeare's *K. John*, Act III. Sc. iii :

“ And I will kiss thy *détestable* bones.” STEEVENS.

Again, in Daniel's *Civil Warres*, 1595 :

“ Such *détestable* vile impiety.” MALONE.

⁴ Heap not another sin—] Thus the quarto 1597. So, in the poem of *Romeus and Juliet* :

“ With sighs and salted tears her shriving doth begin,

“ For she of *heaped* sorrows hath to speak, and not of *sin*.”

The quarto 1599 and folio have—*Put* not, MALONE.

For I come hither arm'd against myself:
 Stay not, be gone;—live, and hereafter say—
 A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations⁵,
 And do attach thee as a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy.

Page. O lord! they fight: I will go call the watch. [*They fight.*]

Par. O, I am slain! [*falls.*].—If thou be merciful,
 Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Exit Page.*]

Rom. In faith, I will:—Let me peruse this face;—
 Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris:—
 What said my man, when my betossed soul
 Did not attend him as we rode? I think,
 He told me, Paris should have marry'd Juliet:
 Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
 Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
 To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand,
 One writ with me in four misfortune's book!
 I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,—
 A grave? O, no; a lantern, slaughter'd youth,
 For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes

⁵ *I do defy thy conjurations,*] So the quarto 1597. Instead of this, in that of 1599, we find—*commiration*. In the next quarto of 1609 this was altered to *commiseration*, and the folio being probably printed from thence, the same word is exhibited there. The obvious interpretation of these words, "*I refuse to do as thou conjurest me to do, i. e. to depart,*" is in my apprehension the true one. MALONE.

Paris conceived Romeo to have burst open the monument for no other purpose than to do *some villainous shame* on the dead bodies, such as witches are reported to have practised; and therefore tells him he defies him, and the magic arts which he suspects he is preparing to use. So, in Painter's translation of the novel, tom. ii. p. 244. "—the watch of the city by chance passed by, and seeing light within the grave, suspected straight that they were necromancers which had opened the tombs to *abuse the dead bodies* for aide of their arte."

To *defy*, anciently meant to *refuse* or *deny*. So, in the *Death of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

"Or, as I said, for ever I *defy* your company."

Again, in the *Miseries of Queen Margaret*, by Drayton:

"My liege, quoth he, all mercy now *defy*."

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. ii. c. 8:

"Foole, (said the Pagan) I thy gift *defye*."

Paris may, however, mean—I *refuse* to do as thou *conjurest* me to do, i. e. to depart. STEEVENS.

This vault a feasting presence ⁶ full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd ⁷.

[*laying Paris in the monument.*]

How oft when men are at the point of death,
Have they been merry? which their keepers call
A lightning before death: O, how may I
Call this a lightning ⁸?—O, my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty ⁹:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,

⁶ — *presence*—] A presence means a publick room, which is at times the *presence-chamber* of the sovereign. So, in the *Noble Gentleman*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, Jacques says, his master is a duke,

"His chamber hung with nobles, like a presence." MASON.

Again, in *Westward for Smelts*, 1620: "—the king sent for the wounded man into the *presence*." MALONE.

This thought, extravagant as it is, is borrowed by Middleton in his comedy of *Blunt Master Constable*, 1602:

"The darkest dungeon which spite can devise

"To throw this carcase in, her glorious eyes

"Can make as lightsome as the fairest chamber

"In Paris Louvre." STEEVENS.

⁷ — *by a dead man interr'd.*] Romeo being now determined to put an end to his life, considers himself as already dead. MALONE.

⁸ — O, how may I

Call this a lightning?—] I think we should read,

—O, now may I

Call this a lightning.— JOHNSON.

The reading of the text is that of the quarto, 1599. The first copy reads: *But how, &c.* which shews that Dr. Johnson's emendation cannot be right. MALONE.

This idea occurs frequently in the old dramatic pieces. So, in the second part of *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

"I thought it was a lightning before death,

"Too sudden to be certain."

Again, in Chapman's translation of the 15th Iliad:

"—since after this he had not long to live,

"This lightning flew before his death."

Again, in his translation of the 18th Odyssey:

"—extend their cheer

"To th' utmost lightning that still ushers death." STEEVENS.

⁹ *Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:*] So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1594:

"Decayed roses of discolour'd cheeks

"Do yet retain some notes of former grace,

"And ugly death fits faire within her face." MALONE.

And

And death's pale flag is not advanced there¹.—
 Tybalt, ly'st thou there in thy bloody sheet²?
 O, what more favour can I do to thee,
 Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
 To sunder his that was thine enemy?
 Forgive me, cousin!—Ah, dear Juliet,
 Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
 That unsubstantial death is amorous³;

And

¹ — beauty's ensign yet

Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,

And death's pale flag, &c.] So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1594:

“And nought-respecting death (the last of paines)

“Plac'd his *pale colours* (th' *ensign* of his might)

“Upon his new-got spoil;” &c.

In the first edition of *Romeo and Juliet*, Shakspeare is less florid in his account of the lady's beauty; and only says:

“—— ah, dear Juliet,

“How well thy beauty doth become the grave!”

The speech, as it now stands, is first found in the quarto, 1599.

STEEVENS.

And death's pale flag is not advanced there.] An ingenious friend some time ago pointed out to me a passage of *Marini*, which bears a very strong resemblance to this:

Morte la'nsegna sua pallida e bianca

Vincitrice spiegò su'l volto mio.

Rime lugubri, p. 149. ed. Venet. 1605. TYRWHITT.

² *Tybalt, ly'st thou there in thy bloody sheet? &c.]* So, in Painter's translation, tom. ii. p. 242: “— what greater or more cruel satisfaction canst thou desire to have, or henceforth hope for, than to see hym which murdered thee, to be empoysoned wyth hys owne handes, and buried by thy syde?” STEEVENS —

³ — Ah, dear Juliet,

Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe

That unsubstantial death is amorous; &c.] So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1594:

“Ah, now, methinks, I see death dallying seeks

“To entertain itselfe in love's sweete place.”

Instead of the very long notes which have been written on this controverted passage, I shall lay before the reader the lines as they are exhibited in the original quarto of 1597, and that of 1599, with which the folio corresponds.

In the quarto 1597, the passage appears thus:

—— Ah dear Juliet,

How well thy beauty doth become this grave!

O, I believe that unsubstantial death

Is amorous, and doth court my love.

Therefore will I, O here, O ever here,

Set

And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?

For

Set up my everlasting rest
With worms that are thy *chamber-maids*.
Come, desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary barge:
Here's to my love.—O, true apothecary,
Thy drugs are swift: thus with a kiss I die.

[*falls*.

In the quarto 1599, and the folio, (except that the folio has *arms* instead of *arm*,) the lines stand thus:

— Ah dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? *I will believe*
Shall I believe that unsubstantial death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour;
For fear of that I still will stay with thee,
And never from this palace [*palat 4^o*] of dim night
[Depart again. Come, lie thou in my arm:
Here's to thy health where e'er thou tumblest in.
O true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick: thus with a kiss I die.]
Depart again; here, here, will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids: O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars, &c.
Come, bitter conduct, come, unfavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
Here's to my love. O, true apothecary,
Thy drugs are quick: thus with a kiss I die.

There cannot, I think, be the smallest doubt that the words included within crotchets, which are not found in the undated quarto, were repeated by the carelessness or ignorance of the transcriber or compositor. In like manner, in a former scene we have two lines evidently of the same import, one of which only the poet could have intended to retain. See p. 127, n. 6.

In a preceding part of this passage Shakspeare was probably in doubt whether he should write:—

— *I will believe*

That unsubstantial death is amorous;

Or,

— *Shall I believe*

That unsubstantial death is amorous;

and having probably erased the words *I will believe* imperfectly, the wise compositor printed the rejected words as well as those intended to be retained.

With respect to the line,

Here's to thy health, where'er thou tumblest in,
it is unnecessary to inquire what was intended by it, the passage in which this line is found, being afterwards exhibited in another form; and being
much

For fear of that, I will still stay with thee;
 And never from this palace of dim night
 Depart again; here, here will I remain
 With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here
 Will I set up my everlasting rest⁴;
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
 From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your last!
 Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you
 The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
 A dateless bargain to engrossing death⁵!—
 Come, bitter conduct⁶, come, unfavoury guide!

much more accurately expressed in its second than its first exhibition, we have a right to presume that the poet intended it to appear in its second form, that is, as it now appears in the text. MALONE.

⁴ — *my everlasting rest*;] See a note on scene 5th of the preceding Act. So, in the *Spanish Gipsie*, by Middleton and Rowley, 1653:

“ ——— could I *set up my rest*

“ That he were lost or taken prisoner,

“ I could hold truce with sorrow.”

To *set up one's rest* is to be determined to any certain purpose, to rest in perfect confidence and resolution, to make up one's mind. Again, in the same play:

“ *Set up thy rest*; her marriest thou, or none.” STEEVENS.

⁵ — *Eyes, look your last!*

Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you

The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss

A dateless bargain to engrossing death!] So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosmond*, 1594:

“ Pitiſul mouth, ſaid he, that living gaveſt

“ The ſweeteſt comfort that my ſoul could wiſh,

“ O be it lawful now, that dead, thou haveſt

“ The ſorrowing farewell of a dying kiſs!

“ And you, fair eyes, containers of my bliſs,

“ Motives of love, born to be matched never,

“ Entomb'd in your ſweet circles, ſleep for ever!”

I think there can be little doubt, from the foregoing lines and the other paſſages already quoted from this poem, that our authour had read it recently before he wrote the laſt act of the preſent tragedy.

MALONE.

— *to engrossing death!*] *Engrossing* ſeems to be here uſed in its clerical ſenſe. MALONE.

⁶ *Come, bitter conduct,*] Marſton alſo in his ſatires, 1599, uſes *conduct* for *conductor*:

“ Be thou my *conduct* and my genius.”

So, in a former ſcene in this play:

“ And fire-ey'd fury be my *conduct* now.”

Thou

Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark !
Here's to my love !—[*drinks.*] O, true apothecary !
Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die. [*dies.*]

*Enter, at the other end of the church-yard, Friar LAW-
RENCE, with a lantern, crow, and spade.*

Fri. Saint Francis be my speed ! how oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves ?—Who's there ?

Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you
well.

Fri. Bliss be upon you ! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless skulls ? as I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.

Bal. It doth so, holy sir ; and there's my master,
One that you love.

Fri. Who is it ?

Bal. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he been there ?

Bal. Full half an hour.

Fri. Go with me to the vault.

Bal. I dare not, sir :

My master knows not, but I am gone hence ;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. Stay then, I'll go alone :—Fear comes upon me ;
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,

⁷ — how oft to-night

Have my old feet stumbled at graves ?] This accident was reckoned
ominous. So, in *K. Henry VI.*

“ For many men that *stumble* at the threshold,

“ Are well foretold, that danger lurks within.”

Again, in *K. Richard III.* Hastings, going to execution, says :

“ Three times to-day my footcloth horse did *stumble.*”

STEEVENS.

I dreamt

I dreamt my master and another fought⁸,
And that my master slew him.

Fri. Romeo?—

[*advances.*]

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulcher?—
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

[*enters the monument.*]

Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what, Paris too?
And steep'd in blood?—Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—
The lady stirs⁹.

[*Juliet wakes, and stirs.*]

Jul. O, comfortable friar! where is my lord?

I do remember well where I should be,

And there I am:—Where is my Romeo? [*Noise within.*]

Fri. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep¹;
A greater Power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away:
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead²;

And

⁸ *I dreamt my master and another fought.*] This is one of the touches of nature that would have escaped the hand of any painter less attentive to it than Shakspeare. What happens, to a person while he is under the manifest influence of fear, will seem to him, when he is recovered from it, like a dream. Homer, Book 8th, represents Rhesus dying fast asleep, and as it were beholding his enemy in a dream plunging a sword into his bosom. Eustathius and Dacier both applaud this image as very natural; for a man in such a condition, says Pope, awakes no further than to see confusedly what environs him, and to think it not a reality, but a vision.

STEEVENS.

⁹ *The lady stirs.*] In the alteration of this play now exhibited on the stage, Mr. Garrick appears to have been indebted to Otway, who, perhaps without any knowledge of the story as told by Da Porto and Bandello, does not permit his hero to die before his wife awakes:

Mar. Jun. She breathes, and stirs.

Lav. [*in the tomb.*] Where am I? bless me! Heaven!
'Tis very cold, and yet here's something warm.

Mar. Jun. She lives, and we shall both be made immortal.
Speak, my Lavinia, speak some heavenly news,
And tell me how the gods design to treat us.

Lav. O, I have slept a long ten thousand years.—

What have they done with me? I'll not be us'd thus:

I'll not wed Sylla; Marius is my husband." MALONE.

¹ —and unnatural sleep;] Shakspeare alludes to the sleep of Juliet, which was unnatural, being brought on by drugs. STEEVENS.

² *Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;*] Shakspeare has been arraigned for departing from the Italian novel, in making Romeo die before

And Paris too; come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming³;
Come, go, good Juliet,—[*Noise again.*] I dare no longer
stay. [Exit.]

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—
What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:—
O churl! drink all; and leave no friendly drop⁴,
To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative. [kisses him.]
Thy lips are warm!

1. *Watch.* [*within.*] Lead, boy:—Which way?

Jul. Yea, noise?—then I'll be brief.—O happy dagger!
[snatching Romeo's dagger⁵.]

This

before Juliet awakes from her trance; and thus losing a happy opportunity of introducing an affecting scene between these unfortunate lovers. But he undoubtedly had never read the Italian novel, or any literal translation of it, and was misled by the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*, the authour of which departed from the Italian story, making the poison take effect on Romeo before Juliet awakes. See a translation of the original pathetick narrative in Vol. XIV. in a note on the poem near the end. MALONE.

³ *Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;*] It has been objected that there is no such establishment in any of the cities of Italy. Shakspeare seldom scrupled to give the manners and usages of his own country to others. In this particular instance the old poem was his guide:

"The weary watch discharg'd did hie them home to sleep."

Again:

"The watchmen of the town the whilst are passed by,

"And through the gates the candlelight within the tomb they
spy." MALONE.

⁴ *O churl! drink all; and leave no friendly drop,*] The text is here made out from the quarto of 1597 and that of 1599. The first has—

Ab churl! drink all, and leave no drop for me!

The other:

O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop,

To help me after? MALONE.

⁵ *Snatching Romeo's dagger.*] So, in Painter's translation of *Pierre Brisset*, tom. ii. p. 244.—Drawing out the dagger which Romeo ware by his side, she pricked herself with many blows against the heart."

STEEVENS.

It is clear that in this and most other places Shakspeare followed the poem, and not Painter, for Painter describes Romeo's dagger as hanging
at

'This is thy sheath; [*stabs herself.*] there rust, and let me die⁶. [*falls on Romeo's body, and dies.*]

Enter Watch, with the Page of Paris.

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.

1. Watch. The ground is bloody; Search about the church-yard;

Go, some of you, who e'er you find, attach. [*Exeunt some.*]
Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;—

And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,

Who here hath lain these two days buried.—

Go, tell the prince,—run to the Capulets,—

Raise up the Montagues,—some others search⁷;—

[*Exeunt other Watchmen.*]

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;

at *his side*; whereas the poem is silent as to the place where it hung, and our authour, governed by the fashion of his own time, supposes it to have hung at *Romeo's back*:

"And then past deadly fear, (for life he had the care,)

"With hasty hand she did draw out the dagger that he ware."

MALONE.

⁶ — *there rust, and let me die.*] is the reading of the quarto, 1599. That of 1597 gives the passage thus:

"I, noise? then must I be resolute.

"Oh, happy dagger! thou shalt end my fear;

"Rest in my bosom: thus I come to thee."

The alteration was probably made by the poet, when he introduced the words,

"This is thy *sheath*." STEEVENS.

⁷ *Raise up the Montagues,—some others search;*] Here seems to be a rhyme intended, which may be easily restored;

"Raise up the Montagues. Some others, go.

"We see the ground whereon these woes do lie,

"But the true ground of all *this piteous rose*

"We cannot without circumstance descry." JOHNSON.

It was often thought sufficient, in the time of Shakspere, for the second and fourth lines in a stanza, to rhyme with each other.

STEEVENS.

Enter

But the true ground of all these piteous woes,
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter some of the Watch, with Balthasar.

2. *Watch.* Here's Romeo's man, we found him in the church-yard.

1. *Watch.* Hold him in safety, till the prince come hither.

Enter another Watchman, with Friar Lawrence.

3. *Watch.* Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps :

We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this church-yard side.

1. *Watch.* A great suspicion ; Stay the friar too.

Enter the Prince, and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest ?

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and Others.

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad ?

La. Cap. The people in the streets cry—Romeo,
Some—Juliet, and some—Paris ; and all run,
With open out-cry, toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this, which startles in our ears ?

1. *Watch.* Sovereign, here lies the county Paris slain ;
And Romeo dead ; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

⁸ —that they so shriek abroad ?] Thus the folio and the undated quarto. The quarto of 1599 has—that is so shriek abroad. MALONE.

⁹ What fear is this, which startles in our ears ?] The old copies read—in your ears. The emendation was made by Dr. Johnson.

MALONE.

Prince;

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

1. *Watch.* Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man;
With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O, heavens!—O, wife! look how our daughter bleeds!

This dagger hath mista'en,—for, lo! his house
Is empty on the back of Montague,—
And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom¹.

La. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulcher.

Enter MONTAGUE, and Others.

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up²,
To see thy son and heir more early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night³;

¹ *This dagger hath mista'en, for lo! his house
Is empty on the back of Montague,
And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.]* The words, "*for, lo!*
his house is empty on the back of Montague," are to be considered as paren-
thetical.

The reading of the text is that of the undated quarto, that of 1609,
and the folio. The quarto of 1599 reads—*And it mis-sheathed.* In the
original copy of 1597 the line stands thus:

— This dagger has mistook,
For lo! the backe is empty of yong Montague,
And it is sheathed in our daughter's breast. MALONE.

It appears that the dagger was anciently worn *behind the back*. So, in
The longer thou livest the more fool thou art, 1570:

"Thou must weare thy sworde by thy side,
"And thy dagger handsumly at thy backe."

Again, in *Humor's Ordinarie*, &c. an ancient collection of satires, no
date:

"See you the huge bum dagger at his backe?" STEEVENS.

² — *for thou art early up, &c.]* This speech (as appears from the
following passage in *The Second Part of the Downfall of Robert Earl
of Huntingdon*, 1601) has something proverbial in it:

"In you i'faith the proverb's verified,
"You are early up, and yet are ne'er the near." STEEVENS.

³ *Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;*] After this line the quarto
1597 adds,

"And young Benvolio is deceased too."

But this I suppose the poet rejected on his revision of the play, as unnecessary slaughter. STEEVENS.

Grief

Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath:
What further woe conspires against mine age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught! what manners is in this⁴,
To press before thy father to a grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death: Mean time forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.—
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

*Fri*⁵. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale⁶.

Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
I married them; and their stolen marriage-day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.
You,—to remove that siege of grief from her,—

⁴ *O thou untaught! &c.*] So, in *The Tragedy of Darius*, 1603:

“ Ah me! malicious fates have done me wrong:

“ Who came first to the world, should first depart.

“ It not becomes the old t' o'er-live the young;

“ This dealing is preposterous and o'er-thwart.” STEEVENS.

Again, in our poet's *Rape of Lucrece*:

“ If children pre-decease progenitors,

“ We are their offspring, and they none of ours.” MALONE.

⁵ *Friar.*] It is much to be lamented, that the poet did not conclude the dialogue with the action, and avoid a narrative of events which the audience already knew. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare was led into this uninteresting narrative by following too closely *The Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet*. MALONE.

⁶ — *my short date of breath*

Is not so long as is a tedious tale.] So, in the 91st Psalm:—“ when thou art angry, all our days are gone; we bring our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told.” MALONE.

Betroth'd,

Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,
 To county Paris :—Then comes she to me ;
 And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
 To rid her from this second marriage,
 Or, in my cell there would she kill herself.
 Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
 A sleeping potion ; which so took effect
 As I intended, for it wrought on her
 The form of death : mean time I writ to Romeo,
 That he should hither come as this dire night,
 To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
 Being the time the potion's force should cease.
 But he which bore my letter, friar John,
 Was staid by accident ; and yesternight
 Return'd my letter back : Then all alone,
 At the prefixed hour of her waking,
 Came I to take her from her kindred's vault ;
 Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
 Till I conveniently could send to Romeo ;
 But, when I came, (some minute ere the time
 Of her awakening,) here untimely lay
 The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.
 She wakes ; and I entreated her come forth,
 And bear this work of heaven with patience :
 But then a noise did scare me from the tomb ;
 And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
 But (as it seems) did violence on herself.
 All this I know ; and to the marriage
 Her nurse is privy : And, if aught in this
 Miscarry'd by my fault, let my old life
 Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time,
 Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man.—
 Where's Romeo's man ? what can he say in this ?

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's death ;
 And then in post he came from Mantua,
 To this same place, to this same monument.
 This letter he early bid me give his father ;
 And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
 If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.—
 Where is the county's page, that rais'd the watch ?—
 Sirrah, what made your master in this place ?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave;
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb;
And, by and by, my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes—that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.—
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!—
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen⁷:—all are punish'd.

Cap. O, brother Montague, give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That, while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set,
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A glooming peace⁸ this morning with it brings;
The sun, for sorrow, will not shew his head:

⁷ *Have lost a brace of kinsmen:*] Mercutio and Paris: Mercutio is expressly called the prince's kinsman in Act III. sc. iv. and that Paris also was the prince's kinsman, may be inferred from the following passages. Capulet, speaking of the count in the fourth act, describes him as "a gentleman of princely parentage," and, after he is killed, Romeo says,

"—Let me peruse this face;

"*Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris.*" MALONE.

⁸ *A glooming peace, &c.*] The modern editions read—*gloomy*; but *glooming*, which is the old reading, may be the true one. So, in the *Spanish Tragedy*, 1605:

"Through dreadful shades of ever-glooming night."

To *gloom* is an ancient verb used by Spenser; I meet with it likewise in the play of *Tom Tyler and his wife*, 1661:

"If either he gaspeth or gloometh." STEEVENS.

Gloomy is the reading of the old copy in 1597; for which *glooming* was substituted in that of 1599. MALONE.

Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
 Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished⁹:
 For never was a story of more woe,
 Than this of Juliet and her Romeo¹.

[*Exeunt.*

⁹ *Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:]* This seems to be not a resolution in the *prince*, but a reflection on the various dispensations of providence; for who was there that could justly be punished by any human law? EDWARDS'S MSS.

This line has reference to the novel from which the fable is taken. Here we read that Juliet's female attendant was banished for concealing the marriage; Romeo's servant set at liberty because he had only acted in obedience to his master's orders; the apothecary taken, tortured, condemned, and hanged; while friar Lawrence was permitted to retire to a hermitage in the neighbourhood of Verona, where he ended his life in penitence and peace. STEEVENS.

¹ — *Juliet and her Romeo.*] Shakspeare has not effected the alteration of this play by introducing any new incidents, but merely by adding to the length of the scenes.

The piece appears to have been always a very popular one. Marston, in his satires, 1598, says:

“Luscus, what's play'd to-day?—faith, now I know

“I set thy lips abroad, from whence doth flow

“Nought but poor Juliet and Romeo.” STEEVENS.

For never was a story of more woe,

Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.] These lines seem to have been formed on the concluding couplet of the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*:

“—among the monuments that in Verona been,

“There is no monument more worthy of the sight,

“Than is the tomb of Juliet, and Romeus her knight.”

MALONE.

This play is one of the most pleasing of our author's performances. The scenes are busy and various, the incidents numerous and important, the catastrophe irresistibly affecting, and the process of the action carried on with such probability, at least with such congruity to popular opinions, as tragedy requires.

Here is one of the few attempts of Shakspeare to exhibit the conversation of gentlemen, to represent the airy sprightliness of juvenile elegance. Mr. Dryden mentions a tradition, which might easily reach his time, of a declaration made by Shakspeare, that *he was obliged to kill Mercutio in the third act, lest he should have been killed by him.* Yet he thinks him *no such formidable person, but that he might have lived through the play, and died in his bed, without danger to a poet.* Dryden well knew; had he been in quest of truth, that, in a pointed sentence, more regard is commonly had to the words than the thought, and that it is very seldom to be rigorously understood. Mercutio's wit, gaiety, and courage, will always procure him friends that wish him a longer life; but his death is not precipitated, he has lived out the time allotted him in the construction of the play; nor do I doubt the

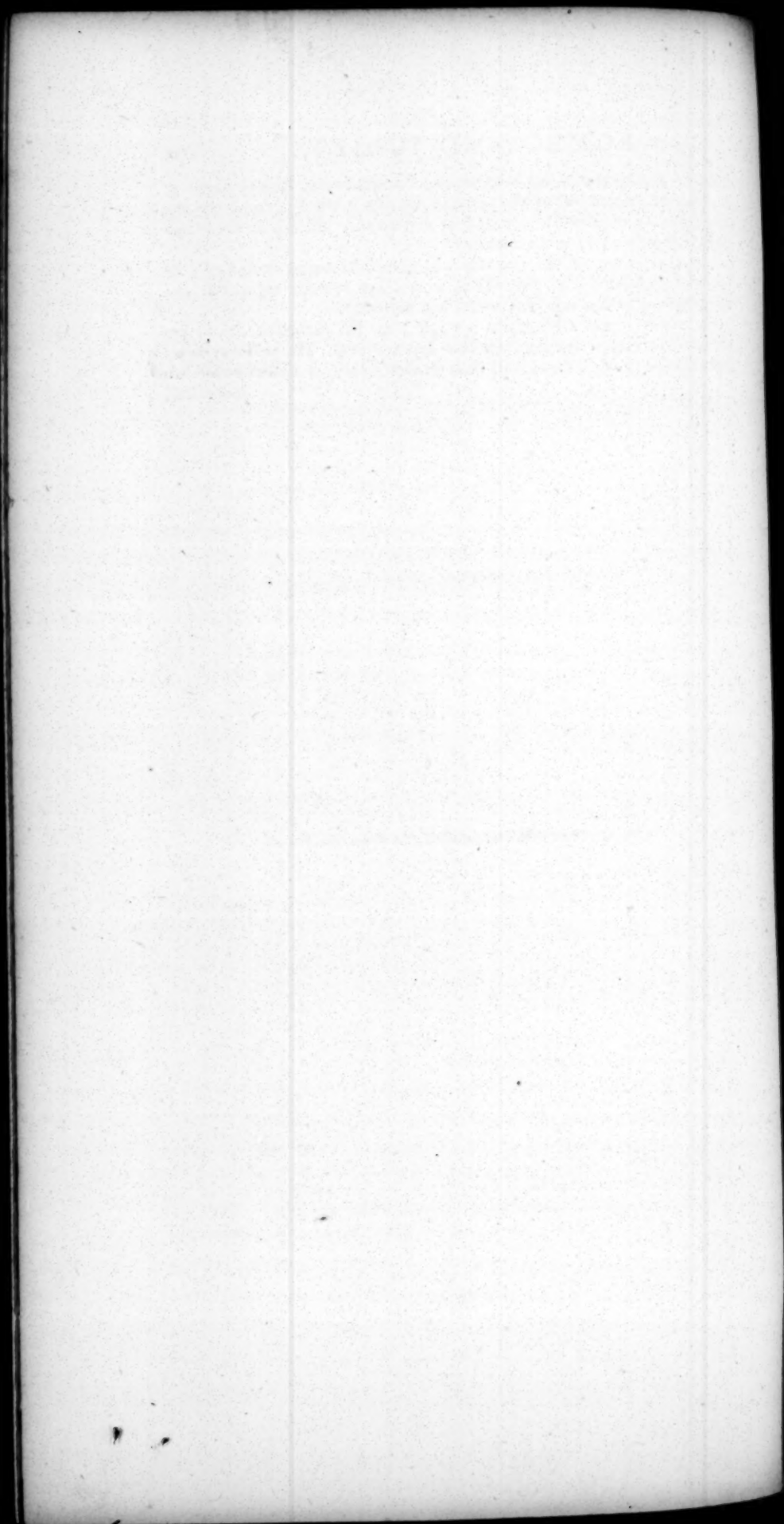
ability

ability of Shakspeare to have continued his existence, though some of his fallies are perhaps out of the reach of Dryden ; whose genius was not very fertile of merriment, nor ductile to humour, but acute, argumentative, comprehensive, and sublime.

The nurse is one of the characters in which the author delighted : he has, with great subtilty of distinction, drawn her at once loquacious and secret, obsequious and insolent, trusty and dishonest.

His comick scenes are happily wrought, but his pathetick strains are always polluted with some unexpected depravations. His persons, however distressed, *have a conceit left them in their misery, a miserable conceit.*

JOHNSON.



H A M L E T.

Persons Represented.

Claudius, *King of Denmark.*

Hamlet, *son to the former, and nephew to the present, king.*

Polonius, *Lord Chamberlain.*

Horatio, *friend to Hamlet.*

Laertes, *son to Polonius.*

Voltimand,

Cornelius,

Rosencrantz,

Guildenstern,

Osrick, *a courtier.*

Another courtier.

A Priest.

Marcellus,

Bernardo,

Francisco, *a soldier.*

Reynaldo, *servant to Polonius.*

A Captain. An Ambassador.

Ghost of Hamlet's father.

Fortinbras, *Prince of Norway.*

Gertrude, *Queen of Denmark, and mother of Hamlet.*

Ophelia, *daughter of Polonius.*

*Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Players, Grave-diggers,
Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants.*

S C E N E, Elsinore.

H A M L E T.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Elfinore. *A Platform before the Castle.*

FRANCISCO *on his post.* Enter to him BERNARDO.

Ber. Who's there ?

Fran. Nay, answer me¹ : stand, and unfold yourself.

¹ The original story on which this play is built, may be found in Saxo Grammaticus the Danish historian. From thence Belleforest adopted it in his collection of novels, in seven volumes, which he began in 1564, and continued to publish through succeeding years. From this work, *The Historie of Hamblett*, quarto, bl. l. was translated. I have hitherto met with no earlier edition of the play than one in the year 1604, though it must have been performed before that time, as I have seen a copy of Speght's edition of Chaucer, which formerly belonged to Dr. Gabriel Harvey, (the antagonist of Nash) who, in his own hand-writing, has set down the play, as a performance with which he was well acquainted, in the year 1598. His words are these : "The younger sort take much delight in Shakespeare's Venus and Adonis; but his Lucrece, and his tragedy of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke, have it in them to please the wiser sort, 1598."

In the books of the Stationers' Company this play was entered by James Roberts, July 26, 1602, under the title of "A booke called *The Revenge of Hamlett, Prince of Denmarke*, as it was lately acted by the Lord Chamberlain his servantes."

In *Eastward Hoe* by G. Chapman, B. Jonson, and J. Marston, 1605, is a fling at the hero of this tragedy. A footman named *Hamlet* enters, and a tankard-bearer asks him—"Sfoote, *Hamlet*, are you mad?"

STEEVENS.

Surely no satire was here intended. *Eastward Hoe* was acted at Shakespeare's own playhouse, (Blackfriars,) by the children of the revels, in 1605.

A play on the subject of *Hamlet* had been exhibited on the stage before the year 1589, of which Thomas Kyd was, I believe, the authour. On that play, and on the bl. letter *Historie of Hamblett*, our poet, I conjecture, constructed the tragedy before us. The earliest edition of the prose-narrative which I have seen, was printed in 1608, but it undoubtedly was a republication.

Shakespeare's *Hamlet* was written, if my conjecture be well founded, in 1596. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of his plays*, Vol. I.

MALONE.

² — me:] i. e. me, who am already on the watch, and have a right to demand the watch-word. STEEVENS.

Ber. Long live the king³!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.

Fran. For this relief, much thanks: 'tis bitter cold, And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
'The rivals of my watch⁴, bid them make haste.

Enter HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.

Fran. I think, I hear them.—Stand, ho! Who is there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good night.

³ *Long live the king!*] This sentence appears to have been the watchword. MALONE.

⁴ *The rivals of my watch,*] *Rivals*, for partners. WARBURTON.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* (the quotation is Mr. Steevens's): "Cæsar having made use of him in the wars against Pompey, presently denied him *rivalry*."

Rival is constantly used by Shakspeare for a partner or associate. In Bullokar's *English Expositor*, 8vo. 1616, it is defined, "*One that sueth for the same thing with another*;" and hence Shakspeare, with his usual licence, always uses it in the sense of *one engaged in the same employment or office with another*. *Competitor*, which is explained by Bullokar by the very same words which he has employed in the definition of *rival*, is in like manner (as Mr. Mason has observed,) always used by Shakspeare for *associate*.

Mr. Warner would read and point thus:

If you do meet Horatio, and Marcellus

The *rival* of my watch,—

because Horatio is a gentleman of no profession, and because, as he conceived, there was but one person on each watch. But there is no need of change. Horatio is certainly not an officer, but Hamlet's fellow-student at Wittenberg: but as he accompanied Marcellus and Bernardo on the watch from a motive of curiosity, our poet considers him very properly as an *associate* with them. Horatio himself says to Hamlet in a subsequent scene,

"—This to me

"In dreadful secrecy impart they did,

"And I with them the third night kept the watch." MALONE

Mar.

Mar. O, farewell, honest soldier :
Who hath reliev'd you ?

Fran. Bernardo hath my place.
Give you good night.

[Exit Francisco.]

Mar. Holla ! Bernardo !

Ber. Say,
What, is Horatio there ?

Hor. A piece of him⁵.

Ber. Welcome, Horatio ; welcome, good Marcellus.

Hor. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night⁶ ?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. Horatio says, 'tis but our fantasy ;
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us :
Therefore I have entreated him along,
With us to watch the minutes of this night⁷ ;
That, if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes⁸, and speak to it.

Hor. Tush ! tush ! 'twill not appear.

Ber. Sit down a while ;
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen⁹.

Hor. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

⁵ A piece of him.] But why a piece ? He says this as he gives his hand. Which direction should be marked. WARBURTON.

A piece of him, is, I believe, no more than a cant expression.

STEEVENS.

⁶ Hor. What, &c.] Thus the quarto, 1604. These words in the folio are given to Marcellus. MALONE.

⁷ —the minutes of this night ;] This seems to have been an expression common in Shakspeare's time. I find it in one of Ford's plays, *The Fancies*, Act V.

"I promise ere the minutes of the night,—" STEEVENS.

⁸ He may approve our eyes,—] He may make good the testimony of our eyes ; be assured by his own experience of the truth of that which we have related, in consequence of having been eye-witnesses to it. To approve in Shakspeare's age signified to make good, or establish, and is so defined in Cawdrey's *Alphabetical Table of hard English words*, 8vo. 1604. So, in *King Lear* :

"Good king, that must approve the common saw !

"Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st

"To the warm sun." MALONE.

⁹ What we two nights have seen.] This line is by Hanmer given to Marcellus, but without necessity. JOHNSON.

Ber. Last night of all,
When yon same star, that's westward from the pole,
Had made his course to illume that part of heaven
Where now it burns; Marcellus, and myself,
The bell then beating one,—

Mar. Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes
again!

Enter GHOST.

Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio.

Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.

Hor. Most like;—it harrows me¹ with fear, and wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speak to it, Horatio.

Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of bury'd Denmark
Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee, speak.

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See! it stalks away.

Hor. Stay; speak; speak I charge thee, speak.

[*Exit Ghost.*]

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, Horatio? you tremble, and look pale:
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you of it?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the king?

Hor. As thou art to thyself:
Such was the very armour he had on,
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle²,

¹ *It harrows me, &c.*] To *barrow* is to conquer, to subdue. The word is of Saxon origin. So, in the old bl. l. romance of *Syr Eglamour of Artoys*:

“He swore by him that *barrowed* hell.” STEEVENS.

² — *an angry parle*,] This is one of the affected words introduced by Lilly. So, in *Two Wise Men and all the Rest Fools*, 1619:

“*¶* that you told me at our last *parle*.” STEEVENS.

He smote the sledged Polacks on the ice³.

'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus, twice before, and jump at this dead hour⁴,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work⁵, I know not;
But, in the gross and scope⁶ of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land?
And why such daily cast⁷ of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war!
Why such impress of ship-wrights, whose fore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week?
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste

³ *He smote the sledged Polacks on the ice.*] *Polack* was, in that age, the term for an inhabitant of Poland: *Polaque*, French. As in F. Davison's translation of Passeratius's epitaph on Henry III. of France, published by Camden:

"Whether thy chance or choice thee hither brings,
"Stay, passenger, and wait the hap of kings.
"This little stone a great king's heart doth hold,
"That rul'd the fickle French and *Polacks* bold:
"Whom, with a mighty warlike host attended,
"With trait'rous knife a cowed monster ended.
"So frail are even the highest earthly things!
"Go, passenger, and wait the hap of kings." JOHNSON.

A *sled* or *sledge* is a carriage without wheels, made use of in the cold countries. So, in *Tamburlaine* or the *Scythian Shepherd*, 1590:

"—upon an ivory *sled*

"Thou shalt be drawn among the frozen poles." STEEVENS.

All the old copies have *Polax*.—Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read—*Polack*; but the corrupted word shews, I think, that Shakspeare wrote—*Polacks*. MALONE.

⁴ —jump at this dead hour—] Thus the quarto, 1604. The folio, where we sometimes find a familiar word substituted for one more ancient, reads—*just* at this dead hour. MALONE.

Jump and *just* were synonymous in the time of Shakspeare. So, in Chapman's *May Day*, 1611:

"Your appointment was *jump* at three, with me."

Again, in *M. Kyffin's* translation of the *Andria* of Terence, 1588:

"Comes he this day so *jump* in the very time of this marriage?" STEEVENS.

⁵ *In what particular thought to work,*] i. e. What particular train of thinking to follow. STEEVENS.

⁶ —gross and scope—] General thoughts, and tendency at large.

JOHNSON.

⁷ —daily cast—] The quarto reads *cast*. STEEVENS.

Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day ;
Who is't, that can inform me ?

Hor. That can I ;

At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combat ; in which, our valiant Hamlet
(For so this side of our known world esteem'd him)
Did slay this Fortinbras ; who, by a seal'd compact,
Well ratify'd by law, and heraldry⁸,
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands,
Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror :
Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our king ; which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher ; as, by the same co-mart⁹,
And carriage of the article design'd¹,
His fell to Hamlet : Now, fir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimproved mettle² hot and full,

⁸ — *by law and heraldry,*] i. e. well ratified by the rules of law, and the forms prescribed *iure facili* ; such as proclamation, &c.

MALONE.

Mr. Upton says, that Shakspeare sometimes expresses one thing by two substantives, and that *law and heraldry* means, by the *herald law*. So *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act IV.

“ Where rather I expect victorious life,

“ Than death and honour,” i. e. honourable death.

STEEVENS.

Pattenham, in his *Art of Poësie*, speaks of the *Figure of Twinnies*, “ *horses and barbes*, for *barbed horses* ; *venim & dartes*, for *venimous dartes*,” &c. FARMER.

⁹ — *as by the same co-mart,*] Thus the quarto, 1604. The folio reads—as by the *same covenant* : for which the late editions have given us—as by *that covenant*.

Co-mart is, I suppose, a *joint bargain*, a word perhaps of our poet's coinage. A *mart* signifying a great fair or market, he would not have scrupled to have written *to mart*, in the sense of *to make a bargain*. In the preceding speech we find *mart* used for bargain or purchase.

MALONE.

¹ *And carriage of the article design'd,*] *Carriage* is *import* : *design'd*, is *formed, drawn up between them*. JOHNSON.

Cawdrey in his *Alphabetical Table*, 1604, defines the verb *design* thus. “ To mark out or appoint for any purpose.” See also Minshew's Dict. 1617. “ To *design* or shew by a token.” *Designed* is yet used in this sense in Scotland. The old copies have *designe*. The correction was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

² *Of unimproved mettle—*] *Full of unimproved mettle*, is full of spirit not regulated or guided by knowledge or experience. JOHNSON.

Hath

Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
 Shark'd up a list of landless resolute³,
 For food and diet, to some enterprize
 That hath a stomach in't⁴: which is no other
 (As it doth well appear unto our state)
 But to recover of us, by strong hand,
 And terms compulsory⁵, those foresaid lands
 So by his father lost: And this, I take it,
 Is the main motive of our preparations;
 The source of this our watch; and the chief head
 Of this post-haste and romage⁶ in the land.

Ber. I think⁷, it be no other, but even so:
 Well may it fort⁸, that this portentous figure
 Comes armed through our watch; so like the king
 That was, and is, the question of these wars⁹.

Hor. A mote it is¹, to trouble the mind's eye.
 In the most high and palmy state of Rome²,
 A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
 The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead

³ Shark'd up a list, &c.] I believe to *shark up* means to pick up without distinction, as the *shark* fish collects his prey. The quartos read *lawless* instead of *landless*. STEEVENS.

⁴ That hath a stomach in't:—] *Stomach*, in the time of our author, was used for *constancy*, *resolution*. JOHNSON.

⁵ —compulsatory,] So the quarto. Folio—*compulsive*. MALONE.

⁶ —romage—] Tumultuous hurry. JOHNSON.

⁷ I think, &c.] These, and all other lines confin'd within crotchets throughout this play, are omitted in the folio edition of 1623. The omissions leave the play sometimes better and sometimes worse, and seem made only for the sake of abbreviation. JOHNSON.

It may be worth while to observe, that the title-pages of the first quartos in 1604 and 1605, declare this play to be *enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect copy*. STEEVENS.

This and the following seventeen lines are omitted in the folio. As I shall throughout this play always mention what lines are omitted in that copy, I have not thought it necessary to follow Dr. Johnson in distinguishing the omitted lines by inclosing them within crotchets.

MALONE.

⁸ Well may it fort,—] The cause and the effect are proportionate and suitable. JOHNSON.

⁹ —the question of these wars.] The theme or subject. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“—You were the word of war.” MALONE.

¹ A mote it is,—] The first quarto reads, a *moth*. STEEVENS.

A *moth* was only the old spelling of *mote*, as I suspected in revising a passage in *K. John*, where we certainly should read *mote*. MALONE.

² —palmy state of Rome,] *Palmy*, for *victorious*. POPE.

Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets ;

As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood ;
Disasters dimm'd the sun³ ; and the moist star⁴,

Upon

³ *As stars with trains of fire, and dews of blood ;—*
Disasters dimm'd the sun ;] The quarto, 1604, reads
Disasters in the sun.

For the emendation I am responsible. It is strongly supported not only by Plutarch's account in the life of Cæsar, ["also the brightness of the sunne was darkened, the which, all that yeare through, rose very pale, and shined not out,"] but by various passages in our authour's works. So, in the *Tempest* :

" ——— I have be-dimm'd

" The noon-tide sun."

Again, in *King Richard II* :

" As doth the blushing discontented sun,—

" When he perceives the envious clouds are bent

" To dim his glory."

Again, in our authour's 18th Sonnet :

" Sometimes too hot the eye of heaven shines,

" And often is his gold complexion dimm'd."

I suspect that the words *As stars* are a corruption, and have no doubt that either a line preceding or following the first of those quoted at the head of this note, has been lost ; or that the beginning of one line has been joined to the end of another, the intervening words being omitted. That such conjectures are not merely chimerical, I have already proved.

The following lines in *Julius Cæsar*, in which the prodigies that are said to have preceded his death, are recounted, may throw some light on the passage before us :

" ——— There is one within,

" Besides the things that we have heard and seen,

" Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.

" A lioness hath whelped in the streets ;

" And graves have yawn'd and yielded up their dead :

" Fierce fire warriors fight upon the clouds,

" In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,

" Which drizzel'd blood upon the capitol

" The noise of battle hurtled in the air,

" Horses do neigh, and dying men did groan ;

" And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets."

The lost words perhaps contained a description of *fire warriors fighting on the clouds*, or of *brands burning bright beneath the stars*.

The 15th book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, translated by Goulding, in which an account is given of the prodigies that preceded Cæsar's death, furnished Shakspeare with some of the images in both these passages :

" — battels fighting in the clouds with crashing armour flew,

" And dreadful trumpets sounded in the ayre, and hornes eke blew,

" As warning men beforehand of the mischief that did brew ;

" And Phæbus also looking dim did cast a drowzie light,

" Upon the earth, which seemed likewise to be in flight :

" From

Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
 Was sick almost to dooms-day with eclipse.
 And even ⁵ the like precursor of fierce events ⁶,—
 As harbingers preceding still the fates,
 And prologue to the omen coming on ⁷,—
 Have heaven and earth together démonstrated
 Unto our climatures and countrymen.—

Re-enter

"From underneath beneath the starres brandes oft seemde burning
 bright.

"It often rain'd drops of blood. The morning star look'd blew,

"And was befotted here and there with specks of rustie hew.

"The moone had also spots of blood —

"Salt teares from ivorie—images in sundry places fell;—

"The dogges did howle, and every where appeared ghastly sprights,

"And with an earthquake shaken was the towne."—

Plutarch only says, that "the sunne was darkened," that "diverse men were seen going up and down in fire;" there were "fires in the element; spirites were seene running up and downe in the night, and solitarie birds sitting in the great market-place."

The disagreeable recurrence of the word *stars* in the second line induces me to believe that *As stars* in that which precedes, is a corruption. Perhaps Shakspeare wrote:

"*Astres* with trains of fire,—

— and dews of blood

Disastrous dimm'd the sun.

The word *astre* is used in an old collection of poems entitled *Diāna*, addressed to the Earl of Oxenforde, a book of which I know not the date, but believe it was printed about 1580. In *Orbello* we have *antres*, a word exactly of a similar formation. MALONE.

⁴ And the mist *star*, &c.] i. e. the moon. So, in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, 1598:

"Not that night-wand'ring, pale, and watry *star*," &c.

MALONE.

⁵ And even, &c.] Not only such prodigies have been seen in Rome, but the elements have shewn our countrymen like forerunners and fore-tokens of violent events. JOHNSON.

⁶ — precursor of fierce events,] *Fierce* for terrible. WARBURTON.

I rather believe that *fierce* signifies conspicuous, glaring. It is used in a somewhat similar sense in *Timon*.

"O the *fierce* wretchedness that glory brings!" STEEVENS.

⁷ And even the like precursor of fierce events,

As harbingers preceding still the fates

And prologue to the omen coming on,] So, in one of our authour's poems.

"But thou shrieking *barbinger*,

"Foul *precursor* of the fiend,

"*Augur* of the fever's end," &c.

The omen coming on is, the approaching dreadful and portentous event. So, in K. Richard III.

"Thy

Re-enter GHOST.

But, soft; behold! lo, where it comes again!
 I'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion!
 If thou hast any sound⁵, or use of voice,
 Speak to me:
 If there be any good thing to be done,
 That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
 Speak to me:
 If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
 Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,
 O, speak!
 Or, if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
 Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
 For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
[Cock crows.]
 Speak of it:—stay, and speak.—Stop it, Marcellus.
Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partizan?
Hor. Do, if it will not stand.
Ber. 'Tis here!
Hor. 'Tis here!
Mar. 'Tis gone! [Exit Ghost.]

We do it wrong, being so majestic,
 To offer it the shew of violence;
 For it is, as the air, invulnerable⁹,
 And our vain blows malicious mockery.

“Thy name is *ominous* to children.”

i. e. (not boding ill fortune, but) *destructive* to children.

Again, *ibidem*:

“O Pomfret, Pomfret, O, thou bloody prison,

“Fatal and *ominous* to noble peers.”

Theobald reads—the *omen'd* coming-on. MALONE.

A distich from the life of Merlin, by Heywood, will shew that there is no occasion for correction:

“Merlin, well vers'd in many an hidden spell,

“His countries *omen* did long since foretell.” FARMER.

Again, in the *Vowbreaker*:

“And much I fear the weakness of her braine

“Should draw her to some *ominous* exigent.” STEEVENS.

⁸ *If thou hast any sound,—*] The speech of Horatio to the spectre is very elegant and noble, and congruous to the common traditions of the causes of apparitions. JOHNSON.

⁹ —it is, as the air, invulnerable,] So in *Macbeth*:

“As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air,

“With thy keen blade impress.”

Again, in *King John*:

“Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven.” MALONE.

And

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew,

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn¹,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air²,
The extravagant³ and erring spirit hies
To his confine: and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

¹ *The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,*] So the quarto, 1604.
Folio:—to the day.

In *England's Parnassus*, 8vo. 1600, I find the two following lines ascribed to Drayton, but know not in which of his poems they are found.

"And now the cocke, the morning's trumpeter,
Play'd huntsup for the day-star to appear."

Mr. Gray has imitated our poet:

"The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed." MALONE.

² *Whether in sea, &c.*] According to the pneumatology of that time, every element was inhabited by its peculiar order of spirits, who had dispositions different, according to their various places of abode. The meaning therefore is, that all *spirits extravagant*, wandering out of their element, whether aerial spirits visiting earth, or earthly spirits ranging the air, return to their station, to their proper limits in which they are *confined*. We might read,

"——— and at his warning

"Th' extravagant and erring spirit hies

"To his confine, whether in sea or air,

"Or earth, or fire. And of," &c.

But this change, though it would smooth the construction, is not necessary, and, being unnecessary, should not be made against authority.

JOHNSON.

Bourne of Newcastle, in his *Antiquities of the common People*, informs us, "It is a received tradition among the vulgar, that at the time of cock-crowing, the midnight spirits forsake these lower regions, and go to their proper places.—Hence it is, says he, that in country places, where the way of life requires more early labour, they always go cheerfully to work at that time; whereas if they are called abroad sooner, they imagine every thing they see a wandering ghost." And he quotes on this occasion, as all his predecessors had done, the well-known lines from the first hymn of *Prudentius*. I know not whose translation he gives us, but there is an old one by Heywood. The *pious chansons*, the *hymns* and *carols*, which Shakspeare mentions presently, were usually copied from the elder Christian poets. FARMER.

³ *The extravagant*—] i. e. got out of its bounds. WARBURTON.

So, in *Nobody and Somebody*, 1598: "—they took me up for a *fravagant*." STEEVENS.

Mar.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock⁴.
 Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
 Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
 This bird of dawning singeth all night long :
 And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad⁵ ;
 The nights are wholesome ; then no planets strike,
 No fairy takes⁶, nor witch hath power to charm,
 So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Her. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
 But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
 Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill⁷ :
 Break we our watch up ; and, by my advice,
 Let us impart what we have seen to-night
 Unto young Hamlet ; for, upon my life,
 This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him :
 Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
 As needful in our loves, fitting our duty ?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray ; and I this morning know
 Where we shall find him most convenient.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁴ *It faded on the crowing of the cock.*] This is a very ancient superstition. Philostratus giving an account of the apparition of Achilles' shade to Apollonius Tyaneus, says that it vanished with a little glimmer as soon as the cock crowed. Vit. Apol. iv. 16. STEEVENS.

Faded has here its original sense ; it *vanished*. *Vade*, Lat. So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. I. C. V. St. 15 :

" He stands amazed how he thence should *fade*."

That our authour uses the word in this sense, appears from some subsequent lines :

" ——— The morning *cock crew* loud ;

" And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,

" And *vanish'd* from our sight." MALONE.

⁵ — dares stir abroad ;] Quarto. The folio reads—*can walk*—.

STEEVENS.

Spirit was formerly used as a monosyllable : *sprite*. The quarto, 1604, has—*dare* stir abroad. Perhaps Shakspeare wrote—no *spirits* dare stir abroad. The necessary correction was made in a late quarto of no authority, printed in 1637. MALONE.

⁶ *No fairy takes.*] No fairy *strikes* with lameness or diseases. This sense of *take* is frequent in this authour. JOHNSON.

⁷ — *high eastern bill* :] The old quarto has it better *eastward*.

WARBURTON.

The superiority of the latter of these readings is not, to me at least, very apparent. I find the former used in *Lingua*, &c. 1607 :

" —and overclimbs

" Yonder gilt *eastern* hills."

Eastern and *eastward* alike signify *toward the east*. STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE II.

The same. A Room of state in the same.

Enter the King, Queen, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES, VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, Lords, and Attendants.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green; and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress of this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,—
With one auspicious, and one dropping eye^s;
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,—
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along:—For all, our thanks.

Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,—
Holding a weak supposal of our worth;
Or thinking, by our late dear brother's death,

^s *With one auspicious, and one dropping eye;*] Thus the folio. The quarto, with somewhat less of quaintness:

With *an* auspicious, and *a* dropping eye.

The same thought, however, occurs in the *Winter's Tale*: "She had *one* eye declined for the loss of her husband; *another* elevated that the oracle was fulfilled." STEEVENS.

Dropping in this line probably means *depressed* or cast downwards: an interpretation which is strongly supported by the passage already quoted from the *Winter's Tale*. It may, however, signify *weeping*. "*Dropping of the eyes*" was a technical expression in our author's time.—"If the spring be wet with much south wind,—the next summer will happen agues and blearness, *dropping of the eyes*, and pains of the bowels." Hopton's *Concordance of years*, 8vo. 1616.

Again, in Montaigne's *Essais*, 1603:—"they never saw any man there—with eyes *dropping*, or crooked and stooping through age."

MALONE.

Our

Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,—
 Colleagu'd with this dream of his advantage⁹,
 He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
 Importing the surrender of those lands
 Lost by his father, with all bands of law,
 To our most valiant brother.—So much for him.
 Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting.
 Thus much the business is: We have here writ
 To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
 Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
 Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress
 His further gait herein¹; in that the levies,
 The lists, and full proportions, are all made
 Out of his subject:—and we here dispatch
 You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
 For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;
 Giving to you no further personal power
 To business with the king, more than the scope²
 Of these dilated articles allow³.
 Farewel; and let your haste commend your duty.

Cor. Vol. In that, and all things, will we shew our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing; heartily farewell.

[*Exit* VOLTIMAND, and CORNELIUS.]

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?

⁹ *Colleagu'd with this dream of his advantage.*] The meaning is, He goes to war so indiscreetly, and unprepared, that he has no allies to support him but a *dream*, with which he is *colleagu'd* or confederated.

WARBURTON.

Mr. Theobald, in his *Shakspeare Restored*, propos'd to read—*collogued*, but in his edition very properly adhered to the ancient copies.

MALONE.

¹ *His further gait herein;*] *Gate* or *gait* is here used in the northern sense, for *proceeding*, *passage*; from the A. S. verb *gac*. A *gate* for a path, passage, or street, is still current in the north. PERCY.

² — *more than the scope*—] More than is compris'd in the general design of these articles, which you may explain in a more diffuse and dilated stile. JOHNSON.

³ — *these dilated articles, &c.*] i. e. the articles when dilated.

MUSGRAVE.

The poet should have written *allows*. Many writers fall into this error, when a plural noun immediately precedes the verb; as I have had occasion to observe in a note on a controverted passage in *Love's Labour's Lost*.

So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“The *posure* of your *blows* are yet unknown.”

Again, in *Cymbeline*: “—and the *approbation* of *those* are wonderfully to extend him,” &c. MALONE.

You

You told us of some suit; What is't, Laertes?
 You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
 And lose your voice: What would'st thou beg, Laertes,
 That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
 The head is not more native to the heart,
 The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
 Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father⁴.
 What would'st thou have, Laertes?

Laer. My dread lord,
 Your leave and favour to return to France;
 From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
 To shew my duty in your coronation;
 Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
 My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,
 And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave⁵,
 By laboursome petition; and, at last,
 Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:
 I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
 And thy best graces: Spend it at thy will⁶.—
 But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

⁴ *The head is not more native to the heart,
 The hand more instrumental to the mouth,*

Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.] The sense seems to be this: the head is not formed to be more useful to the heart, the hand is not more at the service of the mouth, than my power is at your father's service. That is, he may command me to the utmost, he may do what he pleases with my kingly authority. STEEVENS.

By native to the heart Dr. Johnson understands, "natural and congenial to it, born with it, and co-operating with it."

Formerly the heart was supposed the seat of wisdom; and hence the poet speaks of the close connexion between the heart and head. See Vol. XII. MALONE.

⁵ — *wrung from me my slow leave,*] These words and the two following lines are omitted in the folio. MALONE.

⁶ *Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
 And thy best graces: spend it at thy will.*] The sense is: "You have my leave to go, Laertes; make the fairest use you please of your time, and spend it at your will with the fairest graces you are master of."

THEOBALD.

I rather think this line is in want of emendation. I read,

— *Time is thine,*

And my best graces; spend it at thy will. JOHNSON.

Ham.

Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind⁷.

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you? [*Aside.*]

Ham. Not so, my lord, I am too much i' the sun⁸.

⁷ *Ham.* *A little more than kin, and less than kind.*] *Kind* is the Teutonick word for *child*. Hamlet therefore answers with propriety, to the titles of *cousin* and *son*, which the king had given him, that he was somewhat more than *cousin*, and less than *son*. JOHNSON.

In this line, with which Shakspeare introduces Hamlet, Dr. Johnson has perhaps pointed out a nicer distinction than it can justly boast of. To establish the sense contended for, it should have been proved that *kind* was ever used by any English writer for *child*. *A little more than kin*, is a little more than a common relation. The king was certainly something *less than kind*, by having betrayed the mother of Hamlet into an indecent and incestuous marriage, and obtained the crown by means which he suspects to be unjustifiable. In the 5th Act, the Prince accuses his uncle of having *popt in between the election and his hopes*; which obviates Dr. Warburton's objection to the old reading, viz. that "the king had given no occasion for such a reflection."

A jingle of the same sort is found in *Mother Bombie*, 1594, and seems to have been proverbial, as I have met with it more than once:—"the nearer we are in blood, the further we must be from love; the greater the *kindred* is, the less the *kindness* must be." Again, in *Gorboduc*, a tragedy, 1565:

"In kinde a father, but not in *kindelyness*."

As *kind*, however, signifies *nature*, Hamlet may mean that his relationship was become an *unnatural* one, as it was partly founded upon incest. Our author's *Julius Caesar*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *King Richard II.* and *Titus Andronicus*, exhibit instances of *kind* being used for *nature*, and so too in this play of *Hamlet*, Act II. Sc. the last:

Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, *kindless* villain.

Dr. Farmer, however, observes that *kin* is still used for *cousin* in the midland counties. STEEVENS.

Hamlet does not, I think, mean to say, as Mr. Steevens supposes, that *his uncle* is a little more than kin, &c. The king had called the prince—"My cousin Hamlet, and my son."—His reply, therefore, is,—"I am a little more than thy kinsman, [for I am thy step-son;] and somewhat less than kind to thee [for I hate thee, as being the person who has entered into an incestuous marriage with my mother]. Or, if we understand *kind* in its ancient sense, then the meaning will be,—*I am more than thy kinsman, for I am thy step-son*; being such, *I am less near to thee than thy natural offspring*, and therefore not entitled to the appellation of *son*, which you have now given me. MALONE.

⁸ — *too much i' the sun.*] He perhaps alludes to the proverb, *Out of heaven's blessing into the warm sun*. JOHNSON.

— *too much i' the sun.*

Meaning probably his being sent for from his studies to be exposed at his uncle's marriage as his *chiefest courtier*, &c. STEEVENS.

I question whether a quibble between *sun* and *son* be not here intended. FARMER.

Queen.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not, for ever, with thy veiled lids²
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
'Thou know'st, 'tis common; all, that live, must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems.
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shews of grief¹,
That can denote me truly: These, indeed, seem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within, which passeth shew;
These, but the trappings and the suits of woe².

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature,
Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his³; and the survivor bound
In filial obligation, for some term
To do obsequious sorrow⁴: But to persevere
In obstinate condolment⁵, is a course

² — veiled lids—] With lowering eyes, cast down eyes. JOHNSON.

¹ — shews of grief,] Thus the folio. The first quarto reads—*chapes*

—I suppose for *shapes*. STEEVENS.

² But I have that within, which passeth shew;

These but the trappings and the suits of woe.] So, in *K. Rich. II.*:

“—my grief lies all within;

“And these external manners of lament

“Are merely shadows to the unseen grief

“That swells with silence to the tortured soul.” MALONE.

³ — your father lost a father;

That father lost, lost his;] The meaning of the passage is no more than this. *Your father lost a father*, i. e. your grandfather, which *lost grandfather* also lost his father. STEEVENS.

⁴ — obsequious sorrow:] *Obsequious* is here from *obsequies* or *funeral ceremonies*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Titus Andronicus*:

To shed *obsequious* tears upon his trunk.” STEEVENS.

⁵ In *obstinate condolment*,] *Condolment*, for *sorrow*. WARBURTON.

Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:
 It shews a will most incorrect to heaven⁶;
 A heart unfortify'd, or mind impatient;
 An understanding simple and unschool'd:
 For what, we know, must be, and is as common
 As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
 Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
 Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,
 A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
 To reason most absurd⁷; whose common theme
 Is death of fathers, and who still hath cry'd,
 From the first corse, till he that died to-day,
This must be so. We pray you, throw to earth
 This unprevailing woe; and think of us
 As of a father: for let the world take note,
 You are the most immediate to our throne;
 And, with no less nobility of love⁸,
 Than that which dearest father bears his son,
 Do I impart toward you⁹. For your intent

In

⁶ — *a will most incorrect to heaven*;] Not sufficiently regulated by a sense of duty and submission to the dispensations of providence.

MALONE.

⁷ *To reason most absurd*;] Reason is here used in its common sense, for the faculty by which we form conclusions from arguments.

JOHNSON.

⁸ *And with no less nobility of love*,] Nobility for magnitude.

WARBURTON.

Nobility is rather generosity. JOHNSON.

By nobility of love Mr. Heath understands, eminence and distinction of love. MALONE.

⁹ *Do I impart toward you*.] I believe impart is, impart myself, communicate whatever I can bestow. JOHNSON.

The crown of Denmark was elective. So, in *Sir Gylfom Knight of the Golden Shield*, &c. 1599:

“ And me possess for spoused wife, who in election am

“ To have the crown of Denmark here, as heir unto the same.”

The king means, that as Hamlet stands the fairest chance to be next elected, he will strive with as much love to ensure the crown to him, as a father would shew in the continuance of heirship to a son.

STEEVENS.

I agree with Mr. Steevens, that the crown of Denmark (as in most of the Gothick kingdoms) was elective, and not hereditary; though it might be customary, in elections, to pay some attention to the royal blood, which by degrees produced hereditary succession. Why then do the rest of the commentators so often treat Claudius as an usurper, who had deprived young Hamlet of his right by heirship to his father's crown?

Hamlet

In going back to school in Wittenberg¹,
It is most retrograde to our desire :
And, we beseech you, bend you to remain²
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet :
I pray thee, stay with us, go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply ;
Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come ;
This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet,
Sits smiling to my heart : in grace whereof,
No jocund health³, that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell ;
And the king's rouse the heaven shall bruit again,
Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, Lords, &c. POL. and LAERT.*]

Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,

Hamlet calls him drunkard, murderer, and villain : one who had carried
the election by low and mean practices ; had

“ Popt in between the election and my hopes—”

had

“ From a shelf the precious diadem stole,

“ And put it in his pocket :”

but never hints at his being an *usurper*. His discontent arose from his
uncle's being preferred before him, not from any legal right which he
pretended to set up to the crown. Some regard was probably had to the
recommendation of the preceding prince, in electing the successor. And
therefore young Hamlet had “ the voice of the king himself for his suc-
cession in Denmark ;” and he at his own death prophesies that “ the
election would light on Fortinbras, who had his dying voice,” con-
ceiving that by the death of his uncle, he himself had been king for an
instant, and had therefore a right to recommend. When, in the fourth
act, the rabble wished to choose Laertes king, I understand that antiquity
was forgot, and custom violated, by electing a new king in the lifetime of
the old one, and perhaps also by the calling in a stranger to the royal blood.

BLACKSTONE.

¹ — to school in Wittenberg,] In Shakspeare's time there was an uni-
versity at Wittenberg, to which he has made Hamlet propose to return.

The university of Wittenberg was not founded till 1502, consequently
did not exist in the time to which this play is referred. MALONE.

² — bend you to remain—] i. e. subdue your inclination to go from
hence, and remain, &c. STEEVENS.

³ No jocund health,—] The king's intemperance is very strongly im-
pressed ; every thing that happens to him gives him occasion to drink.

JOHNSON.

Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew⁴ !
 Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
 His canon 'gainst self-slaughter⁵ ! O God ! O God !
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
 Seem to me all the uses of this world !
 Fie on't ! O fie ! 'tis an unweeded garden,
 That grows to seed ; things rank, and gross in nature,
 Possess it merely⁶. That it should come to this !
 But two months dead !—nay, not so much, not two :
 So excellent a king ; that was, to this,
 Hyperion to a satyr⁷ : so loving to my mother,

⁴ — resolve itself into a dew !] *Resolve* means the same as *dissolve*. Ben Jonson uses the word in his *Volpone*, and in the same sense :

“ Forth the *resolved* corners of his eyes.”

Again, in the *Country Girl*, 1647 :

“ — my swoon grief, *resolved* in these tears.” STEEVENS.

⁵ Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd

His canon 'gainst self-slaughter !] The generality of the editions read *cannon*, as if the poet's thought were, Or that the Almighty had not planted his artillery, or arms of vengeance, against self-murder. But the word which I restored (and which was espoused by the accurate Mr. Hughes, who gave an edition of this play) is the true reading, i. e. *that he had not restrained suicide by his express law and peremptory prohibition*. THEOBALD.

There are yet those who suppose the old reading to be the true one, as they say the word *fixed* seems to decide very strongly in its favour. I would advise such to recollect Virgil's expression :

— *fixit leges pretio, atque refixit*. STEEVENS.

If the true reading wanted any support, it might be found in *Cymbeline* :

“ — 'gainst self-slaughter

“ There is a *prohibition* so divine,

“ That cravens my weak hand.”

In Shakspeare's time *canon* (*norma*) was commonly spelt *cannon*.

MALONE.

⁶ — merely] is entirely. MALONE.

⁷ So excellent a king ; that was, to this,

Hyperion to a satyr :] Hyperion or Apollo is represented in all the ancient statues, &c. as exquisitely beautiful, the satyrs hideously ugly.— Shakspeare may surely be pardoned for not attending to the quantity of Latin names, here and in *Cymbeline* ; when we find Henry Parrot, the authour of a collection of epigrams printed in 1613, to which a Latin preface is prefixed, writing thus :

“ *Posthūmus*, not the last of many more,

“ Asks why I write in such an idle vaine,” &c.

Laquei ridiculosi, or Springes for Woodcocks, 16mo. sign. c. 3. MALONE.

All our English poets are guilty of the same false quantity, and call Hyperion Hypëron ; at least the only instance I have met with to the contrary, is in the old play of *Fuimus Troes*, 1633 :

“ — Blow, gentle Africus,

“ Play on our poops, when Hypëron's son

“ Shall couch in west.” STEEVENS.

That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
 Visit her face too roughly⁸. Heaven and earth !
 Must I remember ? why, she would hang on him,
 As if increase of appetite had grown
 By what it fed on : And yet, within a month,—
 Let me not think on't ;—Frailty, thy name is woman !—
 A little month ; or ere those shoes were old,
 With which she followed my poor father's body,
 Like Niobe, all tears⁹ ;—why she, even she,—

⁸ *That he might not beteem the winds of heaven*

Visit her face too roughly.] This passage ought to be a perpetual memento to all future editors and commentators to proceed with the utmost caution in emendation, and never to discard a word from the text, merely because it is not the language of the present day.

Mr. Hughes or Mr. Rowe, supposing the text to be unintelligible, for *beteem* boldly substituted *permitted*. Mr. Theobald, in order to favour his own emendation, stated untruly that *all* the old copies which he had seen, read *beteene*, and with great plausibility proposed to read,

That he might not let e'en the winds of heaven, &c.

This emendation appearing uncommonly happy, was adopted by all the subsequent editors. But without necessity ; for the reading of the first quarto, 1604, and indeed of all the subsequent quartos, *beteeme*, is no corruption, but a word of Shakspeare's age ; and accordingly it is now once more restored to the text. It is used by Golding in his translation of the tenth book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, 4to. 1587 :

" The king of Gods did burne ere while in love of Ganymede,
 " The Phrygian ; and the thing was found which Jupiter, that fled,
 " Had rather be than what he was ; yet could he not *beteeme*
 " The shape of any other bird than eagle for to seeme."

Rex superum Phrygii quondam Ganymedis amore
 Arsit ; et inventum est aliquid quod Jupiter esse,
 Quam quod erat, mallet ; *nullâ tamen alite verti*
Dignatur, nisi quæ possit sua fulmina ferre.

In the folio the word is corruptly printed *beteene*. The rhyme in Golding's verses proves that the reading of the original quarto is the true one. Golding manifestly uses the word in the sense of *endure*.

We find a sentiment similar to that before us, in Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1603 :

" ——— she had a lord,

" Jealous that air should ravish her chaste looks." MALONE.

So, in the Enterlude of the *Lyfe and Repentaunce of Marie Magdalaine*, &c. by Lewis Wager, 1567 :

" But evermore they were unto me very tender,

" They would not suffer the wynde on me to blowe."

STEEVENS.

⁹ *Like Niobe, all tears ;*] Shakspeare might have caught this idea from an ancient ballad entitled " The falling out of lovers is the renewing of love :"

" Now I, like weeping *Niobe*,

" May wash my hands in tears."

Of this ballad *Amantium iræ*, &c. is the burden. STEEVENS.

K 2

O heaven !

O heaven! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
 Would have mourn'd longer,—marry'd with my uncle,
 My father's brother; but no more like my father,
 Than I to Hercules: Within a month;
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
 Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
 She marry'd:—O most wicked speed, to post
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
 It is not, nor it cannot come to, good:
 But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue!

Enter HORATIO, BERNARDO, and MARCELLUS.

Hor. Hail to your lordship!

Ham. I am glad to see you well:

Horatio,—or I do forget myself?

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you¹.

And what make you² from Wittenberg, Horatio?—
 Marcellus?

Mar. My good lord,—

Ham. I am very glad to see you; good even, sir³.—
 But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so;
 Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
 'To make it truster of your own report
 Against yourself: I know, you are no truant.
 But what is your affair in Elsinore?

We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;
 I think, it was to see my mother's wedding.

¹ — *I'll change that name—*] I'll be your servant, you shall be my friend. JOHNSON.

² — *what make you—*] A familiar phrase for *what are you doing*.

³ — *good even, sir.*] So the copies. Sir Th. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton put it, *good morning*. The alteration is of no importance, but all licence is dangerous. There is no need of any change. Between the first and eighth scene of this act it is apparent, that a natural day must pass, and how much of it is already over, there is nothing that can determine. The king has held a council. It may now as well be *evening* as *morning*. JOHNSON.

Hor.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd meats⁴
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

'Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven⁵,

Or ever⁶ I had seen that day, Horatio!—

My father,—Methinks, I see my father.

Hor. Where, my lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye⁷, Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once, he was a goodly king.

⁴ —the funeral bak'd meats—] It was anciently the general custom to give a cold entertainment to mourners at a funeral. In distant counties this practice is continued among the yeomanry. See *The Tragique Historie of the Faire Valeria of London*, 1598. "His corpes was with funerall pompe conveyed to the church, and there solemnly enterred, nothing omitted which necessitie or custom could claime; a sermon, a banquet, and like observations. Again, in the old romance of *Syr Degore*, bl. l. no date:

"A great *feaste* would he holde

"Upon his quenes mornynge day,

"That was buryed in an abbay." COLLINS.

See also Hayward's *Life and Raigne of King Henrie the Fourth*, 4to. 1599, p. 135: "Then hee [King Richard II.] was conveyed to Langley Abby in Buckinghamshire,—and there obscurely interred,—without the charge of a dinner for celebrating the funeral." MALONE.

⁵ —my dearest foe—] *Dearest*, for *direst*, most dreadful, most dangerous. JOHNSON.

Dearest is most immediate, consequential, important. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"—— a ring that I must use

"In *dear* employment."

Again, in B. and Fletcher's *Maid in the Mill*:

"You meet your *dearest* enemy in love,

"With all his hate about him." STEEVENS:

See Vol. XII. MALONE.

⁶ Or ever—] Thus the quarto, 1604. The folio reads—*ere* ever. This is not the only instance in which a familiar phraseology has been substituted for one more ancient, in that valuable copy. MALONE.

⁷ In my mind's eye,] This expression occurs again in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"—— himself behind

"Was left unseen, save to the eye of *mind*."

Ben Jonson has borrowed it in his Masque called *Love's Triumph through Callipolis*:

"As only by the *mind's eye* may be seen."

Telemachus lamenting the absence of Ulysses, is represented in like manner:

Ὅσσομένους πατέρ' ἰσθλὸν ἐν φρεσίν,—

STEEVENS.

This expression occurs again in our authour's 113th Sonnet:

"Since I left you, mine eye is in my *mind*." MALONE.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again ⁸.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw! who?

Hor. My lord, the king your father.

Ham. The king my father!

Hor. Season your admiration ⁹ for a while
With an attent ear ¹; till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. For God's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waist and middle of the night ²,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
Armed at point ³, exactly, cap-à-pé,
Appears before them, and, with solemn march,
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd,
By their oppress'd and fear-surprized eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd

⁸ *I shall not look upon his like again.*] Mr. Holt proposes to read from Sir Thomas Stumwell, Bart. of Upton, near Northampton:

"Eye shall not look upon his like again;" and thinks it is more in the true spirit of Shakspeare than the other. So, in *Stowe's Chronicle*, p. 746: "In the greatest pomp that ever eye behelde." Again, in *Sandy's Travels*, p. 150: "We went this day through the most pregnant and pleasant valley that ever eye beheld."

STEEVENS.

⁹ *Season your admiration—*] That is, temper it. JOHNSON.

¹ *With an attent ear,*] Spenser, as well as our poet, uses *attent* for *attentive*. MALONE.

² *In the dead waist and middle of the night,*] This strange phraseology seems to have been common in the time of Shakspeare. By *waist* is meant nothing more than *middle*; and hence the epithet *dead* did not appear incongruous to our poet. So, in Marston's *Malecontent*, 1604:

"'Tis now about the immodest *waist* of night." i. e. midnight.

Again, in *The Puritan*, a comedy, 1607:—"ere the day be spent to the girdle,"—

In the old copies the word is spelt *waist*, as it is in the second act, sc. ii. "then you live about her *waist*, or in the middle of her favours." The same spelling is found in *K. Lear*, Act IV. sc. vi. "Down from the *waist*, they are centaurs." See also Minshew's Dict. 1617: "*Waist*, *miadle*, or girdle-steed." We have the same pleonasm in another line in this play:

"And given my heart a working mute and dumb."

All the modern editors read—In the dead *waiste*, &c. MALONE.

³ *Armed at point,*] Thus the quarto, 1604. Folio: *Arm'd at all points*. MALONE.

Almost

Almost to jelly with the act of fear⁴,
 Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me
 In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
 And I with them, the third night, kept the watch:
 Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
 Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
 The apparition comes: I knew your father;
 These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My lord, I did;

But answer made it none: yet once, methought,
 It lifted up its head, and did address
 Itself to motion, like as it would speak:
 But, even then, the morning cock crew loud;
 And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
 And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;
 And we did think it writ down in our duty,
 To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, firs, but this troubles me.
 Hold you the watch to-night?

All. We do, my lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

All. Arm'd, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face.

Hor. O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up⁵.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?

⁴ —with the act of fear,] *Fear* was the cause, the active cause, that *disfil'd* them by that force of operation which we strictly call *act* in voluntary, and *power* in involuntary, agents, but popularly call *act* in both. JOHNSON.

The folio reads—*bestil'd*. STEEVENS.

⁵ —wore his beaver up.] Though *beaver* properly signified that part of the helmet which was *let down*, to enable the wearer to drink, Shakespeare always uses the word as denoting that part of the helmet which, when raised up, exposed the face of the wearer; and such was the popular signification of the word in his time. In Bullokar's *English Expositor*, 8vo. 1616, *beaver* is defined thus: "In armour it signifies that part of the helmet which may be *lifted up*, to take breath the more freely." MALONE.

Hor. A countenance more
In forrow than in anger.
Ham. Pale, or red?
Hor. Nay, very pale.
Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?
Hor. Most constantly.
Ham. I would, I had been there.
Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.
Ham. Very like,

Very like: Stay'd it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haste
Might tell a hundred.

Mar. Ber. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw it.

Ham. His beard was grizzl'd? no?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd⁶.

Ham. I will watch to-night;
Perchance, 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant, it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable⁷ in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your loves: So, fare you well:
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour.

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: Farewel.

[*Exeunt HOR. MAR. and BER.*]

My father's spirit in arms!⁸ all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: would the night were come!
Till then sit still, my soul: Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them to men's eyes.

[*Exit.*]

⁶ *A sable silver'd.*] So in our poet's 12th sonnet:

"And sable curls, all silver'd o'er with white." MALONE.

⁷ *Let it be tenable—*] So the quarto, 1604. Folio:—*treble*.

MALONE.

⁸ *My father's spirit in arms!*] From what went before, I once hinted
to Mr. Garrick, that these words might be spoken in this manner:

My father's spirit! in arms! all is not well. WHALLEY.

SCENE III.

*A Room in Polonius' House.**Enter LAERTES, and OPHELIA.*

Laer. My necessities are embark'd; farewell:
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute⁹;
No more.

Oph. No more but so?

Laer. Think it no more:
For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews¹, and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you now;
And now no foil, nor cautel, doth besmirch²
The virtue of his will: but, you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;

⁹ *The perfume and suppliance of a minute;*] The words *perfume and*, which are found in the quarto, 16c4, were omitted in the folio.

MALONE.

The perfume and *suppliance* of a minute; i. e. what is supplied to us for a minute. The idea seems to be taken from the short duration of vegetable perfumes. STEEVENS.

¹ *In thews,*] i. e. in sinews, muscular strength. STEEVENS.

² *And now no foil, nor cautel, &c.*] *Cautel* is subtlety, or deceit. Minshew in his Dictionary, 1617, defines it, "A crafty way to deceive." The word is again used by Shakspeare in *A Lover's Complaint*:

"In him a plenitude of subtle matter,

"Applied to *cautels*, all strange forms receives." MALONE.

So, in the second part of Greene's *Art of Cony-catching*, 1592:
"—and their subtil *cautels* to amend the statute." *To amend the statute* was the cant phrase for evading the law. STEEVENS.

Virtue seems here to comprise both *excellence* and *power*, and may be explained the *pure effect*. JOHNSON.

For he himself is subject to his birth* :
 He may not, as unvalued persons do,
 Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
 The safety and the health of the whole state³;
 And therefore must his choice be circumscribed
 Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
 Whereof he is the head: Then if he says, he loves you,
 It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
 As in his particular act and place
 May give his saying deed⁴; which is no further,
 Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
 Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
 If with too credent ear you list his songs;
 Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure open
 To his unmaster'd⁵ importunity.
 Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
 And keep you in the rear of your affection⁶,
 Out of the shot and danger of desire.
 The chariest maid⁷ is prodigal enough,
 If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
 Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes:
 The canker galls the infants of the spring,
 Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd;
 And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
 Contagious blastments are most imminent.
 Be wary then: best safety lies in fear;
 Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

* *For he himself, &c.*] This line is not in the quarto. MALONE.

³ *The safety and the health of the whole state;*] Thus the quarto, 1604, except that it has—*this* whole state, and the second *the* is inadvertently omitted. The folio reads:

The *sanctity* and health of the whole state.

This is another proof of arbitrary alterations being sometimes made in the folio. The editor, finding the metre defective, in consequence of the article being omitted before *health*, instead of supplying it, for *safety* substituted a word of three syllables. MALONE.

⁴ *May give his saying deed;*] So, in *Timon of Athens*:—"the deed of saying is quite out of use." Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue." MALONE.

⁵ —*unmaster'd*—] i. e. *licentious*. JOHNSON.

⁶ —*keep you in the rear, &c.*] That is, do not advance so far as your affection would lead you. JOHNSON.

⁷ *The chariest maid*—] *Chary* is cautious. So, in Greene's *Never too late*, 1616: "Love requires not chastity, but that her soldiers be *chary*." Again: "She liveth chaste enough, that liveth *charily*."

STEVENS.

Opb. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep
As watchman to my heart: But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Shew me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read⁸.

Laer. O, fear me not.
I stay too long;—But here my father comes.

Enter POLONIUS.

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame;
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail⁹,
And you are staid for: There,—my blessing with you;
[*laying his hand on Laertes' head.*]

And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou charácter¹. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption try'd,

⁸ — recks not his own read.] That is, heeds not his own lessons.

POPE.

So, in *Hycke Scorners*;

“ — I reck not a feder.” STEEVENS.

Read is counsel. MALONE.

So the *Old Proverb* on the *Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

“ Take heed, is a good reed.” STEEVENS.

So *Sternhold*, *Psalms* i.

“ That hath not lent

“ To wicked rede his ear. BLACKSTONE.

⁹ — the shoulder of your sail,] This is a common sea phrase.

STEEVENS.

¹ And these few precepts in thy memory

Look thou charácter.] i. e. write; strongly infix. The same phrase
is again used by our authour in his 122d Sonnet:

“ — thy tables are within my brain

“ Full charácter'd with lasting memory.”

Again, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“ — I do conjure thee,

“ Who art the table wherein all my thoughts

“ Are visibly charácter'd and engrav'd.” MALONE.

Grapple

Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel²;
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
 Of each new-hatch'd unfledg'd comrade³. Beware
 Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
 Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.
 Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
 Take each man's censure⁴, but reserve thy judgment.
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
 But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
 And they in France, of the best rank and station,
 Are of a most select and generous chief, in that⁵.

Neither

² *Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;*] The old copies read —with *hoops* of steel. I have no doubt that this was a corruption in the original quarto of 1604, arising, like many others, from similitude of sounds. The emendation, which was made by Mr. Pope, and adopted by three subsequent editors, is strongly supported by the word *grapple*. See Minshew's *Dictionary*, 1617: "To *hook* or *grapple*, viz. to grapple and to board a ship."

A *grapple* is an instrument with several *books* to lay hold of a ship, in order to board it.

This correction is also justified by our poet's 137th sonnet:

"Why of eyes' falshood hast thou forged *books*,

"Whereto the judgment of my heart is ty'd?"

It may be also observed, that *books* are sometimes made of steel, but *hoops* never. MALONE.

³ *But do not dull thy palm with entertainment*

Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade.] The literal sense is, *Do not make thy palm callous by shaking every man by the hand.* The figurative meaning may be, *Do not by promiscuous conversation make thy mind insensible to the difference of characters.* JOHNSON.

⁴ —each man's censure,] *Censure* is opinion. STEEVENS.

⁵ *Are of a most select and generous chief, in that.*] Thus the quarto, 1604, and the folio, except that in that copy the word *chief* is spelt *cheff*. The substantive *chief*, which signifies in heraldry the upper part of the shield, appears to have been in common use in Shakspeare's time, being found in Minshew's *Dictionary*, 1617. He defines it thus: "*Est superior et scuti nobilior pars; tertiam partem ejus obtinet; ante Christi adventum dabatur in maximi bonoris signum senatoribus et boneratis viris.*" B. Jonson has used the word in his *Poetaster*.

The meaning then seems to be, *They in France approve themselves of a most select and generous escutcheon by their dress.* *Generous* is used with the signification of *generousus*. So, in *Othello*: "The generous islanders," &c.

Chief, however, may have been used as a substantive, for *note* or *estimation*, without any allusion to heraldry, though the word was perhaps originally *heraldick*. So, in Bacon's *Colours of good and evil*, 1610. 1597: "In the warmer climates the people are generally more wise, but in the northern climates the wits of *chief* are greater." MALONE. 11

Neither a borrower, nor a lender be :
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend ;
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry ⁶.
 This above all,—To thine ownself be true ;
 And it must follow, as the night the day ⁷,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.
 Farewell ; my blessing season this in thee ⁸ !

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Pol. The time invites you ⁹ ; go, your servants tend ¹.

Laer. Farewell, Ophelia ; and remember well
 What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
 And you yourself shall keep the key of it ².

Laer. Farewel.

[*Exit LAERTES.*]

Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you ?

Oph. So please you, something touching the lord
 Hamlet.

If *chief* in this sense had not been familiarly understood, the editor of the folio must have considered the line as unintelligible, and would have probably omitted the words—*of a* in the beginning of it, or attempted some other correction. That not having been done, I have adhered to the old copies.

Our poet from various passages in his works, appears to have been accurately acquainted with all the terms of heraldry. MALONE.

⁶ —*of husbandry.*] i. e. of thrift ; æconomical prudence.

MALONE.

⁷ *And it must follow, as the night the day,*] So, in the 145th Sonnet of Shakspeare :

" That follow'd it as gentle day

" *Doth follow night,*" &c. STEEVENS.

⁸ —*my blessing season this in thee !*] Infix it in such a manner as that it may never wear out. JOHNSON.

So, in the mock tragedy represented before the king :

" — who in want a hollow friend doth try,

" *Directly seasons him his enemy.*" STEEVENS.

⁹ *The time invites you ;—*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1604, reads—*The time invests you* : which Mr. Theobald preferred, supposing that it meant, " the time *besieges*, presses upon you on every side." But to *invest*, in Shakspeare's time, only signified, to clothe, or to give possession. MALONE.

Either reading may serve. Macbeth says,

" I go, and it is done ; the bell *invites* me." STEEVENS.

¹ —*your servants tend.*] i. e. your servants are waiting for you.

JOHNSON.

² —*yourself shall keep the key of it.*] The meaning is, that your counsels are as sure of remaining locked up in my memory, as if you yourself carried the key of it. So, in *Northward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607 : " You shall close it up like treasure of your own, and yourself *shall keep the key of it.*" STEEVENS.

Pol.

Pol. Marry, well bethought :
 'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
 Given private time to you ; and you yourself
 Have of your audience been most free and bounteous :
 If it be so, (as so 'tis put on me,
 And that in way of caution,) I must tell you,
 You do not understand yourself so clearly,
 As it behoves my daughter, and your honour :
 What is between you ? give me up the truth.

Opb. He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
 Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection ? puh ! you speak like a green girl,
 Unsifted in such perilous circumstance ³.
 Do you believe his tenders, as you call them ?

Opb. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you : think yourself a baby ;
 That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
 Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly ;
 Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
 Wronging it thus,) you'll tender me a fool ⁴.

Opb.

³ Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.] Unsifted, for untried. Untried signifies either not tempted, or not refined ; unsifted signifies the latter only, though the sense requires the former. WARBURTON.

I do not think that the sense requires us to understand untempted. " Unsifted in," &c. means, I think, one who has not nicely canvassed and examined the peril of her situation. MALONE.

⁴ — Tender yourself more dearly ;

Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,

Wronging it thus,) you'll tender me a fool.] I have followed the punctuation of the first quarto, 1604, where the parenthesis is extended to the word *thus*, to which word the context in my apprehension clearly shews it should be carried. " Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase, playing upon it, and abusing it thus,)" &c. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece* :

" To wrong the wronger, till he render right."

The quarto, by the mistake of the compositor, reads—*Wrong* it thus. The folio, *Roaming* it thus. The correction was made by Mr. Pope.

MALONE.

I believe the word *wronging* has reference, not to the phrase, but to Ophelia : if you go on *wronging it thus*, that is, *if you continue to go on thus wrong*. This is a mode of speaking perhaps not very grammatical, but very common ; nor have the best writers refused it.

To sinner it or saint it,

is in Pope. And Rowe,

— Thus to coy it,

With one who knows you too.

The

Oph. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to⁵.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech, my
lord,

With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks⁶. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter⁷,
Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a making,—
You must not take for fire. From this time,
Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence;
Set your entreatments⁸ at a higher rate,
Than a command to parley. For lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, That he is young;
And with a larger tether⁹ may he walk,
Than may be given you: In few, Ophelia,

The folio has it,—roaming it thus,—That is, letting yourself loose, to
such improper liberty. But wronging seems to be more proper.

JOHNSON.

—Tender yourself more dearly;] To tender is to regard with affection.
So, in *King Richard III.*

“ ——— And so betide me,

“ As well I tender you and all of yours.”

Again, in *The Maydes Metamorphosis* by Lily, 1601:

“ — if you account us for the same

“ That tender thee, and love Apollo's name.” MALONE.

⁵ — fashion you may call it:—] She uses *fashion* for manner, and he
for a transient practice. JOHNSON.

⁶ — springes to catch woodcocks.] A proverbial saying.

“ Every woman has a springe to catch a woodcock.” STEEVENS.

⁷ These blazes, daughter,] Some epithet to blazes was probably
omitted, by the carelessness of the transcriber or compositor, in the first
quarto, in consequence of which the metre is defective. MALONE.

⁸ Set your entreatments—] Entreatments here means company, conver-
sation, from the French *entretien*. JOHNSON.

Entreatments, I rather think, means the objects of entreaty; the fa-
vours for which lovers sue. In the next scene we have a word of a simi-
lar formation:

“ As if it some impartment did desire,” &c. MALONE.

⁹ — larger tether—] Tether is that string by which an animal, set
to graze in grounds uninclosed, is confined within the proper limits.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Green's Card of Fancy*, 1601: “ To tie the ape and the bear
in one tether.” Tether is a string by which any animal is fastened, whe-
ther for the sake of feeding or the air. STEEVENS.

Do

Do not believe his vows : for they are brokers¹
 Not of that dye which their investments shew,
 But mere implorators of unholy suits,
 Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds²,
 The better to beguile. This is for all,—
 I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
 Have you so slander any moment's leisure³,
 As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.
 Look to't, I charge you ; come your ways.

Oph. I shall obey, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ *Do not believe his vows, for they are brokers,]* A broker in old English meant a *barred* or *pimp*. See the Glossary to Gawin Douglass's translation of Virgil. So, in *K. John* :

"This *barred*, this *broker*," &c.

See also Vol. XII. In our authour's *Lower's Complaint* we again meet with the same expression, applied in the same manner :

"Know, *vows* are ever *brokers* to defiling." MALONE.

² *Breathing, like sanctified and pious bonds,]* For *bonds* Mr. Theobald substituted *barred* ; but the old reading is undoubtedly the true one. Do not, says Polonius, believe his vows, for they are merely uttered for the purpose of persuading you to yield to a criminal passion, though they appear only the genuine effusions of pure and lawful affection, and assume the semblance of those sacred engagements entered into at the altar of wedlock. The *bonds* here in our poet's thoughts were *bonds of love*. So, in his 142d Sonnet :

"——— those lips of thine,

"That have profan'd their scarlet ornaments,

"And seal'd false *bonds of love*, as oft as mine."

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice* :

"O, ten times faster Venus pigeons fly,

"To seal *love's bonds* new made, than they are wont

"To keep obliged faith unforfeited."

"Sanctified and pious bonds," are the *true bonds of love*, or, as our poet has elsewhere expressed it,

"A contract and eternal bond of love."

Dr. Warburton certainly misunderstood this passage. His comment, which has been received in all the late editions is this : "Do not believe, (says Polonius,) Hamlet's amorous vows made to you ; which pretend religion in them, (*the better to beguile*,) like those sanctified and pious vows made to *heaven*." And why, he triumphantly asks, "may not this pass without suspicion ?" If he means his own comment, the answer is, because it is not perfectly accurate. MALONE.

³ *I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,*

Have you so slander any moment's leisure,] Polonius says, in plain terms, that is, not in language less elevated or embellished than before, but in terms that cannot be misunderstood : *I would not have you so disgrace your most idle moments, as not to find better employment for them than lord Hamlet's conversation.* JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

The Platform.

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly ; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air⁴.

Ham. What hour now ?

Hor. I think, it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hor. Indeed ? I heard it not ; it then draws near the season.

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[*A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off, within.*
What does this mean, my lord ?

Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse⁵,

Keeps wassel⁶, and the swaggering up-spring⁷ reels ;

And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,

The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out

The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom ?

Ham. Ay, marry, is't :

But to my mind,—though I am native here,

And to the manner born,—it is a custom

⁴ — *an eager air.*] That is, a sharp air, *aigre*, Fr. So, in a subsequent scene :

“ And curd, like *eager* droppings into milk.” MALONE.

⁵ — *takes his rouse.*] A rouse is a large dose of liquor, a debauch. So, in *Othello* : “ — they have given me a *rouse* already.”

It should seem from the following passage in Decker's *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609, that the word *rouse* was of Danish extraction. “ Teach me, thou sovereigne skinker, how to take the German's upsy freeze, the *Danish rouser*, the Switzer's stoop of rhenish,” &c. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Keeps wassel.*—] Devotes the night to intemperance. MALONE.

⁷ — *the swaggering up-spring.*—] The blustering upstart. JOHNSON. It appears from the following passage in *Alphonse Emperor of Germany*, by Chapman, that the *up-spring* was a German dance :

“ We Germans have no changes in our dances ;

“ An *almain* and an *up-spring*, that is all.”

Spring was anciently the name of a tune. STEEVENS:

More

More honour'd in the breach, than the observance.
 This heavy-headed revel, east and west⁸,
 Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations :
 They clepe us, drunkards, and with swinish phrase
 Soil our addition; and, indeed it takes
 From our atchievements, though perform'd at height,
 The pith and marrow of our attribute⁹.
 So, oft it chances in particular men,
 That, for some vicious mole of nature in them,
 As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,
 Since nature cannot choose his origin¹,)
 By the o'er-growth of some complexion²,
 Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason ;
 Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
 The form of plaufive manners³ ;—that these men,—
 Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect ;

⁸ *This heavy-headed revel, east and west, &c.] This heavy-headed revel makes us traduced east and west, and taxed of other nations.*

JOHNSON.

By *east and west*, as Mr. Edwards has observed, is meant, throughout the world ; *from one end of it to the other*.—This and the following twenty one lines have been restored from the quarto. MALONE.

⁹ *The pith and marrow of our attribute.]* The best and most valuable part of the praise that would be otherwise attributed to us. JOHNSON.

¹ *That, for some vicious mole of nature in them,
 As in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,*

Since nature cannot choose his origin,] We have the same sentiment in *The Rape of Lucrece* :

“ For marks descried in men's nativity

“ Are nature's fault, not their own infamy.”

Mr. Theobald, without necessity, altered *mole* to *mould*. The reading of the old copies is fully supported by a passage in *King John* :

“ Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks.” MALONE.

² — complexion,] *i. e.* humour ; as sanguine, melancholy, phlegmatic, &c. WARBURTON.

The quarto 1604 for *the* has *their* ; as a few lines lower it has *his* virtues, instead of *their* virtues. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

³ — *that too much o'er-leavens*

The form of plaufive manners :] That intermingles too much with their manners ; infects and corrupts them. See Vol. XIII. p. 78, n. 2. *Plaufive* in our poet's age signified gracious, pleasing, popular. So, in another play :

“ — his *plaufive* words

“ He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,

“ To grow there, and to bear.”

Plaufible, in which sense *Plaufive* is here used, is defined by Cawdrey in his *Alphabetical Table*, &c. 1604, “ *Pleasng*, or received joyfully and willingly.” MALONE.

Being

Being nature's livery, or fortune's star⁴,—
 Their virtues else (be they as pure as grace,
 As infinite as man may undergo⁵,)
 Shall in the general censure take corruption
 From that particular fault: The dram of base
 Doth all the noble substance of worth dout,
 To his own scandal⁶.

Enter

⁴ — or fortune's star,] Some accidental blemish, the consequence of the overgrowth of some complexion or humour allotted to us by fortune at our birth, or some vicious habit accidentally acquired afterwards.

Theobald, plausibly enough, would read—fortune's scar. The emendation may be supported by a passage in *Anthony and Cleopatra*:

"The scars upon your honour therefore he

"Does pity as constrained blemishes,

"Not as deserv'd." MALONE.

⁵ As infinite as man may undergo.] As large as can be accumulated upon man. JOHNSON.

⁶ — The dram of base

Doth all the noble substance of worth dout,

To his own scandal.] The quarto, where alone this passage is found, exhibits it thus:

— the dram of eale

Doth all the noble substance of a doubt,

To his own scandal.

To *dout*, as I have already observed in a note on *King Henry V.* signified in Shakspeare's time, and yet signifies in Devonshire and other western counties, to *do out*, to efface, to extinguish. Thus they say, "*dout* the candle, *dout* the fire," &c. It is exactly formed in the same manner as *don*, (or *do on*,) which occurs so often in the writings of our poet and his contemporaries.

I have no doubt that the corruption of the text arose in the following manner. *Dout*, which I have now printed in the text, having been written by the mistake of the transcriber, *doubt*, and the word *worth* having been inadvertently omitted, the line, in the copy that went to the press, stood,

Doth all the noble substance of *doubt*,—

The editor or printer of the quarto copy, finding the line too short, and thinking *doubt* must want an article, inserted it, without attending to the context; and instead of correcting the erroneous, and supplying the true word, printed—

Doth all the noble substance of a *doubt*, &c.

The very same error has happened in *K. Henry V.*

"That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,

"And *doubt* them with superfluous courage:"

where *doubt* is again printed instead of *dout*.

That *worth* (which was supplied first by Mr. Theobald,) was the word omitted originally in the hurry of transcription, may be fairly collected from a passage in *Cymbeline*, which fully justifies the correction made:

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes !

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us !—

De

“ — Is she with Posthumus ?

“ From whose so many weights of *baseness* cannot

“ A *dram of worth* be drawn.”

This passage also adds support to the correction of the word *eale* in the first of these lines, which was likewise made by Mr. Theobald.—*Eale* is used substantively for *baseness* : a practice not uncommon in Shakspeare. So, in *Measure for Measure* :

“ Say what thou canst, my *false* outweighs your *true*.”

Shakspeare, however, might have written—The *dram of ill*. This is nearer the corrupted word *eale*, but the passage in *Cymbeline* is in favour of the other emendation.

The meaning of the passage thus corrected is, The smallest particle of vice so blemishes the whole mass of virtue, as to erase from the minds of mankind the recollection of the numerous good qualities possessed by him who is thus blemished by a single stain, and taints his general character.

To his own scandal, means, *so as to reduce the whole mass of worth to its own vicious and unsightly appearance ; to translate his virtue to its likeness of vice.*

His for its, is so common in Shakspeare, that every play furnishes us with examples. So, in a subsequent scene in this play :—“ than the force of honesty can translate beauty into *his* likeness.”

Again, in another play :

“ When every feather sticks in *his* own wing,—.”

Again, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* :

“ Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,

“ To take from thence all error with *his* might.”

Again, in *K. Richard II.*

“ That it may shew me what a face I have,

“ Since it is bankrupt of *his* majesty.”

So, in *Grim, the Collier of Croydon* :

“ Contented life, that gives the heart *his* ease,—.”

We meet with a sentiment somewhat similar to that before us, in *K. Henry IV. P. I.*

“ — oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,

“ Defect of manners, want of government,

“ Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain ;

“ The *least of which*, haunting a nobleman,

“ Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a *stain*

“ Upon the beauty of all parts besides,

“ Beguiling them of commendation.” MALONE.

7 *Angels and ministers of grace defend us !*] Hamlet's speech to the apparition of his father seems to me to consist of three parts. When first he sees the spectre, he fortifies himself with an invocation :

Angels

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd⁸,
 Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
 Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
 Thou com'st in such a questionable shape⁹,
 That I will speak to thee; I'll call thee, Hamlet,
 King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me:
 Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell,
 Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
 Have burst their cerements¹! why the sepulchre,

Wherein

Angels and ministers of grace defend us!

As the spectre approaches, he deliberates with himself, and determines, that whatever it be he will venture to address it.

*Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
 Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
 Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
 Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
 That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee," &c.*

This he says while his father is advancing; he then, as he had determined, speaks to him, and calls him—*Hamlet, King, Father, Royal Dane:* ob! answer me. JOHNSON.

⁸ *Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd, &c.*] So, in *Acolastus* in *After-suit*, 1600:

"Art thou a god, a man, or else a ghost?
 "Com'st thou from heaven, where bliss and solace dwell?
 "Or from the airie cold-engendring coast?
 "Or from the darksome dungeon-hold of hell?"

The first known edition of this play is in 1604. STEEVENS.

⁹ *—questionable shape,*] By *questionable* is meant provoking question.

HANMER.

So, in *Macbeth*:

Live you, or are you aught

That man may question? JOHNSON.

Questionable, I believe means only *propitious to conversation, easy and willing to be conversed with*. So, in *As you like it*: "An unquestionable spirit, which you have not." *Unquestionable* in this last instance certainly signifies *unwilling to be talked to*. STEEVENS.

Questionable perhaps only means *capable of being conversed with*. *To question*, certainly in our authour's time signified *to converse*. So, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:

"For after supper long he questioned

"With modest Lucrece—."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"Out of our question wipe him."

See also Vol XIII. p. 332, n. 1. MALONE.

¹ ——— tell,

*Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
 Have burst their cerements!*] Hamlet, amazed at an apparition, which, though in all ages credited, has in all ages been considered as the most wonderful and most dreadful operation of supernatural agency, enquires

Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd²,
 Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
 To cast thee up again? What may this mean,
 That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel³,
 Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
 Making night hideous; and we fools of nature⁴
 So horribly to shake our disposition⁵,
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
 Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

enquires of the spectre, in the most emphatick terms, why he breaks the order of nature, by returning from the dead; this he asks in a very confused circumlocution, confounding in his fright the soul and body. Why, says he, have *thy bones*, which with due ceremonies have been intombed in death, in the common state of departed mortals, burst the folds in which they were embalmed? Why has the tomb, in which we saw thee quietly laid, opened his mouth, that mouth which, by its weight and stability, seemed closed for ever? The whole sentence is this: *Why dost thou appear, whom we know to be dead?* JOHNSON.

By *bearfed in death*, the poet seems to mean, *reposed and confined in the place of the dead*. In his *Rape of Lucrece* he has again used this uncommon participle in nearly the same sense:

"Thy sea within a puddle's womb is *bearfed*,

"And not the puddle in thy sea dispersed." MALONE.

By the expression *bearfed in death* is meant, shut up and secured with all those precautions which are usually practised in preparing dead bodies for sepulture, such as the winding-sheet, shroud, coffin, &c. perhaps embalming into the bargain. So that *death* is here used, by a metonymy of the antecedent for the consequents, for the rites of death, such as are generally esteemed due, and practised with regard to dead bodies. Consequently, I understand by *cerements*, the waxed winding-sheet, or winding-sheets, in which the corpse was enclosed and sown up, in order to preserve it the longer from external impressions from the humidity of the sepulchre, as embalming was intended to preserve it from internal corruption. HEATH.

² — *quietly in-urn'd*,] The quartos read *interr'd*. STEEVENS.

³ *That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel*,] It is probable that Shakspeare introduced his ghost in armour, that it might appear more solemn by such a discrimination from the other characters; though it was really the custom of the Danish kings to be buried in that manner. Vide *Olaus Wormius*, cap. 7.

"Struem regi nec vestibus, nec odoribus cumulant, *sua cuique arma*, quorundam igni et equis adjicitur."

"— sed postquam magnanimus ille Danorum rex collem sibi magnitudinis conspicuæ extruxisset, (cui post obitum regio diademate exornatum, *armis indutum*, inferendum esset cadaver," &c. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *we fools of nature*—] i. e. making us, who are the sport of nature, whose mysterious operations are beyond the reaches of our souls, &c. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*: "O, I am *fortune's fool*." MALONE.

⁵ — *to shake our disposition*,] *Disposition*, for *frame*. WARBURTON.

Hor.

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action,
It waves you to a more removed ground :
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak ; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear ?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee⁶ ;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself ?
It waves me forth again ;—I'll follow it.

Hor. What, if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his base⁷ into the sea ?
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason⁸,
And draw you into madness ? think of it :
The very place puts toys of desperation⁹,
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still :—

Go on, I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body

⁶ — *pin's fee* ;] The value of a pin. JOHNSON.

⁷ *That beetles o'er his base*—] That *hangs* o'er his base, like what is called a *beetle-brow*. This verb is, I believe, of our authour's coinage.

MALONE.

⁸ — *deprive* your sovereignty, &c.] Dr. Warburton would read *deprave* ; but several proofs are given in the notes to *King Lear* of Shakspeare's use of the word *deprive*, which is the true reading.

STEEVENS.

I believe, *deprive* in this place signifies simply to *take away*.

JOHNSON.

⁹ — *puts toys of desperation*,] *Toys*, for *whims*. WARBURTON.

This and the three following lines are omitted in the folio.

MALONE.

As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve¹.— [Ghost beckons.
Still am I call'd;—unhand me, gentlemen;—

[Breaking from them.
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me²:—
I say, away:—Go on,—I'll follow thee.

[Exeunt Ghost, and HAMLET.

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after:—To what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Hor. Heaven will direct it³.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.

A more remote Part of the Platform.

Re-enter Ghost, and HAMLET.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? speak, I'll go no further.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

¹ *As bardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.*—] Shakspeare has again accented the word *Nemean* in this manner, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

"Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar."

Spenser, however, wrote *Neméan*, *Faery Queene*, B. V. c. i.:

"Into the great Neméan lion's grove."

Our poet's conforming in this instance to Latin prosody was certainly accidental, for he and almost all the poets of his time disregarded the quantity of Latin names. So, in *Locrine*, 1595, (though undoubtedly the production of a scholar,) we have *Amphion* instead of *Amphion*, &c. See also p. 194, n. 7. MALONE.

² — *that lets me:*] *To let* among our old authours signifies to prevent, to hinder. STEEVENS.

So, in *No Wit like a Woman's*, a comedy by Middleton, 1657:

"That lets her not to be your daughter now." MALONE.

³ *Heaven will direct it.*] Marcellus answers Horatio's question, "To what issue will this come?" and Horatio also answers it himself, with a pious resignation, "Heaven will direct it." BLACKSTONE.

Ghost.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night;
And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires⁴,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away⁵. But that I am forbid

To

⁴ *Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,*

And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,] Chaucer has a similar passage with regard to the punishments of hell. *Parson's Tale*, p. 193, Mr. Urquhart's edition: "And moreover the misere of hell shall be in defeaute of mete and drinke." SMITH.

Nath, in his *Pierce Penniless's Supplication to the Devil*, 1595, has the same idea: "Whether it be a place of horror, stench, and darkness, where men see meat, but can get none, and are ever thirsty," &c. Before I had read the *Perfones Tale* of Chaucer, I supposed that he meant rather to drop a stroke of satire on sacerdotal luxury, than to give a serious account of the place of future torment. Chaucer, however, is as grave as Shakspeare. So likewise at the conclusion of an ancient pamphlet called *The Wyll of the Dewyll*, bl. l. no date:

"Thou shalt lye in frost and fire

"With sicknesse and hunger;" &c. STEEVENS.

⁵ *Are burnt and purg'd away.*] Gawin Douglas really changes the Platonic hell into the "punition of fauldis in purgatory:" and it is observable, that when the ghost informs Hamlet of his doom there,

"Till the foul crimes, done in his days of nature,

"Are burnt and purg'd away,—

the expression is very similar to the bishop's. I will give you his version as concisely as I can: "It is a nedeful thyng to suffer pains and torment;—Sum in the wyndis, sum under the watter, and in the fire

"uthir sum: thus the mony vices—

"Contrakkit in the corporis be done away

"And purgitt."—*Sixte Book of Encados*, fol. p. 191.

FARMER.

Shakspeare might have found this expression in the *Hyssorie of Hamlet*, bl. let. F. 2. edit. 1608: "He set fire in the four corners of the hal, in such sort, that of all that were as then therein not one escaped away, but were forced to purge their sinnes by fire." MALONE.

Shakspeare talks more like a papist than a platonist; but the language of bishop Douglas is that of a good protestant:

To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
 I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
 Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
 Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres⁶;
 Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
 And each particular hair to stand on end,
 Like quills upon the fretful porcupine⁷:
 But this eternal blazon must not be
 To ears of flesh and blood:—List, list, O list!—
 If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—

Ham. O heaven!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder⁸.

Ham. Murder?

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
 But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

“ ——— Thus the many vices

“ Contract in the corps be done away

“ And purg’d.”

These are the very words of our liturgy in the commendatory prayer for a sick person at the point of departure, in the office for the visitation of the sick: “ — *whatsoever defilements it may have contracted—being purged and done away.*” WHALLEY.

⁶ *Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;*] So, in our poet’s 108th sonnet:

“ How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,

“ In the distraction of this madding fever!” MALONE.

⁷ — *fretful porcupine:*] The quartos read *fearful* porcupine. Either may serve. This animal is at once irascible and timid. The same image occurs in the *Romant of the Rose*, where Chaucer is describing the personage of *danger*:

“ Like sharpe urchons his beere was grow.”

An *urchin* is a hedge-hog. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.*] As a proof that this play was written before 1597, of which the contrary has been asserted by Mr. Holt in Dr. Johnson’s appendix, I must borrow, as usual, from Dr. Farmer. “ Shakspeare is said to have been no extraordinary actor; and that the top of his performance was the Ghost in his own *Hamlet*. Yet this *chef d’œuvre* did not please: I will give you an original stroke at it. Dr. Lodge published in the year 1596 a pamphlet called *Wit’s Miserie, or the World’s Madnesse, discovering the incarnate devils of the age*, quarto. One of these devils is, *Hate-virtue, or sorrow for another man’s good successe*, who, says the doctor, “ is a foule lubber, and looks as pale as the vizard of the *Ghost*, which cried so miserably at the theatre, *Hamlet revenge.*” STEEVENS.

I suspect that this stroke was levelled, not at Shakspeare, but at the performer of the Ghost in an older play on this subject, exhibited before 1589. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare’s plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

Ham.

Ham. Haste me to know it ; that I, with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love⁹,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt ;
And duller should'st thou be than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf¹,
Would'st thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear :
'Tis given out, that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me ; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd : but know, thou noble youth,

⁹ *As meditation, or the thoughts of love,*] This similitude is extremely beautiful. The word *meditation* is consecrated, by the *mystics*, to signify that stretch and flight of mind which aspires to the enjoyment of the supreme good. So that Hamlet, considering with what to compare the swiftness of his revenge, chooses two of the most rapid things in nature, the ardency of divine and human passion, in an *enthusiast* and a *lover*. WARBURTON.

The comment on the word *meditation* is so ingenious, that I hope it is just. JOHNSON.

¹ *And duller should'st thou be than the fat weed*

That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf, &c.] Shakspeare, apparently through ignorance, makes Roman Catholics of these Pagan Dæmons ; and here gives a description of purgatory ; but yet mixes it with the Pagan fable of Lethe's wharf. Whether he did it to insinuate to the zealous Protestants of his time, that the Pagan and Popish purgatory stood both upon the same footing of credibility, or whether it was by the same kind of licentious inadvertence that Michael Angelo brought Charon's bark into his picture of the Last Judgment, is not easy to decide.

WARBURTON.

That roots itself in ease, &c.] Thus the quarto, 1604. The folio reads—"That *rots* itself," &c. I have preferred the reading of the original copy, because to *root itself* is a natural and easy phrase, but "to *rot* itself," not English. Indeed in general the readings of the original copies, when not corrupt, ought in my opinion not to be departed from, without very strong reason. *That roots itself in ease*, means, whose sluggish root is idly extended.

The modern editors read—*Lethe's wharf* ; but the reading of the old copy is right. So, in Sir Aston Cockain's poems, 1658, p. 177.

"—fearing these great actions might die,

"Neglected cast all into *Lethe lake*." MALONE.

Otway has the same thought :

"—like a coarse and useless dunghill weed,

"Fix'd to one spot, and *rot* just as I grow."

The superiority of the reading of the folio is to me apparent : to be in a crescent state (i. e. to *root itself*) affords an idea of activity ; to *rot* better suits with the dullness and inaction to which the Ghost refers. Nevertheless, the accusative case (*itself*) may seem to demand the verb *rots*. STEEVENS.

The serpent, that did sting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown.

Ham. O, my prophetick soul! my uncle?

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit², with traiterous gifts,
(O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen:
O, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven;
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will fate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.
But, soft! methinks, I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be:—Sleeping within mine orchard³,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of curd'd hebenon in a vial⁴,

² — his wit,—] The old copies have *wits*. The subsequent line shews that it was a misprint. MALONE.

³ — mine orchard,] Orchard for garden. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb.” STEEVENS.

⁴ With juice of curd'd hebenon in a vial,] The word here used was more probably designed by a *metathesis*, either of the poet or transcriber, for *hebenon*, that is, *henbane*; of which the most common kind (*hyoscyamus niger*) is certainly *narcotic*, and perhaps, if taken in a considerable quantity, might prove *poisonous*. Galen calls it cold in the third degree; by which in this, as well as *opium*, he seems not to mean an actual coldness, but the power it has of benumbing the faculties. Dioscorides ascribes to it the property of producing madness (*λογικαυτος παρωδης*). These qualities have been confirmed by several cases related in modern observations. In Wepfer we have a good account of the various effects of this root upon most of the members of a convent in Germany, who eat of it for supper by mistake, mixed with succory;—heat in the throat, giddiness, dimness of sight and delirium. *Cicut. Aquatic.* c. 18. GREY.

So, in Drayton's *Barons' Wars*, p. 51.

“The pois'ning *benbane*, and the mandrake drad.”

In Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633, the word is written in a different manner:

“—the blood of Hydra, Lerna's bane,

“The juice of *Hebon*, and Cocytus' breath.” STEEVENS.

And in the porches of mine ears did pour
 The leperous distilment⁵; whose effect
 Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
 That, swift as quick-silver, it courses through
 The natural gates and alleys of the body;
 And, with a sudden vigour, it doth posset
 And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
 The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
 And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
 Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
 All my smooth body.
 Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
 Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd⁶;
 Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin⁷,
 Unhousel'd⁸, disappointed⁹, unanel'd¹;

No

⁵ *The leperous distilment*;] So, in *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*, Vol. II. p. 142: "— which being once possessed, never leaveth the patient till it hath enfeebled his state, like the qualitie of *poison distilling* through the veins even to the heart." MALONE.

⁶ — *at once dispatch'd*:] *Dispatch'd*, for *bereft*. WARBURTON.

⁷ *Cut off even in the blossom of my sin, &c.*] The very words of this part of the speech are taken (as I have been informed by a gentleman of undoubted verity) from an old *Legend of Saints*; where a man, who was accidentally drowned, is introduced as making the same complaint.

STEEVENS.

⁸ *Unhousel'd*,—] *Housel* is the old word for the holy eucharist. To *houcel*, says Bullokar in his *Expositor*, 8vo. 1616, is "to minister sacraments to a sick man in danger of death." *Unhousel'd* therefore is, without having received the sacrament in the hour of death. So, in *Hoffman's Tragedy*, 1631:

"None sung thy requiem, no friend clos'd thine eyes,

"Nor lay'd the hallow'd earth upon thy lips:

"Thou wert not *houcel'd*."

Again, in *Holinshed's Chronicle*: "Also children were christened, and men *houcel'd* and *anoyled*, through all the land, except such as were in the bill of excommunication by name expressed." MALONE.

⁹ — *disappointed*,] is the same as *unappointed*; and may be properly explained *unprepared*. A man well furnished with things necessary for an enterprise, was said to be well *appointed*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Holinshed's Chronicle*: "He had not past a fifteen lances, as they termed them in those days, that is, to wit, men of arms, furnished and *appointed*."

Mr. Upton is of opinion, that the particular preparation of which the Ghost laments the want, was *confession* and *absolution*. *Appointment*, he adds, is again used in *Measure for Measure*, in the same sense as here:

"Therefore your best *appointment* make with speed."

No reckoning made, but sent to my account
 With all my imperfections on my head :
 O, horrible ! O, horrible ! most horrible² !
 If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not ;
 Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
 A couch for luxury³ and damned incest.
 But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
 Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
 Against thy mother aught ; leave her to heaven,
 And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
 To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once !
 The glow-worm shews the matin to be near,
 And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire⁴ :
 Adieu, adieu, adieu ! remember me⁵.

[Exit.

Isabella is the speaker, and her brother, who was condemned to die, is the person addressed. MALONE.

¹ — *unanel'd* ;] Without extreme unction. So, in Sir Thomas More's Works, p. 345 : "The extreme unction or *anelynge*, and confirmation, he sayd, be no sacraments of the church." See also the quotation from Holinshed in n. 8, where the word is spelt *anoyled*.

MALONE.

The Anglo-saxon noun-substantives, *boufel*, (the eucharist,) and *ele*, oil, are plainly the roots of the compound adjectives, *boufeled* and *aneled*. For the meaning of the affix *an* to the last, I quote Spelman's *Glossary* in loco. "*Quin et dictionibus (an) adjungitur, siquidem vel majoris consolationis gratia, vel ad singulare aliquid, vel unicum demonstrandum.*" Hence *aneled* should seem to signify *oiled*, or *anointed*, by way of eminence, i. e. having received extreme unction. BRAND.

² O, horrible ! O, horrible ! most horrible !] It was ingeniously hinted to me by a very learned lady, that this line seems to belong to Hamlet, in whose mouth it is a proper and natural exclamation ; and who, according to the practice of the stage, may be supposed to interrupt so long a speech. JOHNSON.

³ A couch for luxury—] i. e. for lewdness. So, in *K. Lear* :

"To't luxury pell-mell, for," &c. STEEVENS.

See Vol. XII. MALONE.

⁴ — *uneffectual fire*.] i. e. shining without heat. WARBURTON.

To *pale* is a verb used by Lady Elizabeth Carew, in her *Tragedy of Mariam*, 1613 :

"——— Death can *pale* as well

"A cheek of roses as a cheek less bright."

Again, in Urry's Chaucer, p. 368 : "The sterre *paletb* her white cheres by the flambes of the sonne," &c.

Uneffectual fire, I believe, rather means, fire that is no longer seen when the light of morning approaches. So, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609 :

"——— like a glow worm,—

"The which hath fire in darkness, none in light." STEEVENS.

⁵ Adieu, adieu, adieu ! &c.] The folio reads :

Adieu, adieu, *Hamlet* : remember me. STEEVENS.

Ham.

Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?
 And shall I couple hell?—O fie!—Hold, hold, my heart;
 And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
 But bear me stiffly up!—Remember thee?
 Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
 In this distracted globe⁶. Remember thee?
 Yea, from the table of my memory⁷
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
 That youth and observation copied there;
 And thy commandment all alone shall live
 Within the book and volume of my brain,
 Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven.
 O most pernicious woman!
 O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
 My tables,—meet it is, I set it down⁸,
 That one may smile and smile, and be a villain;
 At least, I am sure, it may be so in Denmark: [*writing.*]
 So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word⁹;
 It is, *Adieu, adieu! remember me.*
 I have sworn it.

⁶ — Remember thee!

Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat

In this distracted globe.] So in our poet's 122d sonnet:

"Which shall above that idle rank remain,

"Beyond all dates, even to eternity;

"Or at the least, so long as brain and heart

"Have faculty by nature to subsist." MALONE.

—*this distracted globe.]* i. e. in this head confused with thought.

STEEVENS.

⁷ *Yea, from the table of my memory—]* This expression is used by Sir Philip Sydney in his *Defence of Poësie*. MALONE.

⁸ *My tables,—meet it is, I set it down,]* Hamlet avails himself of the same caution observed by the doctor in the fifth act of *Macbeth*: "I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly." STEEVENS.

See also *The Second Part of K. Henry IV*:

"And therefore will he wipe his tables clean,

"And keep no tell-tale to his memory."

York is here speaking of the king. *Table-books* in the time of our author appear to have been used by all ranks of people. In the church they were filled with short notes of the sermon, and at the theatre with the sparkling sentences of the play. MALONE.

⁹ — *Now to my word;*] Hamlet alludes to the *watch-word* given every day in military service, which at this time he says is, *Adieu, Adieu, remember me.* So, in *The Devil's Charter*, a Tragedy, 1607:

"Now to my watch-word." STEEVENS.

Hor. [*within.*] My lord, my lord,—

Mar. [*within.*] Lord Hamlet,—

Hor. [*within.*] Heaven secure him!

Ham. So be it!

Mar. [*within.*] Illo, ho, ho, my lord!

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come¹.

Enter HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.

Mar. How is't, my noble lord?

Hor. What news, my lord?

Ham. O, wonderful!

Hor. Good my lord, tell it.

Ham. No; you will reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

Mar. Nor I, my lord.

Ham. How say you then; would heart of man once think it?—

But you'll be secret,—

Hor. Mar. Ay, by heaven, my lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all Denmark, But he's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no ghost my lord, come from the grave,

To tell us this.

Ham. Why, right; you are in the right; And so, without more circumstance at all, I hold it fit, that we shake hands, and part: You, as your business, and desire, shall point you;— For every man hath business, and desire, Such as it is,—and, for my own poor part, Look you, I will go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily; Yes 'faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

¹ — *come, bird, come.*] This is the call which falconers use to their hawk in the air, when they would have him come down to them.

HANMER.

This expression is used in *Marston's Dutch Courtesan*, and by many others among the old dramatic writers.

It appears from all these passages, that it was the falconer's call, as *Hanmer* has observed. STEEVENS.

Ham.

Ham. Yes, by faint Patrick², but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,—
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'er-master it is as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is't, my lord? we will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-
night.

Hor. Mar. My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear it.

Hor. In faith, my lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. [*beneath*] Swear.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there;
true-penny³?

Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage,—
Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword⁴.

Ghost.

² — by St. Patrick,—] How the poet comes to make Hamlet swear by St. Patrick, I know not. However, at this time all the whole northern world had their learning from Ireland; to which place it had retired, and there flourished under the auspices of this Saint. But it was, I suppose, only said at random; for he makes Hamlet a student of Wittenberg. WAREURTON.

Dean Swift's "Verses on the sudden drying up of St. Patrick's Well, 1726," contain many learned allusions to the early cultivation of literature in Ireland. NICHOLS.

³ — true-penny?] This word as well as some of Hamlet's former exclamations, we find in the *Malecontent*, 1604:

"Illo, ho, ho, ho; art there old *True-penny*?" STEEVENS.

⁴ Swear by my sword.] Here the poet has preserved the manners of the ancient Danes, with whom it was religion to swear upon their swords. See *Bartholinus, De causis contempt. mort. apud. Dan.* WAREURTON.

I was once inclinable to this opinion, which is likewise well defended by Mr. Upton; but Mr. Garrick produced me a passage, I think, in *Brantôme*, from which it appeared, that it was common to swear upon the sword, that is, upon the cross which the old swords always had upon the hilt. JOHNSON.

Ghost. [*beneath*] Swear.

Ham. *Hic & ubique?* then we'll shift our ground:—
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword:
Swear by my sword,
Never to speak of this that you have heard.

Ghost. [*beneath*] Swear by his sword.

Ham. Well said, old mole! can't work i' the earth so fast?

A worthy pioneer!—Once more remove, good friends.

Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.⁵
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.
But come;—

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy!

Shakspeare, it is more than probable, knew nothing of the ancient Danes, or their manners. Every extract from Dr. Farmer's pamphlet must prove as instructive to the reader as the following:

“ In the *Passus Primus* of *Pierce Plowman*,

“ David in his daies dubbed knightes,

“ And did them *swere on ber sword* to serve truth ever.”

“ And in *Hieronimo*, the common butt of our author, and the wits of
“ the time, says Lorenzo to Pedringano:—

“ Swear on this *cross*, that what thou say'st is true,

“ But if I prove thee perjurd and unjust,

“ This very *sword*, whereon thou took'st thine oath,

“ Shall be a worker of thy tragedy.”

To the authorities produced by Dr. Farmer, the following may be added from *Holinshead*, p. 664: “ Warwick kisses the cross of K. Edward's
“ sword, as it were a vow to his promise.”

Again, p. 1038, it is said, “ that Warwick drew out his sword,
“ which other of the honourable and worshipful that were then present
“ likewise did, whom he commanded, that each one should kiss other's
“ sword, according to an ancient custom amongst men of war in time of
“ great danger; and herewith they made a solemn vow,” &c.

Again, in Deeker's comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600:

“ He has sworn to me on the *cross* of his pure Toledo.”

In the soliloquy of *Roland* addressed to his sword, the *cross* on it is not forgotten: “ —capulo eburneo candidissime, *cruce aurea splendissime*,” &c. Turpini Hist. de Gestis Caroli Mag. cap. 22.

STEEVENS.

Spenser observes that the Irish in his time used commonly to swear by their sword. See his *View of the State of Ireland*, written in 1596. This custom, indeed, is of the highest antiquity; having prevailed, as we learn from Lucian, among the Scythians. MALONE.

⁵ *And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.*] i. e. receive it to yourself; take it under your own roof; as much as to say, *Keep it secret*. Alluding to the laws of hospitality. WARBURTON.

How

How strange or odd foe'er I bear myself,
 As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet
 To put an antick disposition on,—
 That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
 With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,
 Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
 As, *Well, well, we know*;—or, *We could, an if we*
would:—or, *If we list to speak*;—or, *There be, an if*
*they might**;—

Or such ambiguous giving out to note
 That you know aught of me⁶: This do swear⁷,
 So grace and mercy at your most need help you!

Ghost. [*beneath*] Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit⁸!—So, gentlemen,

* — *An if they might*;] Thus the quarto. The folio reads—*an if there might.* MALONE.

⁶ *Or such ambiguous giving out to note*

That you know aught of me:—] The construction is irregular and elliptical. Swear as before, says Hamlet, that you never *shall* by folded arms or shaking of your head intimate that a secret is lodged in your breasts; and by no ambiguous phrases to note that you know aught of me.

Shakspeare has in many other places begun to construct a sentence in one form, and ended it in another. So, in *All's Well that ends Well*: “I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the baring of my beard; and *to say* it was in stratagem.”

Again, in the same play: “No more of this, Helena;—*left* it be rather thought you affect a sorrow than *to have*:” where he ought to have written *than that you have*: or, *left you rather be thought to affect a sorrow, than to have.*

Again, *ibidem*:

“I bade her—if her fortunes ever stood
 “Necessity'd to help, *that* by this token
 “I would relieve her.”

Again, in *The Tempest*:

“I have with such provision in mine art
 “So safely order'd, that there is *no soul*—
 “No, not so much perdition as an hair
 “Betid to any creature in the vessel.”

Having used the word *never* in the preceding part of the sentence, [that you *never* shall—] the poet considered the *negative* implied in what follows; and hence he wrote—“*or—to note,*” instead of *nor*.

MALONE.

⁷ — *this do swear, &c.*] The folio reads, *this not to do, swear, &c.*

STEEVENS.

Swear is used here as in many other places, as a dissyllable.

MALONE.

⁸ — *perturbed spirit*!] The verb *perturb* is used by Holinshed, and by Bacon in his *Essay on Superstition*: “—therefore atheism did never *perturb* states.” MALONE.

With

With all my love I do commend me to you :
 And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
 May do, to express his love and friending to you,
 God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together ;
 And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
 The time is out of joint ;—O cursed spight !
 That ever I was born to set it right !—
 Nay, come, let's go together.

[*Exeunt.*]

 A C T II. S C E N E I.

A Room in Polonius's House.

Enter POLONIUS and REYNALDO⁹.

Pol. Give him this money, and these notes, Reynaldo.

Rey. I will, my lord.

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,
 Before you visit him, to make inquiry
 Of his behaviour.

Rey. My lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well said : very well said. Look you, fir,
 Inquire me first what Danikers ¹ are in Paris ;
 And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
 What company, at what expence ; and finding,
 By this encompassment and drift of question,
 That they do know my son, come you more nearer
 Than your particular demands will touch it ² :

Take

⁹ The quartos read, *Enter old Polonius with his man or two.*

STEEVENS.

¹ — *Danikers*—] *Danske* (in Warner's *Albions England*) is the ancient name of Denmark. STEEVENS.

² — *come you more nearer*

Than your particular demands will touch it :] The late editions read, and point, thus :

— *come you more nearer ;*

Then your particular demands will touch it :

Throughout

Take you, as 'twere some distant knowledge of him;
As thus,—*I know his father, and his friends,*
And, in part, him;—Do you mark this, Reynaldo?

Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.

Pol. *And, in part, him;*—but, you may say,—*not well:*
But, if't be he I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted so and so;—and there put on him
What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank
As may dishonour him; take heed of that;
But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my lord.

Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing³, quarrelling,
Drabbing:—You may go so far.

Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. 'Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge⁴.
You must not put another scandal on him⁵,
That he is open to incontinency;
That's not my meaning: but breathe his faults so quaintly,
That they may seem the taints of liberty:
The flash and out-break of a fiery mind;
A savageness⁶ in unreclaimed blood,
Of general assault⁷.

Throughout the old copies the word which we now write—*than*, is constantly written *then*. I have therefore here printed *than*, which the context seems to me to require, though the old copies have *then*. There is no point after the word *nearer*, either in the original quarto, 1604, or the folio. MALONE.

³ —*drinking, fencing, swearing,*] I suppose by *fencing* is meant a too diligent frequentation of the fencing-school, a resort of violent and lawless young men. JOHNSON.

Fencing, I suppose, means, piquing himself on his skill in the use of the sword, and quarrelling and brawling, in consequence of that skill. "The cunning of *fencers*, says Gosson in his *Schoole of Abuse*, 1579, is now applied to *quarrelling*: they thinke themselves no mer, if, for stirring of a straw, they prove not their valure uppon some bodies fleshe."

MALONE.

⁴ 'Faith, no; as you may season it, &c.] The quarto reads—Faith, as you may season it in the charge. MALONE.

⁵ You must not put another scandal on him,] i. e. a very different and more scandalous failing, namely habitual incontinency. Mr. Theobald in his *Shakspeare Restored* proposed to read—an utter scandal on him; but did not admit the emendation into his edition.

MALONE.

⁶ A savageness—] *Savageness*, for *wildness*. WARBURTON.

⁷ Of general assault.] i. e. such as youth in general is liable to.

WARBURTON.

Rey.

Rey. But, my good lord,—

Pol. Wherefore should you do this?

Rey. Ay, my lord,

I would know that.

Pol. Marry, sir, here's my drift;

And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant⁸:

You laying these slight sullies on my son,

As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' the working,

Mark you,

Your party in converse, him you would sound,

Having ever seen, in the prenominate crimes⁹,

The youth, you breathe of, guilty, be assur'd,

He closes with you in this consequence;

Good sir, or so¹; or friend, or gentleman,—

According to the phrase, or the addition,

Of man, and country.

Rey. Very good, my lord.

Pol. And then, sir, does he this,—He does—What was I about to say?—By the mafs, I was about to say something:—Where did I leave?

Rey. At, closes in the consequence².

Pol. At, closes in the consequence,—*Ay, marry;*

He closes with you thus;—*I know the gentleman;*

I saw him yesterday, or t'other day,

Or then, or then; with such, or such; and, as you say,

There was he gaming; there o'ertook in his rouse;

There falling out at tennis: or, perchance,

I saw him enter such a house of sale,

(Videlicet, a brothel) or so forth.—See you now;

Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:

And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,

With windlances, and with assays of bias,

By indirections find directions out;

So, by my former lecture and advice,

Shall you my son: You have me, have you not?

Rey. My lord, I have.

⁸ *And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant:]* So the folio. The quarto reads,—a fetch of wit. STEEVENS.

⁹ — *prenominate crimes,]* i. e. crimes already named. STEEVENS.

¹ *Good sir, or so;]* I suspect, (with Mr. Tyrwhitt,) that the poet wrote—*Good sir, or sir, or friend, &c.* In the last act of this play, *so* is used for *so forth*: “—fix French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hanger, and *so*.” MALONE.

² *At, closes in the consequence.]* Thus the quarto. The folio adds—*At friend, or so, or gentleman.* MALONE.

Pol. God be wi' you; fare you well.

Rey. Good my lord,—

Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself³.

Rey. I shall, my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his musick.

Rey. Well, my lord.

[*Exit.*

Enter OPHELIA.

Pol. Farewell!—How now, Ophelia? what's the matter?

Oph. O, my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted!

Pol. With what, in the name of heaven?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbrac'd;
No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ankle⁴;
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;
And with a look so piteous in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell,
To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. My lord, I do not know;

But, truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so;
At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk⁵,

³ — in *yourself*.] Hanmer reads, *even yourself*, and is followed by Dr. Warburton; but perhaps *in yourself* means, *in your own person*, not by spies. JOHNSON.

⁴ *Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ankle*;] *Down-gyved* means hanging down like the loose cincture which confines the fetters round the ankles. STEEVENS..

Thus the quartos 1604, and 1605, and the folio. In the quarto of 1611, the word *gyved* was changed to *gyred*. MALONE.

⁵ — *all his bulk*,] i. e. all his body. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“ — her heart

“ Beating her *bulk*, that his hand shakes withal.”

And

And end his being : That done, he lets me go :
 And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
 He seem'd to find his way without his eyes ;
 For out o'doors he went without their helps,
 And, to the last, bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me ; I will go seek the king.
 This is the very ecstasy of love ;
 Whose violent property foredoes itself⁶,
 And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
 As oft as any passion under heaven,
 That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—
 What, have you given him any hard words of late ?

Oph. No, my good lord ; but, as you did command,
 I did repel his letters, and deny'd
 His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
 I am sorry, that with better heed, and judgment,
 I had not quoted him⁷ : I fear'd he did but trifle,
 And meant to wreck thee ; but, beshrew my jealousy !
 It seems, it is as proper to our age
 To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
 As it is common for the younger sort
 To lack discretion⁸. Come, go we to the king :

⁶ — *foredoes* itself,] *To foredo* is to destroy. So, in *Othello* :

“ That either makes me, or *foredoes* me quite.” STEEVENS.

⁷ *I had not quoted him :*] I had not marked or observed him. So, in
The Rape of Lucrece :

“ Yea, the illiterate——

“ Will *quote* my loathed trespass in my looks.”

In this passage, in the original edition of 1594, the word is written
cote, as it is in the quarto copy of this play. It is merely the old or cor-
 rupt spelling of the word. In Minshew's Dict. 1617, we find, “ To
quote, mark, or note, à *quotus*. Numeris enim scribentes sententias
 suas *notant* et distinguunt.” See also Cotgrave's Dict. 1611 : “ *Quoter*,
 To *quote* or *marke* in the margin ; to note by the way.” MALONE.

⁸ — *it is as proper to our age*

To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,

As it is common for the younger sort

To lack discretion.] This is not the remark of a weak man. The
 vice of age is too much suspicion. Men long accustomed to the wiles of
 life *cast* commonly *beyond themselves*, let their cunning go farther than
 reason can attend it. This is always the fault of a little mind, made
 artful by long commerce with the world. JOHNSON.

The quartos read—*By heaven*, it is as proper, &c. STEEVENS.

In Decker's *Wonderful Yeare*, 4to. 1603, we find an expression similar
 to that in the text. “ Now the thirstie citizen *casts beyond* the moone.”

MALONE.

This must be known; which, being kept close, might
move⁹

More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.

Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in the Castle.

*Enter King, Queen, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN,
and Attendants.*

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern!
Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need, we have to use you, did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,
Since nor the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was: What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,
That,—being of so young days brought up with him;
And, since, so neighbour'd to his youth and humour¹,—
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time: so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures; and to gather,
So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whether, aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus²,
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

⁹ *This must be known; which, being kept close, might move*

More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.] i. e. This must be made known to the king, for (being kept secret) the hiding Hamlet's love might occasion more mischief to us from him and the queen, than the uttering or revealing of it will occasion hate and resentment from Hamlet. The poet's ill and obscure expression seems to have been caused by his affectation of concluding the scene with a couplet.

Hammer reads,

More grief to hide hate, than to utter love. JOHNSON.

¹ —and humour,] Thus the folio. The quartos read, *haviour*.

STEEVENS.

² *Whether aught, &c.*] This line is omitted in the folio.

STEEVENS.

Queen.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;
And, sure I am, two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To shew us so much gentry³, and good will,
As to expend your time with us a while,
For the supply and profit of our hope⁴,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey;
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent⁵,
To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenstern,

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern, and gentle Rosencrantz:
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son.—Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence, and our practices,
Pleasant and helpful to him!

Queen. Ay, amen!

[*Exeunt ROS. GUIL. and some Attendants.*]

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. The ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.

Pol. Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God, and to my gracious king:
And I do think, (or else this brain of mine

³ *To shew us so much gentry—*] *Gentry, for complaisance.*

WARRENTON.

⁴ *For the supply, &c.*] That the hope which your arrival has raised
may be completed by the desired effect. JOHNSON.

⁵ *—in the full bent,*] *The full bent is the utmost extremity of exertion.* The allusion is to a bow bent as far as it will go. So afterwards in this play:

“They fool me to the top of my bent.” MALONE.

Hunts not the trail of policy so sure⁶
 As it hath us'd to do,) that I have found
 The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O, speak of that; that do I long to hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to the ambassadors;

My news shall be the fruit to that great feast⁷.

King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in.

[*Exit* POLONIUS,

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
 The head and source of all your son's distemper.

Queen. I doubt, it is no other but the main;
 His father's death, and our o'er-hasty marriage.

Re-enter POLONIUS, *with* VOLTIMAND, *and* CORNELIUS.

King. Well, we shall sift him.—Welcome, my good friends!

Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

Volt. Most fair return of greetings, and desires.

Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
 His nephew's levies; which to him appear'd

To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;
 But, better look'd into, he truly found

It was against your highness: Whereat griev'd,—
 That so his sickness, age, and impotence,

Was falsely borne in hand⁸,—sends out arrests
 On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys;

Receives rebuke from Norway; and, in fine,
 Makes vow before his uncle, never more

To give the assay⁹ of arms against your majesty.
 Wherein old Norway, overcome with joy,

Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee¹;

And

⁶ —the trail of policy—] The trail is the course of an animal pursued by the scent. JOHNSON.

⁷ —the fruit—] The desert after the meat. JOHNSON.

⁸ —borne in hand,—] i. e. deceived, imposed on. STEEVENS.

⁹ To give the assay—] To take the assay was a technical expression, originally applied to those who tasted wine for princes and great men. See Vol. XIII. p. 338, n. 5. MALONE.

¹ Give him three thousand crowns in annual fee;] Thus the folio. The quarto has—threescore thousand. MALONE.

And his commission, to employ those soldiers,
 So levied as before, against the Polack :
 With an entreaty, herein further shewn, [gives a paper.
 That it might please you to give quiet pass
 Through your dominions for this enterprize ;
 On such regards of safety, and allowance,
 As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well ;
 And, at our more consider'd time, we'll read,
 Answer, and think upon this business.
 Mean time, we thank you for your well-took labour :
 Go to your rest ; at night we'll feast together² :
 Most welcome home ! [Exeunt VOL. and COR.
 Pol. This business is well ended.
 My liege, and madam, to expostulate³

What

Fee in this place signifies *reward*, *recompence*. So in *All's well that ends well* :

“ — Not helping, death's my fee ;

“ But if I help, what do you promise me ?

The word is commonly used in Scotland, for *wages*, as we say *lawyer's fee*, *physician's fee*. STEEVENS.

Fee is defined by Minshew in his Dict. 1617, a reward. MALONE.

² — *at night we'll feast*—] The king's intemperance is never suffered to be forgotten. JOHNSON.

³ *My liege, and madam, to expostulate*—] To *expostulate*, for to enquire or discuss.

The strokes of humour in this speech are admirable. Polonius's character is that of a weak, pedant, minister of state. His declamation is a fine satire on the impertinent oratory then in vogue, which placed reason in the formality of method, and wit in the jingle and play of words. With what art is he made to pride himself on his wit.

That he is mad, 'tis true : 'tis true, 'tis pity :

And pity 'tis, 'tis true : A foolish figure,

But farewell it,—

And how exquisitely does the poet ridicule the *reason in fashion*, where he makes Polonius remark on Hamlet's madness :

Though this be madness, yet there's method in't :

As if method, which the wits of that age thought the most essential quality of a good discourse, would make amends for the madness. It was *madness* indeed, yet Polonius could comfort himself with this reflection, that at least it was *method*. It is certain Shakspeare excels in nothing more than in the preservation of his characters ; *To this life and variety of character* (says our great poet in his admirable preface to Shakspeare,) *we must add the wonderful preservation of it*. We have said what is the character of Polonius ; and it is allowed on all hands to be drawn with wonderful life and spirit, yet the *unity* of it has been thought by some to be grossly violated in the excellent *precepts* and *instructions* which

What majesty should be, what duty is,
 Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,
 Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.

which Shakspeare makes his statesman give to his son and servant in the middle of the *first*, and beginning of the *second act*. But I will venture to say, these critics have not entered into the poet's art and address in this particular. He had a mind to ornament his scenes with those fine lessons of social life; but his Polonius was too weak to be author of them, though he was pedant enough to have met with them in his reading, and sop enough to get them by heart, and retail them for his own. And this the poet has finely shewn us was the case, where, in the middle of Polonius's instructions to his servant, he makes him, though without having received any interruption, forget his lesson, and say,

And then, sir, does he this;

He does—What was I about to say?

I was about to say something—where did I leave?

The servant replies,

At, closes in the consequence. This sets Polonius right, and he goes on,

At, closes in the consequence.

—Ay marry,

He closes thus:—I know the gentleman, &c.

which shews the very words got by heart which he was repeating. Otherwise *closes in the consequence*, which conveys no particular idea of the subject he was upon, could never have made him recollect where he broke off. This is an extraordinary instance of the poet's art, and attention to the preservation of character. **WARBURTON.**

This account of the character of Polonius, though it sufficiently reconciles the seeming inconsistency of so much wisdom with so much folly, does not perhaps correspond exactly to the ideas of our author. The commentator makes the character of Polonius, a character only of manners, discriminated by properties superficial, accidental, and acquired. The poet intended a nobler delineation of a mixed character of manners and of nature. Polonius is a man bred in courts, exercised in business, stored with observation, confident of his knowledge, proud of his eloquence, and declining into dotage. His mode of oratory is truly represented as designed to ridicule the practice of those times, of prefaces that made no introduction, and of method that embarrassed rather than explained. This part of his character is accidental, the rest is natural. Such a man is positive and confident, because he knows that his mind was once strong, and knows not that it is become weak. Such a man excels in general principles, but fails in the particular application. He is knowing in retrospect, and ignorant in foresight. While he depends upon his memory, and can draw from his repositories of knowledge, he utters weighty sentences, and gives useful counsel; but as the mind in its enfeebled state cannot be kept long busy and intent, the old man is subject to sudden dereliction of his faculties, he loses the order of his ideas and entangles himself in his own thoughts, till he recovers the leading principle, and falls again into his former train. This idea of dotage encroaching upon wisdom, will solve all the phenomena of the character of Polonius. **JOHNSON.**

Therefore,

Therefore,—since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,—
I will be brief: Your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad:
But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear, I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true, 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis, 'tis true: a foolish figure;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him then: and now remains,
That we find out the cause of this effect;
Or, rather say, the cause of this defect;
For this effect, defective, comes by cause:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
Perpend.

I have a daughter; have, while she is mine;
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: Now gather, and surmise.
—*To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified
Ophelia;—*⁴
That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; *beautify'd* is a vile
phrase; but you shall hear.—Thus:
*In her excellent white bosom, these*⁵, &c.—

Queen.

⁴ *To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia*—] Mr. Theobald for *beautified* substituted *beatified*. MALONE.

Dr. Warburton has followed Theobald; but I am in doubt whether *beautified*, though, as Polonius calls it, a *vile phrase*, be not the proper word. *Beautified* seems to be a *vile phrase*, for the ambiguity of its meaning. JOHNSON.

Hayward, in his *History of Edward VI.* says, “Katherine Parr, queen dowager to king Henry VIII. was a woman *beautified* with many excellent virtues.” FARMER.

Again, Nash dedicates his *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem*, 1594, “to the most *beautified* lady, the lady Elizabeth Carey.”

Again, in Green's *Mamilla*, 1593: “—although thy person is so bravely *beautified* with the dowries of nature.”

Ill and vile as the phrase may be, our author has used it again in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“—seeing you are *beautified*

“With goodly shape,” &c. STEEVENS.

⁵ *In her excellent white bosom,—*] So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“Thy

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam, stay a while; I will be faithful.—

Doubt thou, the stars are fire; [reads.

Doubt, that the sun doth move;

Doubt truth to be a liar;

But never doubt, I love.

O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have not art to reckon my groans: but that I love thee best, O most best⁶, believe it. Adieu.

Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him, Hamlet.

This, in obedience, hath my daughter shewn me:
And more above⁷, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she
Receiv'd his love.

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,
When I had seen this hot love on the wing,
(As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me,) what might you,
Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,
If I had play'd the desk, or table-book;
Or given my heart a working, mute and dumb;
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;
What might you think⁸? no, I went round to work,

And

"Thy letters——"

"Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd

"Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love."

See a note on this passage." STEEVENS.

I have here followed the quarto. The folio reads:

These in her excellent white bosom, these, &c.

In our poet's time the word *These* was usually added at the end of the superscription of letters, but I have never met with it both at the beginning and end. MALONE.

⁶ O most best] So, in *Acclastus*, a comedy, 1540: "—that same most best redresser or reformer, is God." STEEVENS.

⁷ —more above,—] is, moreover, besides. JOHNSON.

⁸ If I had play'd the desk or table-book;

Or given my heart a working, mute and dumb;

Or

And my young mistress thus I did bespeak;
*Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy sphere*⁹;
This must not be: and then I prescripts gave her¹,
 That she should lock herself from his resort,
 Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
 Which done, she took the fruits of my advice²;
 And he, repulsed, (a short tale to make,)
 Fell into a sadness; then into a fast³;

Or lock'd upon this love with idle sight;

What might you think?—] i. e. If either I had conveyed intelligence between them, and been the confident of their amours [*play'd the desk or table-book*], or had connived at it, only observed them in secret, without acquainting my daughter with my discovery [*given my heart a mute and dumb working*]; or lastly, had been negligent in observing the intrigue, and overlooked it—[*looked upon this love with idle sight*]; what would you have thought of me? **WARBURTON.**

I doubt whether the first line is rightly explained. It may mean, if I had lock'd up this secret in my own breast, as closely as if it were confined in a desk or table-book. **MALONE.**

Or given my heart a working mute and dumb;] The same pleonasm is found in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

“And in my hearing be you *mute and dumb*.” **MALONE.**

The folio reads—a *winking*. **STEEVENS.**

⁹ *Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy sphere*;] The quarto 1604, and the first folio, for *sphere*, have *star*. The correction was made by the editor of the second folio. Mr. Steevens observes, that *all* princes were alike out of her sphere,” and therefore points thus:

Lord Hamlet is a prince:—out of thy sphere;”

I see no need of departing from the ancient punctuation. The poet clearly means that lord Hamlet is a prince, and, being a prince, is out of Ophelia's sphere. **MALONE.**

¹ —*prescripts gave her*,] Thus the quarto. The folio reads—*precepts*. The original copy in my opinion is right. Polonius had ordered his daughter to lock herself from Hamlet's resort, &c. See p. 208.

“I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,

“Have you so slander any moment's leisure

“As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet:

“Look to't, I charge you.” **MALONE.**

² *Which done, she took the fruits of my advice*:] She took the fruits of advice when she obeyed advice; the advice was then made fruitful. **JOHNSON.**

³ —*a short tale to make,*

Fell into a sadness; then into a fast, &c.] The ridicule of this character is here admirably sustained. He would not only be thought to have discovered this intrigue by his own sagacity, but to have remarked all the stages of Hamlet's disorder, from his sadness to his raving, as regularly as his physician could have done; when all the while the madness was only feigned. The humour of this is exquisite from a man who tells us, with a confidence peculiar to small politicians, that he could find—

Where truth was hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre. **WARBURTON.**

Thence

Thence to a watch : thence into a weakness ;
Thence to a lightness ; and, by this declension,
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we mourn for.

King. Do you think, 'tis this ?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, (I'd fain know that,) That I have positively said, 'Tis so,
When it prov'd otherwise ?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise :

[*pointing to his head and shoulder.*

If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further ?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks four hours together⁴,

Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him :

Be you and I behind an arras then ;
Mark the encounter : if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fallen thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm, and carters⁵.

King. We will try it.

Enter

⁴ — four hours together,] Perhaps it would be better were we to read indefinitely,—for hours together. TYRWHITT.

I formerly was inclined to adopt Mr. Tyrwhitt's proposed emendation ; but have now no doubt that the text is right. The expression, four hours together, two hours together, &c. appears to have been common : So, in *King Lear*, Act I.

" *Edm.* Spake you with him.

" *Edg.* Ay, two hours together."

Again, in *The Winter's Tale* :

" — ay, and have been, any time these four hours."

Again, in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623 :

" She will muse four hours together, and her silence

" Methinks expresseth more than if she spake." MALONE.

⁵ At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him :

Be you and I behind an arras then ;

Mark the encounter : if he love her not,

And be not from his reason fallen thereon,

Enter HAMLET, reading.

Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

Let me be no assitant for a state,

But keep a farm, and carters.] The scheme of throwing Ophelia in Hamlet's way, in order to try his sanity, as well as the address of the king in a former scene to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern,

"—— I entreat you both——"

"That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court"

"Some little time; so by your companies"

"To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather"

"So much as from occasion you may glean,

"Whether aught to us unknown afflicts him thus,

"That open'd lies within our remedy;—"

seem to have been formed on the following slight hints in *The History of Hamlet*, bl. let. fig. C. 3: "They counselled to try and know it possible, how to discover the intent and meaning of the young prince; and they could find no better nor more fit invention to intrap him, than to set some faire and beautiful woman in a secret place, that with flattering speeches and all the craftiest meapes she could, should purposely seek to allure his mind to have his pleasure of her.—To this end, certain courtiers were appointed to lead Hamlet into a solitary place, within the woods, where they brought the woman, inciting him to take their pleasures together. And surely the poore prince at this assault had bene in great danger, if a gentleman that in Horvendille's time had been nourished with him, had not showne himselfe more affectioned to the bringing up he had received with Hamlet, than desirous to please the tyrant.—This gentleman bare the courtiers company, making full account that the least shewe of perfect sence and wisdom that Hamlet should make, would be sufficient to cause him to loose his life; and therefore by certain signes he gave Hamlet intelligence in what danger he was like to fall, if by any means he seemed to obaye, or once like the wanton toyes and vicious provocations of the gentlewoman sent thither by his uncle: which much abashed the prince, as then wholly being in affection to the lady. But by her he was likewise informed of the treason, as one that from her infancy loved and favoured him.—The prince in this sort having deceived the courtiers and the ladys expectation, that affirmed and swore hee never once offered to have his pleasure of the woman, although in subtlety he affirmed the contrary, every man thereupon assured themselves that without doubt he was distraught of his senses;—so that as then Fengon's practice took no effect."

Here we find the rude outlines of the characters of Ophelia, and Horatio,—the gentleman that in the time of Horvendille (the father of Hamlet) had been nourished with him. But in this piece there are no traits of the character of Polonius. There is indeed a counsellor, and he places himself in the queen's chamber behind the arras;—but this is the whole.

MALONE.

Pol.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away ;
I'll board him presently :—O, give me leave.—

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Attendants.*]

How does my good lord Hamlet ?

Ham. Well, god-'a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord ?

Ham. Excellent well ; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord ?

Ham. Ay, sir ; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man pick'd out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god, kissing carrion⁶,—Have you a daughter ?

Pol.

⁶ For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god, kissing carrion,—&c.] The old copies read—a good kissing carrion. The emendation was made by Dr. Warburton, who yet in my apprehension did not understand the passage. I have therefore omitted his laboured comment on it, in which he endeavours to prove that Shakspeare intended it as a vindication of the ways of Providence in permitting evil to abound in the world. He does not indeed pretend that this profound meaning can be drawn from what Hamlet *says* ; but this is what he was *thinking of* ; for “ this wonderful man (Shakspeare) had an art not only of acquainting the audience with what his actors *say*, but with what they *think* ! ”

Hamlet's observation is, I think, simply this. He has just remarked that honesty is very rare in the world. To this Polonius assents. The prince then adds, that since there is so little virtue in the world, since corruption abounds every where, and maggots are *bred* by the sun, even in a dead dog, Polonius ought to take care to prevent his daughter from walking in the sun, lest she should prove “ a breeder of sinners ; ” for though *conception* in general be a blessing, yet as Ophelia (whom Hamlet supposes to be as frail as the rest of the world,) might chance to *conceive*, it might be a calamity. The maggots *breeding* in a dead dog, seem to have been mentioned merely to introduce the word *conception* ; on which word, as Mr. Steevens has observed, Shakspeare has play'd in *King Lear* ; and probably a similar quibble was intended here. The word, however, may have been used in its ordinary sense, for *pregnancy*, without any double meaning.

The slight connection between this and the preceding passage, and Hamlet's abrupt question, *have you a daughter ?* were manifestly intended more strongly to impress Polonius with the belief of the prince's madness.

Perhaps this passage ought rather to be regulated thus :—“ being a god-kissing carrion ; i. e. a carrion that kisses the sun. The participle *being* naturally refers to the last antecedent, *dog*. Had Shakspeare intended that it should be referred to *sun*, he would probably have written—“ *he, being*

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun : conception is a blessing⁷ ; but as your daughter may conceive,—friend, look to't.

Pol. How say you by that ? [*Aside.*] Still harping on my daughter :—yet he knew me not at first ; he said, I was a fishmonger : He is far gone, far gone : and, truly, in my youth I suffer'd much extremity for love ; very near this. I'll speak to him again. What do you read, my lord ?

Ham. Words, words, words !

Pol. What is the matter, my lord ?

Ham. Between who ?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

being a god," &c. We have many similar compound epithets in these plays. Thus in *K. Lear*, Act II. Sc. i. Kent speaks of "*ear-kissing arguments*." Again, more appositely in the play before us :

" New lighted on a *heaven-kissing* hill."

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece* :

" Threatning *cloud-kissing* Ilion with annoy."

However, the instance quoted from *Cymbeline* by Dr. Warburton, "*—common-kissing Titan*," seems in favour of the regulation that has been hitherto made ; for here we find the poet considered the sun as kissing the carrion, not the carrion as kissing the sun. So also in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. "Did'st thou never see *Titan* kiss a dish of butter ?" The following lines also in the historical play of *King Edward III.* 1596, which Shakspeare had certainly seen, are, it must be acknowledged, adverse to the regulation which I have suggested :

" The freshest *summer's day* doth soonest taint

" The loathed *carrion*, that it seems to kiss."

In justice to Dr. Johnson, I should add, that the high elogium which he has pronounced on Dr. Warburton's emendation, was founded on the comment which accompanied it ; of which however, I think, his judgment must have condemned the reasoning, though his goodness and piety approved its moral tendency. MALONE.

This is a noble emendation, which almost sets the critick on a level with the author. JOHNSON.

⁷ — *conception is a blessing* ; &c.] Thus the quarto. The folio reads : "Conception is a blessing, but *not* as your daughter may conceive. Friend, look to't." The word *not*, I have no doubt, was inserted by the editor of the folio, in consequence of his not understanding the passage. A little lower we find a similar interpolation in some of the copies, probably from the same cause : You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will *not* more willingly part withal, except my life." MALONE.

The meaning seems to be, *conception* (i. e. understanding) is a blessing ; but as your daughter may conceive (i. e. be pregnant), friend look to't, i. e. have a care of that. The same quibble occurs in the first scene of *K. Lear* :

" *Kent.* I cannot *conceive* you, sir.

" *Glo.* Sir, this young fellow's mother *could*." STEEVENS.

Ham.

Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here, that old men have grey beards³; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber, and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: All which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for yourself, sir, shall grow as old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there's method in't.

[*Aside.*

Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave?

Pol. Indeed, that is out o' the air.—How pregnant² sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be deliver'd of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive¹ the means of meeting between him and my

³ *Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here, that old men, &c.]*

By the satirical rogue he means Juvenal in his tenth satire:

Da spatium vitæ, multos da Jupiter annos:

Hoc recto vultu, solum hoc et pallidus optas.

Sed quàm continuus et quantis longa senectus

Plena malis! deformem, et tetrum ante omnia vultum,

Diffimilemque sui, &c.

Nothing could be finer imagined for Hamlet, in his circumstances, than the bringing him in reading a description of the evils of long life.

WARBURTON.

Had Shakspeare read *Juvenal* in the original, he had met with "*De temone Britanno, Excidet Arviragus.*"—and—"Uxorem, *Postbume*, ducis?" We should not then have had continually in *Cymbeline*, *Arviragus* and *Postbume*. Should it be said that the quantity in the former word might be forgotten, it is clear from the mistake in the latter, that Shakspeare could not possibly have read any one of the Roman poets.

There was a translation of the 10th satire of *Juvenal* by Sir John Beaumont, the elder brother of the famous Francis: but I cannot tell whether it was printed in Shakspeare's time. In that age of quotation, every classic might be picked up by *piece-meal*.

I forgot to mention in its proper place, that another description of *Old Age* in *As you like it*, has been called a parody on a passage in a French poem of Garnier. It is trifling to say any thing about this, after the observation I made in *Macbeth*: but one may remark once for all, that Shakspeare wrote for the people; and could not have been so absurd as to bring forward any allusion, which had not been familiarized by some accident or other. FARMER.

² *How pregnant, &c.] Pregnant is ready, dexterous, apt.*

STEEVENS.

¹ —and suddenly, &c.] This, and the greatest part of the two following lines, are omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, fir, take me from any thing that I will more willingly part withal; except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ², and GUILDENSTERN.

Pol. You go to seek the lord Hamlet; there he is,

Ref. God save you, fir! [*to Pol. Exit Pol.*]

Guil. My honour'd lord!—

Ref. My most dear lord!—

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

Ref. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not over-happy;
On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?

Ref. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?

Guil. 'Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of fortune? O, most true; she is a strumpet. What news?

Ref. None, my lord; but that the world's grown honest.

Ham. Then is dooms-day near: But your news is not true. Let me³ question more in particular: What have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my lord!

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ref. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; Denmark being one of the worst.

Ref. We think not so, my lord.

² *Rosencrantz,*] There was an ambassador of that name in England about the time when this play was written. STEEVENS.

³ *Let me, &c.*] From here to the word *attended* in p. 247, l. 21, (as Mr. Steevens has observed,) is wanting in the quarto. MALONE.

Ham.

Ham. Why, then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Ref. Why, then your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God! I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space; were it not that I have had dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream⁴.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ref. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars, bodies⁵; and our monarchs, and out-stretch'd heroes, the beggars' shadows: Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Ref. Guil. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ref. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear, a half-penny*. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come; deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Any thing—but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which

⁴ —the shadow of a dream.] Shakspeare has accidentally inverted an expression of Pindar, that the state of humanity is *οὐκ ἴσται*, the dream of a shadow. JOHNSON.

So Davies:

"Man's life is but a dreame, nay, less than so,

"A shadow of a dreame." FARMER.

So, in the tragedy of *Darius*, 1603, by Lord Sterline:

"Whose best was but the shadow of a dream." STEEVENS.

⁵ Then are our beggars, bodies;—]. Shakspeare seems here to design a ridicule of those declamations against wealth and greatness, that seem to make happiness consist in poverty. JOHNSON.

* —too dear, a half-penny.] i. e. a half-penny too dear: they are worth nothing. The modern editors read—at a half-penny.

MALONE.

your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ref. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

Ref. What say you?

[to Guil.

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you⁶;—if you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late⁷, (but, wherefore, I know not,) lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises: and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'er-hanging firmament⁸, this majestic roof fretted with golden fire⁹, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form, and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me,—nor woman neither; though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.

Ref. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

⁶ *Nay, then I have an eye of you;—* An eye of you means, I have a glimpse of your meaning. STEEVENS.

⁷ *I have of late, &c.*] This is an admirable description of a rooted melancholy sprung from thickness of blood; and artfully imagined to hide the true cause of his disorder from the penetration of these two friends, who were set over him as spies. WARBURTON.

⁸ — *this brave o'er-hanging firmament,*] Thus the quarto. The folio reads,—*this brave o'er-hanging, this, &c.* STEEVENS.

⁹ — *this most excellent canopy, the air,—this majestic roof fretted with golden fire,*] So, in our authour's 21st sonnet:

“As those gold candles, fix'd in heaven's air.”

Again, in the *Merchant of Venice*:

“—Look, how the floor of heaven

“Is thick inlaid with patins of bright gold!” MALONE.

Ham.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said, *Man delights not me*?

Ref. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment¹ the players shall receive from you: we coted them on the way²; and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king, shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me: the adventurous knight shall use his foil, and target: the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace: the clown shall make those laugh, whose lungs are tickled o' the sere³; and the lady shall say her mind freely³, or the blank verse shall halt for't.—What players are they?

Ref.

¹ — lenten entertainment—] i. e. sparing, like the entertainments given in *Lent*. So, in the *Duke's Mistress*, by Shirley, 1638:

“ ——— to maintain you with bisket,

“ Poor John, and half a livery, to read moral virtue

“ And *len en* lectures.” STEEVENS.

² We coted them on the way;] To cote is to overtake. I meet with this word in *The Return from Parnassus*, a comedy, 1606:

“ — marry we presently coted and outstript them.”

Again, in Warner's *Albions England*, 1602, book 6, chap. 30:

“ Gods and goddeses for wantonnes out-coted.”

Again, in Drant's translation of Horace's satires, 1567:

“ For he that thinks to coat all men, and all to overgoe.”

Chapman has more than once used the word in his version of the 23d *Iliad*.

In the laws of courfing, says Mr. Tollet, “ a cote is when a greyhound goes endways by the side of his fellow, and gives the hare a turn.” This quotation seems to point out the etymology of the verb to be from the French *coté*, the side. STEEVENS.

³ — the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled o' the sere;] i. e. those who are asthmatical, and to whom laughter is most uneasy. This is the case (as I am told) with those whose lungs are tickled by the sere or serum: but about this passage I am neither very confident, nor very solicitous.

The word *seare* occurs as unintelligibly in an ancient *Dialogue betweene the Comen Secretary and Jealousy, touchynge the unstablenes of barlottes*, bl. l. no date:

“ And wyll byde whysperynge in the eare,

“ Thynke ye her tayle is not lyght of the seare.”

The *seare* is likewise a part about a hawk. STEEVENS.

These words are not in the quarto. I am by no means satisfied with the explanation given, though I have nothing satisfactory to propose. I believe Hamlet only means, that the clown shall make those laugh who have a disposition to laugh; who are pleased with their entertainment. That no asthmatick disease was in contemplation, may be inferred from both the words used, *tickled* and *lungs*; each of which seems to have

Ref. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chanceth it, they travel⁴? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ref. I think, their inhibition⁵ comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham.

a relation to laughter, and the latter to have been considered by Shakespeare, as (if I may so express myself,) its natural seat. So, in *Coriolanus*:

“—with a kind of smile,

“Which ne’er came from the lungs,—.”

Again, in *As you Like it*:

—When I did hear

“The motley fool thus moral on the time,

“My lungs began to crow like chanticleer.”

O’ the fere, or of the fere, means, I think, *by the fere*; but the word *fere* I am unable to explain, and suspect it to be corrupt. Perhaps we should read—the clown shall make those laugh, whose lungs are tickled o’ the scene, i. e. *by the scene*. A similar corruption has happened in another place, where we find *scare* for *scene*. MALONE.

³ —the lady shall say her mind, &c.] *The lady shall have no obstruction, unless for the lameness of the verse.* JOHNSON.

⁴ *How chanceth it, they travel?*] To travel, in Shakespeare’s time was the technical word, for which we have substituted to *stroll*. So, in the Office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels to king Charles the First, a manuscript of which an account is given in Vol. I. Part the second: “1622, Feb. 27, for a certificate for the Palsgrave’s servants to *travel* into the country for six weeks, 10s.” Again, in Ben Jonson’s *Poetaster*, 1601: “If he pen for thee once, thou shalt not need to *travell*, with thy pumps full of gravell, any more, after a blinde jade and a hamper, and stalk upon boords and barrel-heads to an old crackt trumpet.” These words are addressed to a player. MALONE.

⁵ *I think, their inhibition, &c.*] I fancy this is transposed: Hamlet enquires not about an *inhibition*, but an *innovation*; the answer therefore probably was, *I think, their innovation, that is, their new practice of strolling, comes by means of the late inhibition.* JOHNSON.

The drift of Hamlet’s question appears to be this.—How chanceth it they travel?—i. e. *How happens it they are become strollers?*—Their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.—i. e. *to have remained in a settled theatre, was the more honourable as well as the more lucrative situation.* To this, Rosencrantz replies—Their inhibition comes by means of the late innovation.—i. e. *their permission to act any longer at an established house is taken away, in consequence of the new custom of introducing personal abuse into their comedies.* Several companies of actors in the time of our author were silenced on account of this licentious practice. See a dialogue between *Comedy* and *Envy* at the conclusion of *Mucedorus* 1598, as well as the Preludium to *Aristippus*, or the *Jovial Philosopher*, 1630, from whence the following passage is taken: “*Shews* having been long intermitted and forbidden by authority, for their

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation¹ they did when I was in the city? Are they so follow'd?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it⁶? Do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: But there is, fir, an aiery of children⁷, little eyases, that cry

their abuses, could not be raised but by conjuring." *Shew* enters, whipped by two furies, and the prologue says to her:

"— with tears wash off that guilty sin,

"Purge out those ill-digested dregs of wit,

"That use their ink to blot a spotless name:

"Let's have no one *particular man* traduc'd,—

"Spare the *persons*," &c.

Alteration therefore in the order of the words seems to be quite unnecessary. STEEVENS.

There will still, however, remain some difficulty. The statute 39 Eliz. ch. 4. which seems to be alluded to by the words—*their inhibition*, was not made to inhibit the players from acting any longer at an *established theatre*, but to prohibit them from *strolling*. "All fencers (says the act) bearwards, common players of enterludes, and minstrels, wandering abroad, (other than players of enterludes, belonging to any baron of this realm or any other honourable personage of greater degree, to be authorized to play under the hand and seal of arms of such baron or personage,) shall be taken, adjudged and deemed, rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars, and shall sustain such pain and punishments as by this act is in that behalf appointed."

This statute, if alluded to, is repugnant to Dr. Johnson's transposition of the text, and to Mr. Steevens's explanation of it as it now stands. Yet Mr. Steevens's explanation may be right: Shakspeare might not have thought of the act of Elizabeth. He could not however, mean to charge his friends the *old tragedians* with the *new custom* of introducing personal abuse; but must rather have meant, that the old tragedians were inhibited from performing in the city, and obliged to travel, on account of the misconduct of the younger company. See n. 7. MALONE.

⁶ *How comes it?* &c.] From here to *Hercules and his load too*, inclusively, is only found in the folio. MALONE.

⁷ — *an aiery of children*, &c.] Relating to the play houses then contending, the *Bankside*, the *Fortune*, &c. played by the children of his majesty's chapel. POPE.

It relates to the young singing men of St. Paul's, concerning whose performances and success in attracting the best company, I find the following passage in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, or *Pasquil and Katherine*, 1601:

"I saw the *children of Powles* last night;

"And troth they pleas'd me pretty, pretty well,

"The apes, in time, will do it handsomely.

—"I like the audience that frequenteth there

"With *much applause*: a man shall not be choak'd

"With the stench of garlick, nor be puffed

"To

cry out on the top of question^s, and are most tyrannically clapp'd for't: these are now the fashion; and so
berattle

"To the barmy jacket of a beer-brewer;
—" 'Tis a good *gentle audience*, &c."

It is said in Richard Flecknoe's *Short Discourse of the English Stage*, 1664, that "both the children of the chappel and St. Paul's, acted playes, the one in White-Friers, the other behinde the Convocation-house in Paul's; till people growing more precise, and playes more licentious, the theatre of Paul's was quite suppress'd, and that of the children of the chappel converted to the use of the children of the revels." STEEVENS.

The suppression to which Fleckno alludes took place in the year 1583-4; but afterwards both the children of the chapel and of the Revels played at our authour's playhouse in Blackfriars, and elsewhere; and the choir-boys of St. Paul's at their own house. See the *Account of our old theatres* in Vol. I. Part II. A certain number of the children of the Revels, I believe, belonged to each of the principal theatres.

Our authour cannot be supposed to direct any satire at those young men who played occasionally at his own theatre. Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, and his *Poetaster*, were performed there by the children of Queen Elizabeth's chapel, in 1600 and 1601; and *Eastward Hoe* by the children of the revels, in 1604 or 1605. I have no doubt therefore that the dialogue before us was pointed at the choir-boys of St. Paul's, who in 1601 acted two of Marston's plays, *Arcturio and Mellida*, and *Antonio's Revenge*. Many of Lily's plays were represented by them about the same time; and in 1607 Chapman's *Bussy D'Ambois* was performed by them with great applause. It was probably in this and some other noisy tragedies of the same kind, that they cry'd out on the top of question, and were most tyrannically clapp'd for't.

At a later period indeed, after our poet's death, the Children of the Revels had an established theatre of their own, and some dispute seems to have arisen between them and the king's company. They performed regularly in 1623, and for eight years afterwards, at the Red Bull in St. John's Street; and in 1627, Shakspeare's company obtained an inhibition from the Master of the Revels to prevent their performing any of his plays at their house: as appears from the following entry in Sir Henry Herbert's Office-book, already mentioned: "From Mr. Heminge, in their company's name, to forbid the playinge of any of Shakspeare's playes to the Red-Bull company, this 11th of Aprill, 1627,—5 o c." From other passages in the same book, it appears that the Children of the Revels compos'd the Red Bull company.

We learn from Heywood's *Apology for Actors*, that the little *gajels* here mentioned were the persons who were guilty of the late innovation, or practice of introducing personal abuse on the stage, and perhaps for their particular fault the players in general suffered; and the older and more decent comedians, as well as the children, had on some recent occasion been inhibited from acting in London, and compelled to turn strollers. This supposition will make the words, concerning which a difficulty has been stated, (see n. 6.) perfectly clear. Heywood's *Apology for Actors* was published in 1612; the passage therefore which is
found

berattle the common stages, (so they call them) that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of goose quills, and dare scarce come thither.

found in the folio, and not in the quarto, was probably added not very long before that time.

"Now to speake (says Heywood,) of some abuse lately crept into the quality, as an inveighing against the state, the court, the law, the city, and their governments, with the particularizing of private mens humours, yet a woe, noblemen and others, I know it distastes many; neither do I any way approve it, nor dare I by any means excuse it. The liberty which some arrogate to themselves, committing their bitterness and liberal invectives against all estates to the mouths of children, supposing their juniority to be a privilege for any rayling, be it never so violent, I could advise all such to curbe, and limit this presumed liberty within the bands of discretion and government. But wise and judicial censurers before whom such complaints shall at any time hereafter come, will not, I hope, impute these abuses to any transgression in us, who have ever been carefull and provident to shun the like."

Prynne in his *Histriomastix*, speaking of the state of the stage, about the year 1620, has this passage: "Not to particularise those late new scandalous invective playes, wherein sundry persons of place and eminence [Gundemore, the late lord admiral, lord treasurer, and others,] have been particularly personated, jeered, abused in a gross and scurrilous manner," &c.

The folio, 1623, has—*berattled*. The correction was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

⁸ —*little eyases, that cry out on the top of question,*] Little *eyases*; i. e. young nestlings, creatures just out of the egg. THEOBALD.

From *ey*, Teut. ovum. q. d. qui recens ex ovo emerfit. Skinneri *Etymol.* An *aiery* or *eyerie*, as it ought rather to be written, is derived from the same root, and signifies both a young brood of hawks, and the nest itself in which they are produced.

An *eyas* hawk is sometimes written a *nyas* hawk, perhaps from a corruption that has happened in many words in our language, from the letter *n* passing from the end of one word to the beginning of another. However, some etymologists think *nyas* a legitimate word. MALONE.

Since this note was written, I have met with a passage in a letter from Mr. Samuel Calvert to Mr. Winwood, dated March 28, 1605, which might lead us to suppose that the words found only in the folio were added at that time:

"The plays do not forbear to present upon the stage the whole course of this present time, not sparing the king, state, or religion, in so great absurdity, and with such liberty, that any would be afraid to hear them." *Memoriall*, Vol. II. p. 54. MALONE.

The meaning seems to be, they ask a common question in the highest notes of the voice. JOHNSON.

I believe *question*, in this place, as in many others, signifies *conversation*, *dialogue*. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*: "—think, you *question* with the Jew." The meaning of the passage may therefore be—*Children that perpetually recite in the highest notes of voice that can be uttered*. STEEVENS.

Ham,

Ham. What, are they children? Who maintains them? how are they escoted⁹? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing¹? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players, (as it is most like², if their means are no better,) their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession³?

Rof. Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin, to tarre them on to controversy⁴: there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is it possible?

Guil. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Rof. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too⁵.

⁹ — *escoted*?] Paid, from the French *escot*, a shot or reckoning.

¹ Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? Will they follow the profession of players no longer than they keep the voice of boys? So afterwards he says to the player. Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech. JOHNSON.

So, in the players' Dedication, prefixed to the first edition of Fletcher's plays in folio, 1647: "—directed by the example of some who once steered in our quality, and so fortunately aspired to chuse your honour, joined with your now glorified brother, patrons to the flowing compositions of the then expired sweet swan of Avon, Shakspeare." Again, in Goffon's *School of Abuse*, 1579: "I speak not of this, as though every one [of the players] that professeth the qualitie, so abused himself,—"

"Than they can sing", does not merely mean, "than they keep the voices of boys," but is to be understood literally. He is speaking of the choir-boys of St. Paul's. MALONE.

² — *most like*,—] The old copy reads,—*like most*. STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

³ — *their writers do them wrong, &c.*] I should have been very much surprized if I had not found Ben Jonson among the writers here alluded to. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *to tarre them on to controversy*:] To provoke any animal to rage, is *to tarre him*. The word is said to come from the Greek *ταράσσω*. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *Hercules and his load too*.] i. e. they not only carry away the world, but the world bearer too: alluding to the story of Hercules's relieving Atlas. This is humorous. WARBURTON.

The allusion may be to the *Globe* playhouse on the Bankside, the sign of which was *Hercules carrying the Globe*. STEEVENS.

I suppose Shakspeare meant, that the boys drew greater audiences than the elder players of the *Globe* theatre. MALONE.

Ham.

Ham. It is not very strange : for my uncle ⁶ is king of Denmark ; and those, that would make mouths at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little ⁷. 'Sblood there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out. [*Flourish of trumpets within.*]

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands. Come then : the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony : let me comply ⁸ with you in this garb ; lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must shew fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome : but my uncle-father, and aunt-mother, are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord ?

Ham. I am but mad north-north west : when the wind is southerly ⁹, I know a hawk from a hand-saw ¹.

Enter

⁶ *It is not very strange : for my uncle—*] I do not wonder that the new players have so suddenly risen to reputation ; my uncle supplies another example of the facility with which honour is conferred upon new claimants. JOHNSON.

It is not very strange, &c. was originally Hamlet's observation, on being informed that the old tragedians of the city were not so followed as they used to be : [see p. 251, n. 6.] but Dr. Johnson's explanation is certainly just, and this passage connects sufficiently well with that which now immediately precedes it. MALONE.

⁷ *—in little.*] i. e. in miniature. So, in Drayton's *Shepherd's Sirena* :

"Paradise in little done."

Again, in Massinger's *New way to pay old debts* :

"His father's picture in little." STEEVENS.

⁸ *—let me comply—*] Hammer reads, *Let me compliment with you.*

JOHNSON.

⁹ *When the wind is southerly, &c.*] So, in *Damon and Pyrrhus*, 1582 :

"But I perceive now, either the winde is at the south,

"Or else your tongue cleaveth to the rooffe of your mouth."

STEEVENS.

¹ *—I know a hawk from a hand-saw.*] This was a common proverbial speech. The *Oxford Editor* alters it to, *I know a hawk from an barnshaw*, as if the other had been a corruption of the players ; whereas the poet found the proverb thus corrupted in the mouths of the people : so that this critic's alteration only serves to shew us the original of the expression. WARBURTON.

Similarity of sound is the source of many literary corruptions. In Holborn we have still the sign of the *Bull and Gate*, which exhibits
but

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern;—and you too;—at each ear a hearer: that great baby, you see there, is not yet out of his swadling-clouts.

Ros. Happily, he's the second time come to them; for, they say, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy, he comes to tell me of the players; mark it.—You say right, sir: o' monday morning; 'twas then, indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,—

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz²!

Pol. Upon my honour,—

Ham. *Then came³ each actor on his ass,—*

but an odd combination of images. It was originally (as I learn from the title-page of an old play) the *Boulogne Gate*, i. e. one of the gates of *Boulogne*; designed perhaps as a compliment to Henry VIII. who took that place in 1544.

The *Boulogne mouth*, now the *Bull and Mouth*, had probably the same origin, i. e. the *mouth of the harbour of Boulogne*. STEEVENS.

² *Buz, buz!*] Mere idle talk, the *buz* of the vulgar. JOHNSON.

Buz, buz! are, I believe, only interjections employed to interrupt Polonius. B. Jonson uses them often for the same purpose, as well as Middleton in *A mad World my masters*, 1608. STEEVENS.

Buz used to be an interjection at Oxford, when any one began a story that was generally known before. BLACKSTONE.

Buzzer, in a subsequent scene in this play, is used for a *busy talker*:

“And wants not buzzers, to infect his ear

“With pestilent speeches.”

Again, in *King Lear*:

—on every dream,

“Each *buz*, each fancy.”

Again, in Trussel's *History of England*, 1635: “—who, instead of giving redress, suspecting now the truth of the duke of Gloucester's *buzz*,” &c.

It is, therefore, probable from the answer of Polonius, that *buz* was used, as Dr. Johnson supposes, for an idle rumour without any foundation.

In B. Jonson's *Staple of News*, the collector of mercantile intelligence is called *Emissary Buz*. MALONE.

³ *Then came, &c.*] This seems to be a line of a ballad. JOHNSON.

Pol.

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, [tragical-historical⁴, tragical-comical, historical-pastoral,] scene individable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light⁵. For the law of writ, and the liberty⁶; these are the only men.

Ham. O *Jeptha, judge of Israel*,—what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why,—One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter. [*Aside.*]

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old *Jeptha*?

Pol. If you call me *Jeptha*, my lord, I have a daughter, that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my lord?

⁴ —*tragical*, &c.] The words within the crotchets I have recovered from the folio, and see no reason why they were hitherto omitted. There are many plays of the age, if not of Shakspeare, that answer to these descriptions. STEEVENS.

⁵ *Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light.*] The tragedies of Seneca were translated into English by Thomas Newton, and others, and published in 1581. One comedy of Plautus, viz. the *Menachmi*, was likewise translated and published in 1595. STEEVENS.

I believe the frequency of plays performed at publick schools, suggested to Shakspeare the names of *Seneca* and *Plautus* as dramatick authors. T. WARTON.

⁶ *For the law of writ, and the liberty,—*] All the modern editions have, *the law of wit, and the liberty*; but both my old copies have, *the law of writ*, I believe rightly. *Writ*, for *writing*, *composition*. *Wit* was not, in our authour's time, taken either for *imagination*, or *acuteness*, or both together, but for *understanding*, for the faculty by which we apprehend and judge. Those who wrote of the human mind, distinguished its primary powers into *wit* and *will*. Ascham distinguishes boys of tardy and of active faculties into *quick wits* and *slow wits*. JOHNSON.

The old copies are certainly right. *Writ* is used for *writing* by authours contemporary with Shakspeare. Thus, in *The Apologie of Pierce Pennileffe*, by Thomas Nashe, 1593: "For the lowlie circumstance of his poverty before his death, and sending that miserable *writte* to his wife, it cannot be but thou liest, learned Gabriel." Again, in bishop Earle's *Character of a mere dull Physician*, 1638: "Then follows a *writ* to his druggier, in a strange tongue, which he understands, though he cannot conster."

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II.

"Now, good my lord, let's see the devil's *writ*." MALONE.

Ham.

Ham. Why, *As by lot, God wot*⁷, and then, you know, *It came to pass, As most like it was*,—The first row of the pious chançon⁸ will shew you more; for look, my abridgment⁹ comes.

Enter four or five Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all:—I am glad to see thee well:—welcome, good friends.—O, old friend! Why, thy face is valanced¹ since I saw thee last; Com'it thou to beard me in Denmark?—What! my young lady and mistress! By-'r-lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven, than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine². Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold,

⁷ *Why, As by lot, God wot,—&c.*] The old song from which these quotations are taken, I communicated to Dr. Percy, who has honoured it with a place in the second and third editions of his *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*. In the books belonging to the Stationers' Company, there is a late entry of this ballad among others. "*Jessa Judge of Israel*," p. 93. vol. iii. Dec. 14, 1624. STEEVENS.

There is a Latin tragedy on the subject of *Jeftba*, by John Christopherfon in 1546, and another by Buchanan, in 1554. A third by Du Pleffis Mornay is mentioned by Prynne in his *Hiftriomastix*. The same subject had probably been introduced on the English stage.

MALONE.

⁸ — *the pious chançon*—] It is *pons chançons* in the first folio edition. The old ballads sung on bridges, and from thence called *pons chançons*. Hamlet is here repeating ends of old songs. POPE.

The old quartos in 1604, 1605, and 1611, read *pious chançon*, which gives the sense wanted, and I have accordingly inserted it in the text.

The *pious chançons* were a kind of *Christmas carols*, containing some scriptural history thrown into loose rhimes, and sung about the streets by the common people when they went at that season to solicit alms. Hamlet is here repeating some scraps from a song of this kind, and when Polonius enquires what follows them, he refers him to the *first row* (i. e. division) of one of these, to obtain the information he wanted. STEEVENS.

⁹ — *my abridgment*—] He calls the players afterwards, *the brief chronicles of the time*; but I think he now means only *those who will shorten my talk*. JOHNSON.

An abridgement is used for a dramattick piece in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Act V. Sc. i.

"Say what *abridgment* have you for this evening?" but it does not commodiously apply to this passage. STEEVENS.

¹ — *thy face is valanced*—] i. e. fringed with a beard. The valance is the fringes or drapery hanging round the tester of a bed. MALONE.

² — *by the altitude of a chopine*.] A *chioppine* is a high shoe worn by the Italians, as in Tho. Heywood's *Challenge of Beauty*, Act 5. Song.

"The

gold, be not crack'd within the ring³.—Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers⁴, fly at any thing we see: We'll have a speech straight; Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

1. Play. What speech, my good lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once,—but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once: for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general⁵: but it was (as I received it, and others, whose judgments,

“The Italian in her high *chopeene*,

“Scotch lads, and lovely free too;

“The Spanish Donna, French Madame,

“He doth not feare to go to.” STEEVENS.

Again, in Marston's *Dutch Courtesan*, 1605: “Dost not weare high corked shoes, *chopines*?”

The word ought rather to be written *chapine*, from *chapin*, Span. which is defined by Minshew in his Spanish Dictionary, “a high cork shoe.” There is no synonymous word in the Italian language, though the Venetian ladies, as we are told by Laffels, “wear high-heel'd shoes, like stilts, which being very inconvenient for walking, they commonly rest their hands or arms upon the shoulders of two grave matrons.”

MALONE.

³ —be not crack'd within the ring.] That is, crack'd too much for use. This is said to a young player who acted the parts of women.

JOHNSON.

I find the same phrase in *The Captain*, by B. and Fletcher:

“Come to be married to my lady's woman,

“After she's crack'd in the ring.”

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Magnetic Lady*:

“Light gold, and crack'd within the ring.” STEEVENS.

The following passage in Lily's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597, as well as that in Fletcher's *Captain*, might lead us to suppose that this phrase sometimes conveyed a wanton allusion: “Well, if she were twenty grains lighter, refuse her, provided always she be not *clipt within the ring*.” T. C.

⁴ —like French falconers,] Thus the folio. Quarto:—like friendly falconers. MALONE.

The amusement of falconry was much cultivated in France. In *All's well that ends well*, Shakspeare has introduced an *astringer* or falconer at the French court. Mr. Follet, who has mentioned the same circumstance, likewise adds, that it is said in *Sir Tho. Browne's Tracts*, p. 116, that “the French seem to have been the first and noblest falconers in the western parts of Europe: and that the French king sent over his falconers to shew that sport to King James the first.” See Weldon's *Court of King James*. STEEVENS.

⁵ —caviare to the general:] *Caviare* or *Cawcawre* is a kind of pickle, greatly esteemed in Muscovy, made of the roe of the sturgeon and Beluga, taken out, salted, and dried by the fire, or in the sun. The fish is caught in great quantities at the mouth of the Volga.

Florio

judgments, in such matters, cried in the top of mine⁶;) an excellent play; well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty⁷ as cunning. I remember, one said, there were no falllets⁸ in the lines, to make the matter savoury; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite the author of affection⁹: but call'd it, an honest method¹⁰, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more

Florio in his Italian Dictionary, 1598, defines, *Caviare*, "a kinde of salt meat, used in Italie, like black sope; it is made of the roes of fishes."

Lord Clarendon uses *the general for the people*, in the same manner as it is used here. "And so by undervaluing many particulars, (which they truly esteemed,) as rather to be consented to than that *the general* should suffer,—" B. V. p. 530. MALONE.

B. Jonson has ridiculed the introduction of these foreign delicacies in his *Cynthia's Revels*, 1602:—"He doth learn to eat anchovies, Macaroni, Bovoli, Fagioli, and *Caviare*," &c.

Again, in Marston's *What you will*, 1607:

"—a man can scarce eat good meat,

"Anchovies, *saviare*, but he's fatired." STEEVENS.

* —cried in the top of mine,] i. e. that were bigger than mine.

JOHNSON.

Whose judgment, in such matters, was in much higher vogue than mine. HEATH.

Perhaps it means only—whose judgment was more clamorously delivered than mine. We still say of a bawling actor, that he speaks on *the top of his voice*. STEEVENS.

7 —set down with as much modesty—] *Modesty for simplicity*.

WARBURTON.

8 —there were no falllets, &c.] Such is the reading of the old copies. I know not why the late editors continued to adopt the alteration of Mr. Pope, and read, no salt, &c.

Mr. Pope's alteration may indeed be in some degree supported by the following passage in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602:—"—a prepared troop of gallants, who shall distaste every *unsalted* line in their fly-blown comedies." Though the other phrase was used as late as in the year 1665, in a *Banquet of Jest*s, &c. "—for junkets, joci; and for curious falllets, sales." STEEVENS.

9 —that might indite the author—] *Indite, for convict*.

WARBURTON

—indite the author of affection:] i. e. convict the author of being a fantastical affected writer. Maria calls Malvolio an *affection'd ass*, i. e. an *affected ass*; and in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Nathaniel tells the Pedant, that his reasons "*have been witty without affection*."

Again, in the translation of Castiglione's *Courtier*, by Hobby, 1556: "Among the chiefe conditions and qualities in a waiting-gentlewoman," is, "to flee *affection* or curiosity." STEEVENS.

10 —but call'd it, an honest method,—] Hamlet is telling how much his judgment differed from that of others. One said, *there was no salt in the lines*, &c. but called it an *honest method*. The author probably gave it, but I called it an *honest method*, &c. JOHNSON.

—an honest method,—] *Honest for chaste*. WARBURTON.

handsome

handsome than fine². One speech in it I chiefly loved: 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: If it live in your memory, begin at this line; let me see, let me see;—

The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,—'tis not so; it begins with Pyrrhus.

*The rugged Pyrrhus,—he, whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismal; head to foot
Now is he total gules³; horridly trick'd⁴
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons;
Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
To their lord's murder: Roasted in wrath, and fire,
And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the bellish Pyrrhus
Old grandfire Priam seeks:—So proceed you*.*

Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken; with good accent, and good discretion.

1. Play. Anon he finds him

*Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command: Unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage, strikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerv'd father falls†. Then senseless Ilium,*

² — as *wholesome*, &c.] This passage was recovered from the quartos by Dr. Johnson. STEEVENS.

³ *Now is he total gules*;] *Gules* is a term in this barbarous jargon peculiar to heraldry, and signifies *red*. Shakspeare has it again in *Timon*:

“With man's blood paint the ground; *gules, gules*.”

Heywood, in the second part of the *Iron Age*, has made a verb from it:

“—old Hecuba's reverend locks

“Be *gul'd* in slaughter.”— STEEVENS.

⁴ — *trick'd*—] i. e. smeared, painted. An heraldick term.

MALONE.

* *So proceed you*.] These words are not in the folio. MALONE.

† *But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword*

The unnerv'd father falls.] So, as Mr. Steevens has observed, in *Dido, Queen of Carthage*, a tragedy, by Marlowe and Nashe, 1594:

“Which he disdainingly, whisk'd his sword about,

“And with the wind thereof the king fell down.”

The king here spoken of is Priam. MALONE.

Seeming

*Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base; and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick:
So, as a painted tyrant⁵, Pyrrhus stood;
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.*

*But, as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death⁶: anon, the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region: So, after Pyrrhus' pause,
A roused vengeance sets him new a work;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Marses armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.—*

*Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods,
In general synod, take away her power;
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends!*

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.—
*Pr'ythee, say on:—He's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry⁷,
Or he sleeps:—say on: come to Hecuba.*

⁵ — *as a painted tyrant*—] Shakspeare was probably here thinking of the tremendous personages often represented in old tapestry, whose uplifted swords *stick in the air, and do nothing.* MALONE.

⁶ — *as we often see, against some storm,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death:*] So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

“Even as the wind is *bush'd* before it raineth.”

This line leads me to suspect that Shakspeare wrote—the bold wind speechless. Many similar mistakes have happened in these plays, where one word ends with the same letter with which the next begins.

MALONE.

⁷ — *he's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry,*] A jig, in our poet's time signified a ludicrous metrical composition, as well as a dance. Here it is used in the former sense. So, in Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: “Frottola, a countrie jigg, or round, or countrie song, or wanton verses.” See the *Historical Account of the English Stage, &c.* in Vol. I. Part II. MALONE.

1. Play. But *who, ah woe*⁸ ! had seen the mabled queen—⁹

Ham. The mabled queen?

Pol. That's good; mabled queen is good.

1 Play. Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames

With *bisson rheum*¹; a clout upon that head,

Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe,

About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,

A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;

Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,

'Gainst fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd:

But if the gods themselves did see her then,

When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport

In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs;

The instant burst of clamour that she made,

(Unless things mortal move them not at all,)

Would have made milch² the burning eyes of heaven,

And passion in the gods.

Pol. Look, whether he has not turn'd his colour, and has tears in's eyes.—Pr'ythee, no more.

⁸ But *who, ah woe* !] Thus the quarto, except that it has—*a woe*. *A* is printed instead of *ah* in various places in the old copies. *Woe* was formerly used adjectively for *woeful*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear

"All your true followers out."

The folio reads—But *who, O who, &c.* MALONE.

⁹ —the mabled queen—] The *mabled* queen, (or *mabled* queen, as it is spelt in the quarto,) means, the queen attired in a large, coarse, and careless head-dress. A few lines lower we are told she had "a clout upon that head, where late the diadem stood." The word is used (as Dr. Warburton has observed) by Sandys in his travels. Speaking of the Turkish women, he says, "their heads and faces are *mabled* in fine linen, that no more is to be seen of them than their eyes."

To *mab*, (which in the North is pronounced *mas*, and hence the spelling of the old copy in the present instance,) says Ray in his Dict. of North Country words, is "to dress carelessly. *Mabs* are *flatterns*."

The ordinary morning head-dress of ladies continued to be distinguished by the name of a *mab*, to almost the end of the reign of George the second. The folio reads—the *inobled* queen. MALONE.

Mabled signifies *buddled*, grossly covered. JOHNSON.

I meet with this word in Shirley's *Gentleman of Venice*:

"The moon does *mobble* up herself." FARMER.

¹ With *bisson rheum*;—] *Bisson* or *beesen*, i. e. blind. A word still in use in some parts of the north of England.

So, in *Coriolanus*: "What harm can your *bisson* conspectivities glean out of this character?" STEEVENS.

² —made milch—] Drayton in the 13th Song of his *Polyolbion* gives this epithet to dew: "Exhaling the *milch* dew," &c. STEEVENS.

Ham.

Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon.—Good my lord, will you see the players well bestow'd? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstract, and brief chronicles, of the time: After your death you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. Odd's bodikin, man, much better: Use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity: The less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, firs.

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow.—Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play the murder of Gonzago?

1. Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll have it to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down, and insert in't? could you not?

1. Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well.—Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [*Exeunt POLONIUS and Players.*] My good friends, [*to Ros. and Guil.*] I'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.

Ros. Good my lord!

[*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*]

Ham. Ay, so, God be wi' you:—Now I am alone.
O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous, that this player here³,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That, from her working, all his visage wann'd⁴;

Tears

³ *Is it not monstrous, that this player here,*] It should seem from the complicated nature of such parts as Hamlet, Lear, &c. that the time of Shakspeare had produced many excellent performers. He would scarce have taken the pains to form characters which he had no prospect of seeing represented with force and propriety on the stage. STEEVENS.

⁴ *That, from her working, all his visage wann'd,*
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,] *Wan'd* (*wann'd* it should have been spelt,) is the reading of the quarto, which Dr. Warburton, I think rightly, restored. The folio reads *warm'd*, for which Mr. Steevens contends in the following note.

Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect^s,
 A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
 With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!
 For Hecuba!
 What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba⁶,

That

"The working of the soul, and the effort to shed tears, will give a colour to the actor's face, instead of taking it away. The visage is always warm'd and flush'd by any unusual exertion in a passionate speech; but no performer was ever yet found, I believe, whose feelings were of such exquisite sensibility as to produce paleness in any situation in which the drama could place him. But if players were indeed possessed of that power, there is no such circumstance in the speech uttered before Hamlet, as could introduce the wanness for which Dr. Warburton contends."

Whether an actor can produce paleness, it is, I think, unnecessary to inquire. That Shakspeare thought he could, and considered the speech in question as likely to produce wanness, is proved decisively by the words which he has put into the mouth of Polonius in this scene; which add such support to the original reading, that I have without hesitation restored it. Immediately after the player has finished his speech, Polonius exclaims,

"Look, whether he has not turn'd his colour, and has tears in his eyes." Here we find the effort to shed tears, taking away, not giving a colour. If it be objected, that by turn'd his colour, Shakspeare meant that the player grew red, a passage in King Richard III. in which the poet is again describing an actor, who is master of his art, will at once answer the objection.

Rich. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour?

Murther thy breath in middle of a word;

And then again begin, and stop again,

As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;

Tremble and start at wagging of a straw, &c.

The words, quake, and terror, and tremble, as well as the whole context, shew, that by "change thy colour," Shakspeare meant grow pale.

MALONE.

^s Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,] The word aspect (as Dr. Farmer very properly observes) was in Shakspeare's time accented on the second syllable. The folio exhibits the passage as I have printed it.

STEEVENS.

⁶ What's Hecuba to him, &c.] The expression of Hamlet, What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba, is plainly an allusion to a passage in Plutarch's Life of Pelopidas, so exquisitely beautiful, and so pertinent, that I wonder it has never yet been taken notice of.

"And another time, being in a theatre where the tragedy of Troades of Euripides was played, he [Alexander Phœrus] went out of the theatre, and sent word to the players notwithstanding, that they should go on with their play, as if he had been still among them; saying, that he came not away for any misliking he had of them or of the play,

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"but

That he should weep for her? What would he do,
 Had he the motive and the cue for passion⁷,
 That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
 And cleave the general ear⁸ with horrid speech;
 Make mad the guilty, and appall the free,
 Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,
 The very faculties of eyes and ears.

Yet I,

A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
 Like John a-dreams⁹, unpregnant of my cause¹,
 And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
 Upon whose property, and most dear life,
 A damn'd defeat was made². Am I a coward?

Who

"but because he was ashamed his people should see him weep, to see the
 "miseries of *Hecuba* and *Andromache* played, and that they never saw
 "him pity the death of any one man, of so many of his citizens as he
 "had caused to be slain." Sir JOHN HAWKINS.

This observation had been already made by Mr. Upton. STEEVENS.
 Shakspeare, it is highly probable, had read the life of Pelopidas, but I
 see no ground for supposing there is here an allusion to it. Hamlet is not
 ashamed of being seen to weep at a theatrical exhibition, but mortified
 that a player, in a *dream of passion*, should appear more agitated by ficti-
 tious sorrow, than the prince was by a real calamity. MALONE.

⁷ — the cue for passion,] The hint, the direction. JOHNSON.

⁸ — the general ear—] The ears of all mankind. So before, *caciat*
 to the general, that is, to the multitude. JOHNSON.

⁹ Like John-a-dreams,—] John-a-dreams, i. e. of dreams, means
 only John the dreamer; a nick-name, I suppose, for any ignorant silly
 fellow. Thus the puppet formerly thrown at during the season of Lent,
 was called *Jack-a-lent*, and the ignis fatuus *Jack-a-lantern*. *John a-droy-
 nes*, however, if not a corruption of this nick-name, seems to have
 been some well-known character, as I have met with more than one
 allusion to him. So, in *Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel
 Harvey's Hunt is up*, by Nashe, 1596: "The description of that poor
John-a-droynes his man, whom he had hired," &c. *John a-droynes* is
 likewise a foolish character in Whetstone's *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578,
 who is seized by informers, has not much to say in his defence, and is
 cheated out of his money. STEEVENS.

¹ — unpregnant of my cause,] Unpregnant, for having no due sense of.
 WARBURTON.

Rather, not quickened with a new desire of vengeance; not taunting with
 revenge. JOHNSON.

² A damn'd defeat was made —] Defeat, for destruction.

WARBURTON.

Rather, dispossessed. JOHNSON.

The word *defeat* is very licentiously used by the old writers. Shak-
 speare in *Othello* employs it yet more quaintly:—"Defeat thy favour
 with

Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
 Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
 Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,
 As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
 Ha! Why, I should take it: for it cannot be,
 But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
 To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,
 I should have fatted all the region kites
 With this slave's offal: Bloody, bawdy villain!
 Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
 Why, what an ass am I? This is most brave;
 That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
 Prompted to my revenge by heaven, and hell,
 Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
 And fall a cursing, like a very drab,
 A scullion!
 Fie upon't! foh! About my brains! Humph! I have
 heard,

with an usurped beard;" and Middleton, in his comedy called *Any Thing for a Quiet Life*, says—"I have heard of your defeat made upon a mercer."

Again, in *Revenge for Honour*, by Chapman:

"That he might meantime make a sure defeat

"On our good aged father's life." STEEVENS.

In the passage quoted from *Othello*, to defeat is used for undo or alter: *desaire*, Fr. See Minshew in v. Minshew considers the substantives *defeat* and *defeature* as synonymous. The former he defines an overthrow; the latter, *execution or slaughter of men*. In *K. Henry V.* we have a similar phraseology:

"Making defeat upon the powers of France."

And the word is again used in the same sense in the last act of this play:

"Their defeat

"Doth by their own insinuation grow." MALONE.

³ —kindless—] *Unnatural*. JOHNSON.

⁴ Why, what an ass am I? This is most brave;] The folio reads,
 O vengeance!

Who? what an ass am I? Sure this is most brave.

STEEVENS.

⁵ A scullion!] Thus the folio. The quartos read,—a stallion.

STEEVENS.

⁶ About, my brains!] *Wits, to your work. Brain, go about the present business.* JOHNSON.

This expression occurs in the Second Part of the *Iron Age*, by Heywood, 1632:

"My brain, about again! for thou hast found

"New projects now to work on." STEEVENS.

That guilty creatures, sitting at a play⁷,
 Have by the very cunning of the scene
 Been struck so to the soul, that presently
 They have proclaim'd their malefactions:
 For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
 With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
 Play something like the murder of my father,
 Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
 I'll tent him⁸ to the quick; if he do blench⁹,
 I know my course. The spirit, that I have seen,
 May be a devil: and the devil hath power
 To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
 Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
 (As he is very potent with such spirits,)
 Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds
 More relative than this¹⁰; The play's the thing,
 Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king. [Exit.

⁷ ——— I have heard,

That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,] A number of these stories
 are collected together by Thomas Heywood, in his *Actor's Vindication*:

STEEVENS.

⁸ — tent him—] Search his wounds. JOHNSON.

⁹ —if he do blench,] If he shrink, or start. The word is used by
 Fletcher, in *The Night-walker*:

“Blench at no danger, though it be a gallows.”

Again in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, lib. vi. fol. 128:

“Without blenchinge of mine eie.” STEEVENS.

¹⁰ More relative than this;—] Relative, for conviction.

WARBURTON.

Convictive is only the consequential sense. *Relative* is, nearly related,
closely connected. JOHNSON.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in the Castle.

Enter King, Queen, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. And can you by no drift of conference²
Get from him, why he puts on this confusion :
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy ?

Ros. He does confess, he feels himself distracted ;
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded ;
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well ?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question ; but, of our demands,
Most free in his reply³.

Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime ?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way⁴ : of these we told him ;
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it : They are about the court ;

² — conference—] The folio reads, *circumstance*. STEEVENS.

³ Niggard of question ; but, of our demands,

Most free in his reply.] Slow to begin conversation, but free enough in his answers to our demands. Guildenstern has just said that Hamlet kept aloof when they wished to bring him to confess the cause of his distraction : Rosencrantz therefore here must mean, that up to that point, till they touch'd on that, he was free enough in his answers.

MALONE.

⁴ — o'er-raught on the way :—] *Over-raught* is *over-reached*, that is, *over-took*. JOHNSON.

So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. 6. c. 3 :

" Having by chance a close advantage view'd,

" He over-raught him," &c. STEEVENS.

And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true :

And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties,
To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart ; and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclin'd.

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord. [*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*]

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too :

For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither ;
'That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia⁵ : Her father, and myself⁶
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge ;
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If't be the affliction of his love, or no,
'That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you :

And, for your part⁷, Ophelia, I do wish,
'That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness ; so shall I hope, your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
'To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may. [*Exit Queen.*]

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here :—Gracious, so please you,
We will bestow ourselves :—Read on this book ;
[*to Ophelia.*]

That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness⁸.—We are oft to blame in this,—
'Tis too much prov'd⁹,—that, with devotion's visage,

⁵ *Affront Ophelia :*] To *affront*, is only to meet directly. JOHNSON.
Affrontare, Ital. So, in the *Devil's Charter*, 1607 :

" *Affronting* that port where proud Charles should enter."

STEEVENS.

⁶ *Her father, and myself*.—] Thus the quarto. The folio after these words adds—*lawful espials*, i. e. spies. MALONE.

⁷ *And, for your part,*] Thus the quarto 1604, and the folio. The modern editors, following a quarto of no authority, read—for my part. MALONE.

⁸ *Your loneliness.*] Thus the folio. The first and second quartos read *loneliness*. STEEVENS.

⁹ *'Tis too much prov'd,*.—] It is found by too frequent experience. JOHNSON.

And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

King. O, 'tis too true ! how smart
A lash that speech doth give my conscience ! [Aside.
The harlot's cheek, beauty'd with platt'ring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it¹,
Than is my deed to my most painted word :
O heavy burden !

Pol. I hear him coming ; let's withdraw, my lord.
[Exeunt King, and POLONIUS.

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. To be, or not to be², that is the question :—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer

The

¹ — more ugly to the thing that helps it,] That is, compared with the thing that helps it. JOHNSON.

² To be, or not to be,—] Of this celebrated soliloquy, which bursting from a man distracted with contrariety of desires, and overwhelmed with the magnitude of his own purposes, is connected rather in the speaker's mind, than on his tongue, I shall endeavour to discover the train, and to shew how one sentiment produces another.

Hamlet, knowing himself injured in the most enormous and atrocious degree, and seeing no means of redress, but such as must expose him to the extremity of hazard, meditates on his situation in this manner : Before I can form any rational scheme of action under this pressure of distress, it is necessary to decide, whether, after our present state, we are to be, or not to be. That is the question, which, as it shall be answered, will determine, whether 'tis nobler, and more suitable to the dignity of reason, to suffer the outrages of fortune patiently, or to take arms against them, and by opposing end them, though perhaps with the loss of life. If to die, were to sleep, no more, and by a sleep to end the miseries of our nature, such a sleep were devoutly to be wished ; but if to sleep in death, be to dream, to retain our powers of sensibility, we must pause to consider, in that sleep of death what dreams may come. This consideration makes calamity so long endured ; for who would bear the vexations of life, which might be ended by a bare bodkin, but that he is afraid of something in unknown futurity ? This fear it is that gives efficacy to conscience, which, by turning the mind upon this regard, chills the ardour of resolution, checks the vigour of enterprise, and makes the current of desire stagnate in inactivity.

We may suppose that he would have applied these general observations to his own case, but that he discovered Ophelia. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explication of the first five lines of this passage is surely wrong. Hamlet is not deliberating whether after our present state we are to exist or not, but whether he should continue to live or put an end to his life : as is pointed out by the second and the three following lines, which are manifestly a paraphrase on the first ; " whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer, &c. or to take arms." The question concerning our existence in a future state is not considered till the tenth line :—" to

sleep !

The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune³ ;
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles⁴,
 And, by opposing, end them ?—To die,—to sleep,—
 No more ;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
 The heart-ach, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die ;—to sleep ;—
 To sleep ! perchance, to dream ;—ay, there's the rub ;

sleep ! perchance, to dream," &c. The train of Hamlet's reasoning from the middle of the fifth line, "If to die, were to sleep," &c. Dr. Johnson has marked out with his usual accuracy.

In our poet's *Rape of Lucrece* we find the same question stated, which is proposed in the beginning of the present soliloquy :

"—with herself she is in mutiny,

"To live or die, which of the twain were better." MALONE.

³ —arrows of outrageous fortune ;] "Homines nos ut esse meminerimus, eâ lege natos, ut omnibus telis fortuna propofita fit vita noſtra." Cic. Epist. Fam. v. 16. STEEVENS.

⁴ Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,] One cannot but wonder that the ſmalleſt doubt ſhould be entertained concerning an expreſſion which is ſo much in Shakspeare's manner ; yet, to preſerve the integrity of the metaphor, Dr. Warburton reads *aſſail* of troubles, and Mr. Pope propoſed *ſiege*. In the *Prometheus Vincſus* of *Æſchylus* a ſimilar imagery is found :

Δυſχειμερον γι πηλαγοσ ατιρας δυης.

The ſtormy ſea of dire calamity.

and in the ſame play, as an anonymous writer has obſerved, (*Genl. Magazine*, Aug. 1772,) we have a metaphor no leſs harſh than that of the text :

Θολεροι δε λογοι πωλουσ' ιση

Στυγης προς κυμασιν ατης.

"My plaintive words in vain confuſedly beat

"Against the waves of hateful miſery."

Shakspeare might have found the very phraſe that he has employed, in *The Tragedy of Queen Cordila*, *MIRROUR FOR MAGISTRATES*, 1575, which undoubtedly he read :

"For lacke of frendes to tell my ſeas of gillteſſe ſmart." MALONE.

A ſea of troubles among the Greeks grew into a proverbial uſage ; κακων θαλασſα, κακων τρικυμία. So that the expreſſion figuratively means, the troubles of human life, which flow in upon us, and encompaſs us round, like a ſea. THEOBALD.

I know not why there ſhould be ſo much ſolicitude about this metaphor. Shakspeare breaks his metaphors often, and in this deſultory ſpeech there was leſs need of preſerving them. JOHNSON.

⁵ —To die,—to ſleep,—] This paſſage is ridiculed in the *Scornful Lady* of B. and Fletcher, as follows :

"—be deceaſ'd, that is, aſleep, for ſo the word is taken. "To ſleep, to die ; to die, to ſleep ; a very figure, ſir," &c. &c.

STEEVENS.

For

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil⁶,
 Must give us pause: There's the respect⁷,
 That makes calamity of so long life:
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time⁸,

⁶ — mortal coil,] i. e. turmoil, bustle. WARBURTON.

⁷ There's the respect,] i. e. the consideration. MALONE.

⁸ — the whips and scorns of time,] The evils here complained of are not the product of time or duration simply, but of a corrupted age or manners. We may be sure, then, that Shakspeare wrote

— the whips and scorns of th' times.

And the description of the evils of a corrupt age, which follows, confirms this emendation. WARBURTON.

It may be remarked, that Hamlet, in his enumeration of miseries, forgets, whether properly or not, that he is a prince, and mentions many evils to which inferior stations are exposed. JOHNSON.

I think we might venture to read the whips and scorns o' th' times, i. e. of times satirical as the age of Shakspeare, which probably furnished him with the idea.

In the reigns of Elizabeth and James (particularly in the former) there was more illiberal private abuse and peevish satire published, than in any others I ever knew of, except the present one. I have many of these publications, which were almost all pointed at individuals.

Daniel, in his *Musophilus*, 1599, has the same complaint:

“Do you not see these pamphlets, libels, rhimes,

“These strange confused tumults of the mind,

“Are grown to be the sickness of these times,

“The great disease inflicted on mankind?”

Whips and scorns are surely as inseparable companions, as public punishment and infamy.

Quips, the word which Dr. Johnson would introduce, is derived, by all etymologists, from *whips*.

Hamlet is introduced as reasoning on a question of general concernment. He therefore takes in all such evils as could befall mankind in general, without considering himself at present as a prince, or wishing to avail himself of the few exemptions which high place might once have claimed.

In part of K. James Ist's *Entertainment passing to his Coronation*, by Ben Jonson and Decker, is the following line, and note on that line:

“And first account of years, of months, OF TIME.

“By time we understand the present.” This explanation affords the sense for which I have contended, and without alteration.

STEEVENS.

The word *whips* is used by Marston in his *Satires*, 1599, in the sense required here:

“Ingenuous melancholy,—

“Inthroned thee in my blood; let me entreat,

“Stay his quick jocund skips, and force him run

“A sad-pac'd course, untill my whips be done.” MALONE.

The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despis'd love¹, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin²? who would fardels bear,

To

¹ — *the proud man's contumely*,] Thus the quarto. The folio reads — the *poor* man's contumely; the contumely which the poor man is obliged to endure.

"Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,

"Quam quod ridicules homines facit." MALONE.

² — *of despis'd love*,] The folio reads — of *dispriz'd* love.

STEEVENS.

² — *might his quietus make*

With a bare bodkin? —] The first expression probably alluded to the writ of discharge, which was formerly granted to those barons and knights who personally attended the king on any foreign expedition. This discharge was called a *quietus*.

It is at this time the term for the acquittance which every sheriff receives on settling his accounts at the exchequer.

The word is used for the discharge of an account, by Webster, in his *Dutcheys of Massy*, 1623:

"You had the trick in audit-time to be sick,

"Till I had sign'd your *quietus*."

A *bodkin* was, the ancient term for a *small dagger*. So, in the Second Part of *The Mirrour of Knightbood*, 4to. bl. let. 1598: "Not having any more weapons but a poor poynado, which usually he did weare about him, and taking it in his hand, delivered these speeches unto it: Thou, silly *bodkin*, shalt finish the piece of worke," &c.

In the margin of *Stowe's Chronicle*, edit. 1614, it is said, that Cæsar was slain with *bodkins*.

Again, in *Chaucer*, as he is quoted at the end of a pamphlet called *The Serpent of Division*, &c. *whereunto is annexed the Tragedy of Gorboduc*, &c. 1591:

"With *bodkins* was Cæsar Julius

"Murder'd at Rome, of Brutus Crassus." STEEVENS.

Lydgate in his *Fall of Princes*, says that Julius Cæsar was slain in the Capitol with *bodkins*.

The first Lord Lyttelton, it seems, was of opinion that Pope's edition of Shakspeare was better than that of Theobald's, because "Theobald was continually making alterations." "For *bodkin*," says the noble lord, "he would read *dodkin*, which he has found out to be an old word for *dagger*; whereas the beauty of the thought depends on the insignificance of the instrument." Graves's *Recollections of some particulars in the life of William Shenstone, Esq*; — His lordship's meaning, as Fluellen says, was goot, "save the phrase is a little variations." Theobald never did propose to read *dodkin*, though he gave the ancient signification of the word *bodkin*, which, as we have seen was *dagger*.

By

To grunt and sweat ³ under a weary life ;
 But that the dread of something after death,—
 The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
 No traveller returns ⁴,—puzzles the will ;

And

By a bare bodkin, does not perhaps mean, "by so *little* an instrument as a dagger," but "by an *unbeatable* dagger."

In the account which Mr. Steevens has given of the original meaning of the term *quietus*, after the words, "who personally attended the king on any foreign expedition," should have been added,—and were therefore exempted from the claim of *scutage*, or a tax on every knight's fee. MALONE.

³ To grunt and sweat—] All the old copies have, *to grunt and sweat*. It is undoubtedly the true reading, but can scarcely be borne by modern ears. JOHNSON.

This word occurs in the *Death of Zoroas*, a fragment in blank verse, printed at the end of *Lord Surry's Poems* :

"—— none the charge could give :

"Here grunts, here groans, echwhere strong youth is spent."

And *Stanyburst* in his translation of *Virgil*, 1582, for *supremum ingenium* gives us :—"for sighing it grunts."

The change made by the editors [*to groan*] is however supported by the following lines in *Julius Caesar*, Act IV. sc. i.

"To groan and sweat under the business." STEEVENS.

I apprehend that it is the duty of an editor to exhibit what his authour wrote, and not to substitute what may appear to the present age preferable : and Dr. Johnson was of the same opinion. See his note on the word *buzzer-mugger*, Act IV. sc. v. I have therefore, though with some reluctance, adhered to the old copies, however unpleasing this word may be to the ear. On the stage, without doubt, an actor is at liberty to substitute a less offensive word. To the ears of our ancestors it probably conveyed no unpleasing sound ; for we find it used by Chaucer and others :

"But never *gront* he at no stroke but on,

"Or elles at two, but if his storie lie."

The Monkes Tale, v. 14627, Tyrwhitt's edit.

Again, in *Wily Beguil'd*, written before 1596 :

"She's never well, but *grunting* in a corner." MALONE.

⁴ The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn

No traveller returns.—] This has been cavilled at by Lord Orrery and others, but without reason. The idea of a traveller in Shakspeare's time, was of a person who gave an account of his adventures. Every voyage was a *Discovery*. John Taylor has "*A Discovery by sea from London to Salisbury*." FARMER.

Again, Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1603 :

"—— wrestled with death,

"From whose stern cave none tracks a backward path."

Qui nunc it per iter tenebricosum

Illic unde negant redire quenquam. Catullus. STEEVENS.

This passage has been objected to by others on a ground which, at the first view of it, seems more plausible. Hamlet himself, it is objected, has

And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sickly'd o'er with the pale cast of thought;
 And enterprizes of great pith⁵ and moment,
 With this regard, their currents turn awry⁶,
 And lose the name of action.—Soft you, now!
 The fair Ophelia:—Nymph, in thy orisons⁷
 Be all my sins remember'd.

Oph. Good my lord,

How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well.

has had ocular demonstration that travellers do sometimes return from this strange country.

I formerly thought this an inconsistency. But this objection also is founded on a mistake. Our poet without doubt in the passage before us intended to say, that from the *unknown* regions of the dead no traveller returns, with all his *corporal powers*; such as he who goes on a voyage of *discovery* brings back, when he returns to the port from which he sailed. The traveller whom Hamlet had seen, though he appeared in the same habit which he had worn in his life time, was nothing but a shadow; “invulnerable as the air,” and consequently *incorporeal*.

If, says the objector, the traveller has once reached this coast, it is not an undiscovered country. But by *undiscovered* Shakspeare meant not, undiscovered by departed spirits, but, undiscovered, or unknown to “such fellows as us, who crawl between earth and heaven;” *superis incognita tellus*. In this sense every country, of which the traveller does not return *alive* to give an account, may be said to be *undiscovered*. The ghost has given no account of the region from whence he came, being, as he has himself informed us, “forbid to tell the secrets of his prison-house.”

Marlowe, before our poet, had compared death to a journey to an undiscovered country:

“————— weep not for Mortimer,

“That scorns the world, and, as a traveller,

“Goes to discover countries yet unknown.”

King Edward II. 1598 (written before 1593).

MALONE.

5 — great pith—] Thus the folio. The quartos read, of great pith.

STEEVENS.

6 — turn awry,] Thus the quartos. The folio—turn away.

STEEVENS.

7 — Nymph, in thy orisons, &c.] This is a touch of nature. Hamlet, at the sight of Ophelia, does not immediately recollect, that he is to personate madness, but makes her an address grave and solemn, such as the foregoing meditation excited in his thoughts. JOHNSON.

Oph.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I;
I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right well, you did;
And, with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord?

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That, if you be honest, and fair, you should admit no discourse to your beauty².

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd, than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness³: this was some time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me: for virtue cannot so inoculate¹ our old stock, but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

² That, if you be honest, and fair, you should admit no discourse to your beauty.] This is the reading of all the modern editions, and is copied from the quarto. The folio reads,—your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty. The true reading seems to be this: If you be honest and fair, you should admit your honesty to no discourse with your beauty. This is the sense evidently required by the process of the conversation.

JOHNSON.

³ —into his likeness:] The modern editors read *its* likeness; but the text is right. Shakespeare and his contemporaries frequently use the personal for the neutral pronoun. So Spenser, *Faery Queen*, B. III. c. ix.

“Then forth it breaks; and with his furious blast,

“Confounds both land and seas, and skies doth overcast.”

See p. 211, n. 6. MALONE.

¹ —inoculate—] This is the reading of the first folio. The first quarto reads *eugestut*; the second, *euguat*; and the third *evacuate*.

STEEVENS.

Ham.

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 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
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STEEVENS.

Ham.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery; Why would'st thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better, my mother had not borne me²: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in³, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in: What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us: Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Opb. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him; that he may play the fool no where but in's own house. Farewel.

Opb. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry; Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery; farewell: Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough, what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery go; and quickly too. Farewel.

Opb. Heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough⁴; God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance⁵: Go to; I'll no more of't; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that

² *I could accuse me of such things, that it were better, my mother had not borne me:]* So, in our poet's 88th Sonnet:

"—— I can set down a story

"Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted." MALONE.

³ *— with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in,]* *To put a thing into thought, is to think on it.* JOHNSON.

— at my beck,—] That is, *always ready to come about me.*

STEVENS.

⁴ *I have heard of your paintings too, well enough, &c.]* This is according to the quarto; the folio, for *paintings*, has *prattlings*, and for *face*, has *pace*, which agrees with what follows, *you jig, you amble*. Probably the authour wrote both. I think the common reading best.

JOHNSON.

I would continue to read, *paintings*, because these destructive aids of beauty seem, in the time of Shakspeare, to have been general objects of satire. STEVENS.

⁵ *— make your wantonness your ignorance:]* You mistake by wanton affection, and pretend to mistake by ignorance. JOHNSON.

are married already, all but one, shall live * ; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [Exit Hamlet.]

Opb. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown !
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword ;
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form⁸,
The observ'd of all observers ! quite, quite down !
And I, of ladies most deject⁹ and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his musick vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune¹ and harsh ;
That unmatch'd form and feature² of blown youth,
Blasted with ecstasy³ : O, woe is me !
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see !

Re-enter King, and POLONIUS.

King. Love ! his affections do not that way tend ;
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,

* — all but one shall live ;] By the one who shall not live, he means, his step-father. MALONE.

⁷ The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword ;] The poet certainly meant to have placed his words thus :

The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's, eye, tongue, sword ;
otherwise the excellence of tongue is appropriated to the soldier, and the scholar wears the sword. WARNER.

This regulation is needless. So, in *Tarquin and Lucrece* :

" — princes are the glass, the school, the book,

" Where subjects eyes do learn, do read, do look."

And in *Quintilian* : " Multum agit sexus, ætas, conditio ; ut in feminis, senibus, pupillis, liberos, parentes, conjuges, alligantibus."

FARMER.

⁸ — the mould of form,] The model by whom all endeavoured to form themselves. JOHNSON.

⁹ — most deject—] So, in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613 :

" — What knight is that

" So passionately deject ?" STEEVENS.

¹ — out of tune—] Thus the folio. The quarto—out of time.

STEEVENS.

These two words in the hand-writing of Shakspeare's age are almost indistinguishable, and hence are frequently confounded in the old copies.

MALONE.

² — and feature—] Thus the folio. The quartos read *figure*.

STEEVENS.

³ — with ecstasy :] The word ecstasy was anciently used to signify some degree of alienation of mind.

So G. Douglas, translating—*fecit acri fixa dolore* :

" In ecstasy she stood, and mad almost." STEEVENS.

Wa

Was not like madness. There's something in his soul,
 O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
 And, I do doubt, the hatch, and the disclose⁴,
 Will be some danger: Which for to prevent,
 I have, in quick determination,
 Thus set it down: He shall with speed to England,
 For the demand of our neglected tribute:
 Haply, the seas, and countries different,
 With variable objects, shall expel
 This something-settled matter in his heart;
 Whereon his brains still beating, puts him thus
 From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Pol. It shall do well: But yet do I believe,
 The origin and commencement of his grief
 Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia?
 You need not tell us what lord Hamlet said;
 We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please;
 But, if you hold it fit, after the play,
 Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
 To shew his grief; let her be round with him⁵;
 And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
 Of all their conference: If she find him not,
 To England send him; or confine him, where
 Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so:
 Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

A Hall in the same.

Enter HAMLET, and certain Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it
 to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as
 many of our players do, I had as lieve the town-crier spoke

⁴ — *the disclose,*] This was the technical term. So, in the *Maid of Honour*, by Massinger:

“ One aerie with proportion ne'er discloses

“ The eagle and the wren.” MALONE.

⁵ — *be round with him;*] To be round with a person, is to reprimand him with freedom. So, in *A Mad World my Masters*, by Middleton, 1640; “ She's round with her i'faith.” MALONE.

my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious perriwig-pated ⁶ fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings⁷; who, for

⁶ — perriwig-pated—] This is a ridicule on the quantity of false hair worn in Shakspeare's time, for wigs were not in common use till the reign of Charles II. In the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Julia says—"I'll get me such a colour'd perriwig."

Goff, who wrote several plays in the reign of James I. and was no mean scholar, has the following lines in his tragedy of the *Courageous Turk*, 1632:

"—How now, you heavens,
Grow you so proud you must needs put on curl'd locks,
And clothe yourselves in perriwigs of fire?"

Players, however, seem to have worn them most generally. So, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609: "—as none wear hoods but monks and ladies; and feathers but fore-horses, &c;—none perriwigs but players and pictures." STEEVENS.

⁷ — the groundlings;—] The meaner people then seem to have sat below, as they now sit in the upper gallery, who, not well understanding poetical language, were sometimes gratified by a mimical and mute representation of the drama, previous to the dialogue. JOHNSON.

Before each act of the tragedy of *Jocasta*, translated from *Euripides*, by Geo. Gascoigne and Fra. Kinwelmerth, the order of these dumb shews is very minutely described. This play was presented at Gray's Inn by them in 1566. The mute exhibitions included in it are chiefly emblematical, nor do they display a picture of one single scene which is afterwards performed on the stage. In some other pieces I have observed, that they serve to introduce such circumstances as the limits of a play would not admit to be represented.

Thus in *Herod and Antipater*, 1622:

"——— Let me now
Intreat your worthy patience to contain
Much in imagination; and, what words
Cannot have time to utter, let your eyes
Out of this DUMB show, tell your memories."

In short, dumb shews sometimes supplied deficiencies, and, at others, filled up the space of time which was necessary to pass while business was supposed to be transacted in foreign parts. With this method of preserving one of the unities, our ancestors appear to have been satisfied.

Ben Jonson mentions the *groundlings* with equal contempt. "The understanding gentlemen of the ground here."

Again, in *The Case is Alter'd*, 1609:—"a rude barbarous crew, that have no brains, and yet grounded judgments; they will hiss any thing that mounts above their grounded capacities."

for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shews, and noise⁸: I would have such a fellow whipp'd for o'er-doing Termagant⁹; it out-herods Herod¹: Pray you, avoid it.

1. Play.

In our early play-houses the pit had neither floor nor benches. Hence the term of *groundlings* for those who frequented it.

The *groundling*, in its primitive signification, means a fish which always keeps at the bottom of the water. STEEVENS.

— are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shews, and noise:] i. e. have a capacity for nothing but dumb shews; understand nothing else. So, in Heywood's *History of Women*, 1624: "I have therein imitated our historical and comical poets, that write to the stage; who, lest the auditory should be dull'd with serious discourses, in every act present some zany, with his mimick gesture to breed in the less capable mirth and laughter." MALONE.

— inexplicable dumb shews,] I believe the meaning is, shews, without words to explain them. JOHNSON.

Rather, I believe, shews which are too confusedly conducted to explain themselves.

I meet with one of these in Heywood's play of the *Four Prentices of London*, 1632, where the *Presenter* says,

"I must entreat your patience to forbear

"While we do feast your eye, and starve your ear.

"For in dumb shews, which were they writ at large

"Would ask a long and tedious circumstance,

"Their infant fortunes I will soon express:" &c.

Then follow the *dumb shews*, which well deserve the character Hamlet has already given of this species of entertainment, as may be seen from the following passage: "Enter Tancred, with *Bella Franca* richly attired: she somewhat affecting him, though she makes no shew of it." Surely this may be called an *inexplicable dumb shew*." STEEVENS.

⁹ *Termagant*;] *Termagant* was a Saracen deity, very clamorous and violent in the old moralities. PERCY.

Termagant is mentioned by Spenser in his *Fairy Queen*, and by Chaucer in *The Tale of Sir Topas*; and by B. and Fletcher in *A King and no King*, as follows:

"This would make a saint swear like a soldier, and a soldier like *Termagant*."

Again, in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"— swears, God bless us,

"Like a very *Termagant*."

Again, in *The Picture*, by Massinger:

"— a hundred thousand Turks

"Assail'd him, every one a *Termagant*." STEEVENS.

¹ — out-herods Herod:] The character of Herod in the ancient mysteries was always a violent one:

See the *Conventiæ Ludus* among the Cotton Mss. Vespasian D. v. 111.

"Now I regne lyk a kyng arayd ful rych,

"Rollyd in rynggs and robys of array,

"Duky

1. Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'er-step not the modesty of nature: for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold as 'twere the mirror up to

"Dukys with dentys I dryve into the dych;
 "My dedys be ful dowty demyd be day,"

Again, in the *Chester Whitsun Plays*, Mss. Harl. 2013:

"I kyng of kynges, non soe keene,
 "I sovraine sir, as well is seene,
 "I tyrant that maye bouth take and teene
 "Castell tower, and towne;
 "I welde this worlde withouten wene,
 "I beate all those unbuxome beene;
 "I drive the devills alby dene
 "Deepe in hell adowne.
 "For I am kyng of all mankinde,
 "I byd, I beate, I lose, I bynde;
 "I master the moone; take this in mynde
 "That I am most of mighte.
 "I ame the greatest above degree,
 "That is, that was, or ever shall be;
 "The sonne it dare not shine on me,
 "And I byd him goe downe.
 "No raine to fall shall now be free,
 "Nor no lorde shall have that liberty
 "That dare abyde and I byd fleey,
 "But I shall crake his crowne."

See the *Vintner's Play*, p. 67.

Chaucer describing a parish clerk, in his *Miller's Tale*, says,

"He playeth *Herode* on a scaffold high."

The parish clerks and other subordinate ecclesiasticks appear to have been our first actors, and to have represented their characters on distinct pulpits or scaffolds. Thus, in one of the stage-directions to the 27th pageant in the Coventry collection already mentioned; "What tyme that procession is entered into y^t place, and the Herowdys takyn in *schaffalde*, and Annas and Cayphas their *schaffaldys*," &c.

STEEVENS.

To the instances given by Mr. Steevens of Herod's lofty language, may be added these lines from the Coventry plays among the Cotton Mss. p. 92.

"Of bewte and of boldnes I ber evermor the belle,
 "Of mayn and of myght I master every man;
 "I dyng with my downtiness the devyl down to helle,
 "For bothe of hevyn and of earth I am kyng certayn."

MALONE.

nature;

nature; to shew virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time², his form and pressure³. Now this, over-done, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one⁴, must, in your allowance⁵, o'er-weigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players⁶, that I have seen play,—and heard others praise,

² — age and body of the time,—] To exhibit the form and pressure of the age of the time, is, to represent the manners of the time suitable to the period that is treated of, according as it may be ancient, or modern.

STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnson says, "*the age of the time* can hardly pass." Mr. Steevens has endeavoured to explain it. But perhaps Shakspeare did not mean to connect these words. It is the end of playing, says Hamlet, to shew the age in which we live, and the body of the time, its form and pressure: to delineate exactly the manners of the age, and the particular humour of the day. MALONE.

³ — pressure—] Resemblance, as in a print. JOHNSON.

⁴ — the censure of which one, &c.] Ben Jonson seems to have imitated this passage in his *Poetaster*, 1601:

" — I will try

" If tragedy have a more kind aspect;

" Her favours in my next I will pursue;

" Where if I prove the pleasure but of one,

" If be judicious be, he shall be alone

" A theatre unto me." MALONE.

⁵ — in your allowance,] In your approbation. See Vol. XIII. p. 242, n. 8. MALONE.

⁶ — O, there be players, &c.] I would read thus: "There be players, that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly (not to speak profanely) that neither having the accent nor the gait of christian, pagan, nor *Mussulman*, have so strutted and bellowed, that I thought some of nature's journeymen had made *the men*, and not made them well," &c. FARMER.

I have no doubt that our authour wrote—"that I thought some of nature's journeymen had made *them*, and not made them well," &c. *Them* and *men* are frequently confounded in the old copies. See the *Comedy of Errors*, Act II. sc. ii. folio, 1623:—"because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts, and what he hath scanted *them* [*r. men*] in hair, he hath given them in wit."—In the present instance the compositor probably caught the word *men* from the last syllable of *journeymen*. Shakspeare could not mean to assert as a general truth, that nature's journeymen had made *men*, i. e. all mankind; for, if that were the case, these strutting players would have been on a footing with the rest of the species. Nature herself, the poet means to say, made all mankind except these strutting players, and they were made by Nature's journeymen.

A passage in *King Lear*, in which we meet with the same sentiment, in my opinion, fully supports the emendation now proposed:

" Kent,

praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely⁷, that, neither having the accent of christians, nor the gait of christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted, and bellow'd, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

1. *Play*. I hope, we have reform'd that indifferently with us.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those, that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them⁸:

"*Kent*. Nature disclaims in *THEE*, a tailor made *THEE*.

"*Corn*. Thou art a strange fellow: A tailor make a man!

"*Kent*. Ay, a tailor, sir; a stone-cutter or a painter [*Nature's journeymen*] could not have made *him* so ill, though he had been but two hours at the trade."

This notion of Nature keeping a shop, and employing journeymen to form mankind, was common in Shakspeare's time. See *Lily's Woman in the Moon*, a comedy, 1597: "They draw the curtains from before *Nature's Shop*, where stands an image clad, and some unclad."

MALONE.

⁷ — not to speak it *profanely*—] *Profanely* seems to relate, not to the praise which he has mentioned, but to the censure which he is about to utter. Any gross or indelicate language was called *profane*.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Orbello*:—"he is a most *profane* and liberal counsellor."

MALONE.

⁸ — speak no more than is set down for them:] So, in *The Antipodes*, by Brome, 1638:

"—you, sir, are incorrigible, and

"Take licence to yourself to add unto

"Your parts, your own free fancy," &c.

"—That is a way, my lord, has been allow'd

"On elder stages, to move mirth and laughter."

"—Yes, in the days of *Tarlton*, and of *Kemp*,

"Before the stage was purg'd from barbarism," &c.

Stowe informs us, (p. 697, edit. 1615,) that among the twelve players who were sworn the queen's servants in 1583, "were two rare men, viz. Thomas Wilson, for a quicke delicate refined *extemporall witt*; and Richard Tarleton, for a wondrous plentifull, pleasant *extemporall witt*," &c.

Again, in *Tarlton's Newes from purgatory*:—"—I absented myself from all plaies, as wanting that merrye Roscius of plaiers that famosed all comedies so with his pleasant and *extemporall invention*."

STEEVENS.

The clown very often addressed the audience, in the middle of the play, and entered into a contest of raillery and sarcasm with such of the audience as chose to engage with him. It is to this absurd practice that Shakspeare alludes. See the *Historical Account of our old English Theatres*, Vol. I. Part II. MALONE.

for

for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous; and shews a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.—
[*Exeunt Players.*]

Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

How now, my lord? will the king hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste.— [Exit POLONIUS.]

Will you two help to hasten them?

Both. Ay, my lord. [Exit ROS. and GUIL.]

Ham. What, ho; Horatio!

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

Hor. O, my dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter:

For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed, and cloath thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?

No, let the candy'd tongue lick absurd pomp;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee⁹,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul¹ was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish her election,
She hath seal'd thee for herself²: for thou hast been

⁹ —the pregnant hinges of the knee,] I believe the sense of pregnant in this place is, quick, ready, prompt. JOHNSON.

¹ —my dear soul—] Dear soul is an expression equivalent to the *φίλα ψυχή*, *φίλον ἦτορ*, of Homer. STEEVENS.

² She hath seal'd thee for herself:] Thus the quarto. The folio reads:
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself. MALONE.

As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
 A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
 Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and blest are those,
 Whose blood and judgment³ are so well co-mingled⁴,
 That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
 To sound what stop she please: Give me that man
 That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
 In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
 As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—
 There is a play to-night before the king;
 One scene of it comes near the circumstance,
 Which I have told thee of my father's death.
 I pr'ythee, when thou seest that act a-foot,
 Even with the very comment of thy soul
 Observe my uncle: if his occulted guilt
 Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
 It is a damned ghost that we have seen;
 And my imaginations are as foul
 As Vulcan's stithy⁵. Give him heedful note:
 For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
 And, after, we will both our judgments join
 In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord:

If he steal aught, the whilst this play is playing,
 And scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Ham. They are coming to the play; I must be idle:
 Get you a place.

Danish march. A flourish. Enter King, Queen, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and Others.

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i' faith; of the camelion's dish: I eat the air, promise-cramm'd: You cannot feed capons so.

³ *Whose blood and judgment—*] According to the doctrine of the four humours, *desire* and *confidence* were seated in the blood, and *judgment* in the phlegm, and the due mixture of the humours made a perfect character. JOHNSON.

⁴ *—co-mingled,*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—*comedled*; which had formerly the same meaning. MALONE.

⁵ *—Vulcan's stithy.*] *Stithy* is a smith's anvil. JOHNSON.

So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“Now by the forge that *stithied* Mars's helm.”

So, in Greene's *Card of Fancy*, 1608:—“determined to strike on the *stith* while the iron was hot.” STEEVENS.

King.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now⁶. My lord,—you play'd once in the university⁷, you say?

[to Polonius.]

Pol. That did I, my lord: and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

⁶ — *nor mine now.*] A man's words, says the proverb, are his own no longer than he keeps them unspoken. JOHNSON.

⁷ — *you play'd once in the university,*] The practice of acting Latin plays in the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, is very ancient, and continued to near the middle of the last century. They were performed occasionally for the entertainment of princes and other great personages; and regularly at Christmas, at which time a *Lord of misrule* was appointed at Oxford, to regulate the exhibitions, and a similar officer with the title of *Imperator*, at Cambridge. The most celebrated actors at Cambridge were the students of St. John's and King's colleges: at Oxford, those of Christ-Church. In the hall of that college a Latin comedy called *Marcus Geminus*, and the Latin tragedy of *Progne*, were performed before Queen Elizabeth in the year 1566; and in 1564, the Latin tragedy of *Dido* was played before her majesty, when she visited the university of Cambridge. The exhibition was in the body or nave of the chapel of King's college, which was lighted by the royal guards, each of whom bore a staff-torch in his hand. See Peck's *Desider. Cur.* p. 36. n. x. The actors in this piece were all of that college. The author of the tragedy, who in the Latin account of this royal visit, in the Museum, [MSS. Baker, 7037, p. 203,] is said to have been *Regalis Collegii alumnus*, was, I believe, John Rightwile, who was elected a fellow of King's college, in 1507, and according to Anthony Wood, "made the tragedy of *Dido* out of Virgil, and acted the same with the scholars of his school, [St. Paul's, of which he was appointed master in 1522,] before Cardinal Wolsey with great applause." In 1583, the same play was performed at Oxford, in Christ-Church hall, before Albertus de Alasco, a Polish prince Palatine, as was William Gager's Latin comedy, entitled *Rivales*. On Elizabeth's second visit to Oxford, in 1592, a few years before the writing of the present play, she was entertained on the 24th and 26th of September, with the representation of the last mentioned play, and another Latin comedy, called *Bellum Grammaticale*.

MALONE.

It should seem from the following passage in Vice Chancellor Hatcher's letter to Lord Burghley, on June 21, 1580, that the common players were likewise permitted to perform in the universities. "Whereas it hath pleased your honour to recommend my lord of Oxenford his players, that they might shew their cunning in several plays already practised by 'em before the Queen's Majesty;—(denied on account of the pestilence and commencement:)—"of late we denied the like to the right honourable the Lord of Leicester his servants." FARMER.

Pol.

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar⁸: I was kill'd i' the capitol*; Brutus kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him⁹, to kill so capital a calf there.—Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience¹.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

Pol. O ho! do you mark that? [to the king.]

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?
[lying down at Ophelia's feet².]

Oph.

⁸ I did enact Julius Cæsar:—] A Latin play on the subject of Cæsar's death was performed at Christ-Church in Oxford, in 1582; and several years before a Latin play on the same subject, written by Jaques Grevin, was acted in the college of Beauvais, at Paris. I suspect that there was likewise an English play on the story of Cæsar before the time of Shakspeare. See *Essay on the order of Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

* I was kill'd i' the Capitol;] This, it is well known, was not the case; for Cæsar, we are expressly told by Plutarch, was killed in *Pompey's portico*. But our poet followed the received opinion, and probably the representation of his own time, in a play on the subject of Cæsar's death, previous to that which he wrote. The notion that Julius Cæsar was killed in the Capitol is as old as the time of Chaucer:

"This Julius to the capitolie wente

"Upon a day, as he was wont to gon,

"And in the capitolie anon him hente

"This false Brutus, and his other soon,

"And stiked him with bodekins anon

"With many a wound," &c. *The Monkes Tale*.

Tyrwhitt's edit. Vol. II. p. 31. MALONE.

⁹ —it was a brute part of him,—] Sir John Harrington, in his *Metamorphoses of Ajax*, 1596, has the same quibble: "O brave-minded Brutus! but this I must truly say, they were two *brutish parts* both of him and you; one to kill his sons for treason, the other to kill his father in treason." STEEVENS.

¹ —they stay upon your patience.] May it not be read more intelligibly, *They stay upon your pleasure*. In *Macbeth* it is:

"Noble Macbeth, we stay upon your *leisure*." JOHNSON.

² —at Ophelia's feet.] To lie at the feet of a mistress during any dramatic representation, seems to have been a common act of gallantry. So, in the *Queen of Corinth*, by B. and Fletcher:

"Uihers her to her coach, *lies at her feet*

"At *solemn masques*, applauding what she laughs at."

Again, in Gascoigne's *Greene Knight's farewell to Fancie*:

"To lie along in ladies lappes," &c.

This fashion, which Shakspeare probably designed to ridicule by appropriating it to Hamlet during his dissembled madness, is likewise exposed by Decker, in his *Guls Hornbook*, 1609.

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap³?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think, I meant country matters⁴?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs,

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O! your only jig-maker⁵. What should a man do, but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of fables⁶. O heavens! die two months ago,

See an extract from it among the prefaces. STEEVENS.

I do not conceive that this fashion was intended to be ridiculed by Shakspeare. Decker, in his *Guls Hornebooke*, inveighs in general against the custom of sitting on the stage, but makes no mention of lying in ladies' laps, nor did any woman, I believe, sit on the publick stage, in our poet's time. MALONE.

³ *I mean, &c.*] This speech, and *Ophelia's* reply to it, ore omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Do you think, I meant country matters?*] Dr. Johnson, from a casual inadvertence, proposed to read—country *manners*. The old reading is certainly right. What Shakspeare meant to allude to, must be too obvious to every reader, to require any explanation. MALONE.

⁵ — *your only jig-maker.*] A *jig*, as has been already observed, signified not only a dance, but also a ludicrous prose or metrical composition, which in our authour's time was sometimes represented or sung after a play. So, in the prologue to Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn*:

“ — when for approbation

“ A jig shall be clapp'd at, and every rhyme

“ Prais'd and applauded by a clamorous chime.”

See also p. 262, n. 7. and *The Historical Account of the old English theatres*, Vol. I. P. II. MALONE.

Many of these jiggs are entered in the books of the Stationers' Company:—“ Philips his *Jigg* of the flyppers, 1595: Kempe's *Jigg* of the Kitchen-stuff-woman, 1595.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *Nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of fables.*] Nay then, says Hamlet, if my father be so long dead as you say, let the devil wear black; as for me, so far from wearing a mourning dress, I'll wear the most costly and magnificent suit that can be procured; a suit trimmed with fables.

ago, and not forgotten yet; Then there's hope, a great man's memory may out-live his life half a year: But, by'r-lady, he must build churches then: or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse⁷; whose epitaph, is, *For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot*⁸.

Trumpets

Our poet furnished Hamlet with a suit of fables on the present occasion, not, as I conceive, because such a dress was suited to "a country where it was bitter cold, and the air was nipping and eager," (as Dr. Johnson supposed,) nor because "a suit of fables was the richest dress that could be worn in *Denmark*," (as Mr. Steevens has suggested,) of which probably he had no knowledge, but because a suit trimmed with fables was in Shakespeare's time the richest dress worn by men in *England*. We have had again and again occasion to observe, that, wherever his scene might happen to be, the customs of his own country were still in his thoughts.

By the statute of apparel, 24 Henry VIII. c. 13, (article *furres*), it is ordained, that none under the degree of an *earl* may use *fables*.

Bishop says in his *Blossoms*, 1577, speaking of the extravagance of those times, that a *thousand ducates* were sometimes given for "a *face of fables*."

That a *suit of fables* was the magnificent dress of our authour's time, appears from a passage in B. Jonson's *Discoveries*: "Would you not laugh to meet a *great counsellor of state*, in a flat cap, with his trunk-hose, and a hobby-horse cloak, and yond haberdasher in a velvet gown trimm'd with *fables*?"

Florio, in his Italian Dict. 1598, thus explains *xibilini*: "The rich furre called fables."—*Sables* is the skin of the sable martin. See Cotgrave's French Dict. 1611. "Sebilline. Martre Sebel. The sable martin; the beast whose skinne we call *fables*." MALONE.

⁷—*suffer not thinking on, with the bobby-horse*;—] Amongst the country may-games there was an hobby-horse, which, when the puritanical humour of those times opposed and discredited these games, was brought by the poets and ballad-makers as an instance of the ridiculous zeal of the sectaries: from these ballads Hamlet quotes a line or two. WARBURTON.

⁸—*O, the bobby-horse is forgot*.] In *Love's Labour's Lost*, this line is also introduced.

In *TEXNOGAMIA*, or *the Marriage of the Arts*, 1618, is the following stage-direction.

"Enter a *bobby-horse*, dancing the *morrice*," &c.

Again, in B. and Fletcher's *Woman Pleas'd*:

Soto. "Shall the *bobby-horse* be forgot then,

"The hopeful *bobby-horse*, shall he lie founder'd?"

The scene in which this passage is, will very amply confirm all that Dr. Warburton has said concerning the *bobby-horse*.

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Entertainment for the Queen and Prince at Albsurpe*:

Trumpets sound. The dumb shew follows.

Enter a king and a queen, very lovingly; the queen embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes shew of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck: lays him down upon a bank of flowers; she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon, comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the king's ears, and exit. The queen returns; finds the king dead, and makes passionate action. The poisoner, with some two or three mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poisoner wooes the queen with gifts; she seems loath and unwilling a while, but in the end, accepts his love. [Exeunt.

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching mallecho⁹; it means mischief.

Oph. Belike, this shew imports the argument of the play.

"But see, the hobby-horse is forgot,
"Fool, it must be your lot,
"To supply his want with faces,
"And some other buffoon graces."

See figure 5 in the plate at the end of the First Part of *K. Henry IV.* with Mr. Tollet's observations on it. STEEVENS.

⁹ — *miching mallecho*;] A secret and wicked contrivance; a concealed wickedness. To *mich* is a provincial word, and was probably once general, signifying to lie hid, or play the truant. In Norfolk *michers* signify pilferers. The signification of *miching* in the present passage may be ascertained by a passage in Decker's *Wonderful Years*, 4to. 1603: "Those that could shift for a time,—went most bitterly *miching* and muffled, up and downe, with rue and wormwood stuf into their ears and nostrills."

See also Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598, in v. *Acciadinare*. "To *che*, to shrug or *sneak* in some corner, and with pouting and lips to shew some anger." In a subsequent passage we find that the murderer before he poisons the king makes *damnable faces*.

Where our poet met with the word *mallecho*, which in Misheu's Spanish Dictionary, 1617, is defined *malefactum*, I am unable to ascertain. In the folio, the word is spelt *malicho*. The quarto reads — *munching Mallico*. *Mallico* is printed in a distinct character, as a proper name. MALONE.

Enter

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow : the players cannot keep counsel ; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this shew meant ?

Ham. Ay, or any shew that you'll shew him : Be not you ashamed to shew¹, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught ; I'll mark the play.

Pro. For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your bearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring ?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter a King, and a Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart² gone round

Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus' orb'd ground ;
And thirty dozen moons, with borrow'd sheen³,
About the world have times twelve thirties been ;
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unite commutal in most sacred bands.

P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er, ere love be done !
But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer, and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,

¹ — *Be not you ashamed to shew, &c.*] The conversation of Hamlet with Ophelia, which cannot fail to disgust every modern reader, is probably such as was peculiar to the young and fashionable of the age of Shakspeare, which was, by no means, an age of delicacy. The poet is, however, blameable ; for extravagance of thought, not indecency of expression, is the characteristic of madness, at least of such madness as should be represented on the scene. STEEVENS.

² — *cart*.—] A chariot was anciently so called. Thus Chaucer in the *Knight's Tale*, late edit. ver. 2024 :

“ The carter overridden with his cart.” STEEVENS.

³ — *sheen*,] Splendour, lustre. JOHNSON.

Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must :
 For women fear too much, even as they love⁴ ;
 And women's fear and love hold quantity ;
 In neither aught, or in extremity.
 Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know ;
 And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so.
 Where love is great⁵, the littlest doubts are fear ;
 Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

P. King. 'Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too ;
 My operant powers⁶ their functions leave to do :
 And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
 Honour'd, belov'd ; and, haply, one as kind
 For husband shalt thou—

P. Queen. O, confound the rest !
 Such love must needs be treason in my breast :
 In second husband let me be accur'd !
 None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. That's wormwood.

P. Queen. The instances⁷, that second marriage move
 Are bale respects of thrift, but none of love ;
 A second time I kill my husband dead,
 When second husband kisses me in bed.

⁴ — *even as they love ;*] Here seems to be a line lost, which should have rhymed to *love*. JOHNSON.

This line is omitted in the folios. Perhaps a triplet was designed, and then instead of *love*, we should read, *lust*. The folio gives the next line thus :

“ *For women's fear and love holds quantity.*” STEEVENS.

Some trace of the lost line is found in the quarto, which reads :

Either none in neither aught, &c.

Perhaps the words omitted might have been of this import :

Either none they feel, or an excess approve ;

In neither aught, or in extremity.

In two preceding passages in the quarto, half a line was inadvertently omitted by the compositor. See p. 261, “ *then senseless Ilium, seeming,*” &c. and p. 276, “ *thus conscience does make cowards of us all* :—the words in Italick characters are not found in the quarto.

MALONE.

⁵ *Where love, &c.*] These two lines are omitted in the folio.

STEEVENS.

⁶ — *operant powers*—] *Operant* is active. Shakspeare gives it in *Timon* as an epithet to *poison*. Heywood has likewise used it in his *Royal King and Loyal Subject*, 1637 :

“ — may my operant parts

“ Each one forget their office !”

The word is now obsolete. STEEVENS.

⁷ *The instances*,—] *The motives*. JOHNSON.

P. King.

P. King. I do believe, you think what now you speak;
 But, what we do determine, oft we break,
 Purpose is but the slave to memory;
 Of violent birth, but poor validity:
 Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree;
 But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.
 Most necessary 'tis, that we forget
 To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt⁸:
 What to ourselves in passion we propose,
 The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
 The violence of either grief or joy
 Their own enactures with themselves destroy⁹:
 Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;
 Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
 This world is not for aye; nor 'tis not strange,
 That even our loves should with our fortunes change;
 For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
 Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.
 The great man down, you mark, his favourite flies;
 The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies.
 And hitherto doth love on fortune tend:
 For who not needs, shall never lack a friend;
 And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
 Directly seasons him his enemy.
 But, orderly to tend where I begun,—
 Our wills, and fates, do so contráry run,
 That our devices still are overthrown;
 Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:
 So think thou wilt no second husband wed;
 But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead.
P. Queen. Nor earth to me give food¹, nor heaven light!
 Sport and repose lock from me, day, and night!

⁸ — *what to ourselves is debt:*] The performance of a resolution, in which only the *resolver* is interested, is a debt only to himself, which he may therefore remit at pleasure. JOHNSON.

⁹ *The violence of either grief or joy*
Their own enactures with themselves destroy:] What grief or joy enact or determine in their violence, is revoked in their abatement. *Enactures* is the word in the quarto; all the modern editors have *enactors*. JOHNSON.

¹ *Nor earth to me give food,—*] Thus the quarto, 1604. The folio and the late editors read:

Nor earth to give me food,—.

An imperative or optative verb was evidently intended here, as in the following line: "Sport and repose lock from me," &c. MALONE.

To desperation ² turn my trust and hope!
 An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope ³!
 Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,
 Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!
 Both here; and hence, pursue my lasting strife,
 If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

Ham. If she should break it now,— [to Oph.

P. King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here a while;

My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
 The tedious day with sleep. [sleeps.

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain:
 And never come mischance between us twain! [Exit.

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

Ham. O, but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i' the world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The mouse-trap ⁴. Marry, how? Tropically.
 'This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna:

² *To desperation, &c.*] This and the following line are omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

³ *An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!*] May my whole liberty and enjoyment be to live on hermit's fare in a prison. *Anchor* is for *anchoret*.

JOHNSON.

This abbreviation of the word *anchoret* is very ancient. I find it in the Romance of *Robert the Devil*, printed by *Wyntkin de Worde*: "We have robbed and killed nonnes, holy *aunkers*, preestes, clerkes," &c.

Again, in *The Vision of Pierce Plowman*:

"As *ankers* and hermits that hold them in her felles."

This and the foregoing line are not in the folio. I believe we should read—*anchor's cbair*. So, in the second Satire of Hall's fourth book, edit. 1602, p. 18:

"Sic seven years pining in an *anchore's cheyre*,

"To win some parched shreds of minevere." STEEVENS.

The old copies read—*And anchor's cheer*. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

⁴ *The mouse-trap.*] He calls it the *mouse-trap*, because it is
 ——— the thing

In which he'll catch the conscience of the king. STEEVENS.

Gonzago is the duke's name⁵; his wife, Baptista⁶: you shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of work: But what of that? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not: Let the gall'd jade wince⁷, our withers are unwrung.—

Enter LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king⁸.

Opb. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying⁹.

Opb. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my edge.

Opb. Still better, and worse¹.

⁵ *Gonzago is the duke's name*;] Thus all the old copies: yet in the stage-direction for the dumb shew, and the subsequent entrance, we have "Enter a king and queen," &c. and in the latter part of this speech both the quarto and folio read—Lucianus, nephew to the king.

This seeming inconsistency however may be reconciled. Though the interlude is the image of the murder of a duke of Vienna, or in other words founded upon that story, the poet might make the principal person of his fable a king. MALONE.

⁶ *Baptista*—] is, I think, in Italian, the name always of a man.

JOHNSON.

⁷ *Let the gall'd jade wince, &c.*] This is a proverbial saying. So, in *Damon and Pythias*, 1582:

"I know the gall'd horse will soonest wince." STEEVENS.

⁸ —*nephew to the king.*]—i. e. to the king in the play then represented. The modern editors, following Mr. Theobald, read—"nephew to the duke," though they have not followed that editor in substituting *duke and dutchess*, for *king and queen*, in the dumb shew and subsequent entrance. There is no need of departing from the old copies. See n. 5.

MALONE.

⁹ *I could interpret, &c.*] This refers to the interpreter, who formerly sat on the stage at all motions or puppet-shews, and interpreted to the audience. So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"Oh excellent motion! oh exceeding puppet!"

"Now will he interpret for her."

Again, in Greene's *Groatfworth of Wit*, 1621: "—It was I that penn'd the Moral of man's wit, the Dialogue of Dives, and for seven years' space was absolute interpreter of the puppets." STEEVENS.

¹ *Still better, and worse.*] i. e. better in regard to the wit of your double entendre, but worse in respect of the grossness of your meaning.

STEEVENS.

Ham. So you mistake your husbands².—Begin, murderer;—leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come;—The croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;

Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecat's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magick and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[*pours the poison into the sleeper's ear.*]

Ham. He poisons him i' the garden for his estate. His name's Gonzago: the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian: You shall see anon, how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Opb. The king rises.

Ham. What! frighted with false fire³!

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light:—away!

Pol. Lights, lights, lights⁴!

[*Exeunt all but HAMLET, and HORATIO.*]

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,

The hart ungalled play:

For some must watch, while some must sleep;

Thus runs the world away.—

² *So you mistake your husbands.*] Read, *So you must take your husbands*; that is, *for better, for worse*. JOHNSON.

Theobald proposed the same reading in his *Shakspeare Restored*, however he lost it afterwards. STEEVENS.

“*So you mistake your husbands.*”

I believe this to be right: the word is sometimes used in this ludicrous manner. “Your true trick rascal (says Ursula in *Bartholomew Fair*) must be ever busie, and *mistake* away the bottles and cans, before they be half drunk off.” FARMER.

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Masque of Augurs*: “—To *mistake* six torches from the chandry, and give them one.”

Again, in the *Elder Brother* of Fletcher:

“I fear he will persuade me to *mistake* him.” STEEVENS.

I believe the meaning is—you do amiss for yourselves to take husbands for the worse. You should take them only for the better.

TOLLET.

³ *What! frighted with false fire!*] This speech is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Pol. Lights, &c.*] Thus the quarto. In the folio *All* is prefixed to this speech. MALONE.

Would not this, fir, and a forest of feathers⁵, (if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me⁶,) with two proven-
cial roses⁷ on my razed shoes⁸, get me a fellowship in a
cry of players⁹, fir?
Hor. Half a share.

⁵ *Would not this, fir, and a forest of feathers, &c.*] It appears from Decker's *Guls Hornebooke*, that feathers were much worn on the stage in Shakspeare's time. MALONE.

⁶ —turn Turk *with me*,] This expression has occurred already in *Much Ado about Nothing*, and I have met with it in several old comedies. So, in Greene's *Tu Quoque*, 1599: "This it is to turn Turk, from an absolute and most compleat gentleman, to a most absurd, ridiculous, and fond lover." It means, I believe, no more than to change condition fantastically. Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635:

"—'tis damnation,

"If you turn Turk again."

Perhaps the phrase had its rise from some popular story like that of *Ward and Danfiker*, the two famous pirates; an account of whose overthrow was published by A. Barker, 1609; and, in 1612, a play was written on the same subject called *A Christian turn'd Turk*.

STEEVENS.

⁷ —with two Provençal roses,—] The old copies have *provinçal*, which as Mr. Warton has observed, was undoubtedly a misspelling for *Provençal*, or Provençal, i. e. roses of Provence, "a beautiful species of rose formerly much cultivated." Here, roses of ribbands must be understood. MALONE.

When shoe-strings were worn, they were covered where they met in the middle by a ribband, gathered in the form of a rose. So, in an old song:

"Gilderoy was a bonny boy,

"Had roses tull his shoon." JOHNSON.

⁸ —on my razed shoes,] The quartos has *raz'd*; the folio—*rac'd*. It is the same word differently spelt. *Razed shoes* are shoes streaked. See Minshew's *Dict.* in v. *To raze*. "To these their nether-stockes, (says Stubbes in his *Anatomie of Abuses*, 1583,) they [the people of England] have corked *sbooes*, pinsnets, and pantoffles, which beare them up a finger or two from the ground; whereof some be of white leather, some of blacke, and some of red; some of black velvet, some of white, some of red, some of greene,—*raced*, carved, cut, and stiched all over *with silke*, and laied on with gold, silver, and such like."

MALONE.

⁹ —a cry of players—] A troop or company of players. So, in *Coriolanus*:

"—You have made good work,

"You, and your cry."

Again, in *A strange Horse-race*, by Thomas Decker, 1613: "The last race they ran, (for you must know they had many,) was from a cry of serjeants." MALONE.

Ham.

Ham. A whole one, I¹.

For thou dost know, O Damon dear²,
This realm dismantled was
Of Jove himself; and now reigns here
A very, very—peacock³.

Hor.

¹ *Hor.* Half a share.

Ham. A whole one, I.] It should be, I think,
A whole one;—ay,—
For &c.

The actors in our authour's time had not annual salaries as at present. The whole receipts of each theatre were divided into shares, of which the proprietors of the theatre, or *bouse-keepers*, as they were called, had some; and each actor had one or more shares, or part of a share, according to his merit. See *The Account of the Ancient Theatres*, Vol. I. Part II. MALONE.

² —O Damon dear,] Hamlet calls Horatio by this name, in allusion to the celebrated friendship between *Damon* and *Pythias*. A play on this subject was written by Rich. Edwards, and published in 1582.

STEVENS.

The friendship of Damon and Pythias is also enlarged upon in a book that was probably very popular in Shakspeare's youth, Sir Thomas Elliot's *Governour*, 1553. MALONE.

³ A very, very—peacock.] This alludes to a fable of the birds choosing a king; instead of the eagle, a peacock. POPE.

The old copies have it *paiceck*, *paicocke*, and *pajocke*. I substitute *paddock*, as nearest to the traces of the corrupted reading. I have, as Mr. Pope says, been willing to substitute any thing in the place of his *peacock*. He thinks a fable alluded to, of the birds choosing a king; instead of the eagle, a peacock. I suppose, he must mean the fable of Barlandus, in which it is said, the birds, being weary of their state of anarchy, moved for the setting up of a king; and the peacock was elected on account of his gay feathers. But, with submission, in this passage of our Shakspeare, there is not the least mention made of the eagle in antichesis to the peacock; and it must be by a very uncommon figure, that Jove himself stands in the place of his bird. I think, Hamlet is setting his father's and uncle's characters in contrast to each other: and means to say, that by his father's death the state was stripp'd of a godlike monarch, and that now in his stead reign'd the most despicable poisonous animal that could be; a mere *paddock*, or *toad*. *PAD*, *busse*, *rubeta major*; a toad. This word, I take to be of Hamlet's own substituting. The verses, repeated, seem to be from some old ballad; in which, rhyme being necessary, I doubt not but the last verse ran thus:

A very, very—afs. THEOBALD.

A peacock seems proverbial for a fool. Thus *Gascogne* in his *Woods*:

"A thefe, a cowarde, and a peacocke soole." FARMER.

In the last scene of this act, Hamlet, speaking of the king, uses the expression which Theobald would introduce:

"Would from a paddock, from a bat; a gib,

"Such dear concernments hide?"

The

Hor. You might have rhymed.

Ham. O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning,—

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha!—Come, some musick; come, the recorders.—

For if the king like not the comedy,

Why then, belike⁴,—he likes it not, perdy⁵.—

Enter ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

Come, some musick.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir,—

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvellous distemper'd.

Ham. With drink, sir⁶?

Guil. No, my lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should shew itself more richer, to signify this to the doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir, pronounce.

The reading, *peacock*, which I believe to be the true one, was first introduced by Mr. Pope.

Mr. Theobald is unfaithful in his account of the old copies. No copy of authority reads—*paicocke*. The quarto, 1604, has *paiock*; the folio, 1623, *paiocke*.

Shakspeare, I suppose, means, that the king struts about with a false pomp, to which he has no right. See Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: "*Pavonnegiare*. To jet up and down, fondly gazing upon himself, as a peacock doth." MALONE.

⁴ *Why then, belike,—*] Hamlet was going on to draw the consequence, when the courtiers entered. JOHNSON.

⁵ *—be likes it not, perdy.*] *Perdy* is a corruption of *par Dieu*, and is not uncommon in the old plays. So, in *The Play of the Four P's*, 1569:

"In that, you Palmer, as deputie,

"May cleerly discharge him *pardie*." STEEVENS.

⁶ *With drink, sir?*] Hamlet takes particular care that his uncle's love of drink shall not be forgotten. JOHNSON.

Guil.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your pardon, and my return, shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord.

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased: But, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter: My mother, you say,—

Ref. Then thus she says; Your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother! —But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? impart.

Ref. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade⁷ with us?

Ref. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And do still, by these pickers and stealers⁸.

Ref. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do, surely, bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ref. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark⁹?

Ham. Ay, sir, but, *While the grass grows*,—the proverb is something musty¹.

Enter

⁷ — *further trade*—] Further business; further dealing. JOHNSON.

⁸ — *by these pickers, &c.*] By these hands. JOHNSON.

Alluding to the *Church Catechism*:—"to keep my hands from picking and stealing," &c. MALONE.

⁹ — *when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark.*] See p. 192, n. 9. MALONE.

¹ *Ay, sir, but, While the grass grows,—the proverb is something musty.*] The remainder of this old proverb is preserved in Whetstone's *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

"Whylist grass doth growe, oft serves the seely seeds."

Again,

*Enter the Players, with Recorders*².

O, the recorders:—let me see one.—To withdraw with you:—[*taking Guil. aside.*] Why do you go about to recover the wind of me³, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly⁴.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages⁵ with your fingers and thumb⁶, give it breath with your mouth,

Again, in *The Paradise of Daintie Devises*, 1578:

"To whom of old this proverbe well it serves,

"*While grafs doth growe, the filly horse be sterues.*"

Hamlet means to intimate, that whilst he is waiting for the succession to the throne of Denmark, he may himself be taken off by death. MALONE.

² — *Recorders.*] i. e. a kind of large flute.

To record anciently signified to sing or modulate. STEEVENS.

³ — *to recover the wind of me,*] So, in an ancient Mf. play entitled *The second Maidens Tragedy*:

"——— Is that next?

"Why then I have your ladyship in the wind." STEEVENS.

⁴ O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.] i. e. if my duty to the king makes me press you a little, my love to you makes me still more importunate. If that makes me bold, this makes me even unmannerly. WARBURTON.

I believe we should read—*my love is not unmannerly.* My conception of this passage is, that, in consequence of Hamlet's moving to take the recorder, Guildenstern also shifts his ground, in order to place himself beneath the prince in his new position. This Hamlet ludicrously calls "*going about to recover the wind,*" &c. and Guildenstern may answer properly enough, I think, and like a courtier; "*if my duty to the king makes me too bold in pressing you upon a disagreeable subject, my love to you will make me not unmannerly, in shewing you all possible marks of respect and attention.*" TYRWHITT.

⁵ — *ventages*—] The holes of a flute. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *and thumb,*] The first quarto reads—with your fingers and the umber. This may probably be the ancient name for that piece of moveable brass at the end of a flute, which is either raised or depressed by

mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent musick. Look you, these are the stops⁷.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me? You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much musick, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think, I am easier to be play'd on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

Enter POLONIUS.

God blefs you, fir!

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel?

by the finger. The word *umber* is used by Stowe the chronicler, who, describing a single combat between two knights—says, “he brast up his *umber* three times.” Here, the *umber* means the visor of the helmet. So, in Spenser's *Faery Queene*, b. 3. c. 1. st. 42:

“But the brave maid would not disarmed be,

“But only vented up her *umbriere*,

“And so did let her goodly visage to appere.” STEEVENS.

If a *recorder* had a brass key like the *German Flute*, we are to follow the reading of the quarto; for then the thumb is not concerned in the government of the ventages or stops. If a *recorder* was like a *tabourer's pipe*, which has no brass key, but has a stop for the thumb, we are to read—Govern these ventages with your finger and thumb. In *Cat-grave's Dictionary*, *ombre*, *ombraire*, *ombriere*, and *ombrelle*, are all from the Latin *umbra*, and signify a shadow, an umbrella, or any thing that shades or hides the face from the sun; and hence they may have been applied to any thing that hides or covers another; as for example, they may have been applied to the brass key that covers the hole in the German flute. So Spenser used *ombriere* for the visor of the helmet, as Rous's history of the Kings of England uses *umbrella* in the same sense. TOLLET.

⁷ —the stops.] The sounds formed by occasionally stopping the holes, while the instrument is played upon. So, in the Prologue to *K. Henry V.*

“Rumour is a pipe—

“And of so easy and so plain a stop,” &c. MALONE.

Pol.

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks, it is like a weazel.

Pol. It is back'd like a weazel⁹.

Ham. Or, like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by.—
They fool me to the top of my bent⁹.—I will come by
and by.

Pol. I will say so.

[Exit POLONIUS.]

Ham. By and by is easily said.—Leave me, friends.

[Exeunt ROS. GUIL. HOR. &c.]

'Tis now the very witching time of night:

When church-yards yawn, and hell itself breathes out

Contagion to this world: Now could I drink hot blood,

And do such business as the bitter day¹

⁹ *Methinks, it is like a weazel.*

Pol. *It is back'd like a weazel.*] Thus the quarto, 1604, and the folio. The weazel, Mr. Steevens observes, is remarkable for the length of its back. In a more modern quarto, that of 1611, *back'd*, the original reading, was corrupted into *black*.

Perhaps in the original edition the words *camel* and *weazel* were shuffled out of their places. The poet might have intended the dialogue to proceed thus:

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in the shape of a
weazel?

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a weazel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks, it is like a camel.

Pol. It is back'd like a camel.

The protuberant back of a camel seems more to resemble a cloud, than the back of a weazel does. MALONE.

Mr. Tollet observes, that we might read—"it is *beck'd* like a weasel." i. e. weasel-snouted. So, in Holinshed's *Description of England*, p. 172: "if he be *weasel-becked*." Quarles uses this term of reproach in his *Virgin Widow*: "Go, you *weasel-snouted*, addle-pated," &c. Mr. Tollet adds, that Milton, in his *Lycidas*, calls a promontory *beaked*, i. e. prominent like the *beak* of a bird. STEEVENS.

⁹ *They fool me to the top of my bent.*—] They compel me to play the fool, till I can endure it no longer. JOHNSON.

See p. 234, n. 5. MALONE.

¹ *And do such business as the bitter day*—] Thus the quarto. The folio reads:

And do such *bitter business* as the day, &c. MALONE.

The expression *bitter business* is still in use, and though at present a vulgar phrase, might not have been such in the age of Shakspeare. The *bitter* day is the day rendered hateful or *bitter* by the commission of some act of mischief.

Watts, in his *Logic*, says: "*Bitter* is an equivocal word: there is *bitter* wormwood, there are *bitter* words, there are *bitter* enemies, and a *bitter* cold morning." It is, in short, any thing unpleasing or hurtful.

STEEVENS.

Would

Would quake to look on. Soft ; now to my mother.—
 O, heart, lose not thy nature ; let not ever
 The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom :
 Let me be cruel, not unnatural :
 I will speak daggers to her², but use none ;
 My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites :
 How in my words soever she be shent³,
 To give them seals⁴ never, my soul, consent ! [Exit.

S C E N E III.

A Room in the same.

Enter King, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. I like him not ; nor stands it safe with us,
 To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you ;
 I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
 And he to England shall along with you⁵ :
 The terms of our estate may not endure

² *I will speak daggers to her,*] A similar expression occurs in *The Return from Parnassus* : " They are pestilent fellows, they speak nothing but bodkins." It has been already observed, that a *bodkin* anciently signified a *short dagger*. STEEVENS.

³ — *be shent,*] To *shend*, is to reprove harshly, to treat with injurious language. So, in *The Coxcomb* of B. and Fletcher:

" — We shall be *shent* soundly." STEEVENS.

⁴ *To give them seals—*] i. e. put them in execution.

WARBURTON.

⁵ *I like him not ; nor stands it safe with us,
 To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you ;
 I your commission will forthwith dispatch,*

And he to England shall along with you :] In *The History of Hamblett*, bl. let. the king does not adopt this scheme of sending Hamlet to England till after the death of Polonius ; and though he is described as doubtful whether Polonius was slain by Hamlet, his apprehension lest he might himself meet the same fate as the old courtier, is assigned as the motive for his wishing the prince out of the kingdom. This at first inclined me to think that this short scene, either from the negligence of the copyist or the printer, might have been misplaced ; but it is certainly printed as the authour intended, for in the next scene Hamlet says to his mother, " I must to England ; you know that ?" before the king could have heard of the death of Polonius.

MALONE.

Hazard

Hazard so near us, as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunes⁶.

Guil. We will ourselves provide:
Most holy and religious fear it is,
To keep those many many bodies safe,
That live, and feed, upon your majesty.

Ref. The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind,
To keep itself from 'noyance; but much more,
That spirit upon whose weal⁷ depend and rest
The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw
What's near it, with it: it is a massy wheel⁸,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boist'rous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

⁶ *Out of his lunes.*] The quarto reads—out of his *browes*; the folio—out of his *lunacies*. *Lunes* was introduced by Mr. Theobald. Shakspeare probably had here the following passage in *The History of Hamblett*, bl. l. in his thoughts: "*Fengon* could not content himselfe, but still his mind gave him that the *foole* [*Hamlet*] would play him *some tricks of legerdemaine*. And in that conceit seeking to be rid of him, determined to find the meanes to doe it, by the aid of a stranger; making the king of England minister of his massacrous resolution, to whom he purposed to send him." MALONE.

I take *browes* to be, properly read, *frowes*, which, I think, is a provincial word for *perverse humours*; which being, I suppose not understood, was changed to *lunacies*. But of this I am not confident.

JOHNSON.

I would receive Theobald's emendation, because Shakspeare uses the word *lunes* in the same sense in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *The Winter's Tale*. From the redundancy of the measure nothing can be inferred.

Since this part of my note was written, I have met with an instance in support of Dr. Johnson's conjecture:

"—were you but as favourable as you are *frowish*.—"

Tully's Love, by Greene, 1616.

Perhaps, however, Shakspeare designed a metaphor from horned cattle, whose powers of being dangerous encrease with the growth of their *browes*. STEEVENS.

⁷ *That spirit upon whose weal—*] So the quarto. The folio gives,

That spirit, upon whose *spirit*.— STEEVENS.

⁸ —it is a *massy wheel*.] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—Or it is, &c. MALONE.

King.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. Guil. We will haste us. [Exeunt *Ros. and Guil.*

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet;
Behind the arras I'll convey myself⁹,
To hear the process; I'll warrant, she'll tax him home;
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet, that some more audience, than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial¹, should o'er-hear
The speech of vantage². Fare you well, my liege:
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks, dear my lord. [Exit *POLONIUS.*
O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,
A brother's murder!—Pray can I not,

⁹ *Behind the arras I'll convey myself,*] The arras-hangings, in Shakespeare's time, were hung at such a distance from the walls, that a person might easily stand behind them unperceived. The principal witness against the Countess of Exeter, who was unjustly charged in the year 1616, with a design to poison lady Lake and lady Rosse, was Sarah Wharton, a chambermaid, who swore that she stood *behind the hangings* at the entrance of the great chamber at Wimbleton, and heard the countess confess her guilt. The plot against this innocent lady was discovered by king James, who went to Wimbleton, and found that the hangings, which had not been changed for thirty years, were two feet from the ground, so that the chambermaid must have been discovered, had she been there. His majesty observing a great distance between the window, near which the countess was supposed to have stood, and the lower end of the room, where the maid was said to have stood, placed himself behind the hangings, and finding that he could not hear the lords at the window, though they purposely spoke loud, obtained evidence of the falshood of this charge. MALONE.

¹ *Since nature makes them partial, &c.*]

“ — Matres omnes filijs

“ In peccato adjuatrices, auxillii in paterna injuria

“ Solent esse.”

Ter. Heaut. A& V. Sc. 2.

STEEVENS.

² *—of vantage.*] By some opportunity of secret observation.

JOHNSON.

Though

Though inclination be as sharp as will³ ;
 My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent ;
 And, like a man to double business bound,
 I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
 And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
 Were thicker than itself with brother's blood ?
 Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,
 To wash it white as snow ? Whereto serves mercy,
 But to confront the visage of offence ?
 And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force, —
 To be fore-stalled, ere we come to fall,
 Or pardon'd, being down ? Then I'll look up ;
 My fault is past. But O, what form of prayer
 Can serve my turn ? Forgive me my foul murder ! —
 That cannot be ; since I am still possess'd
 Of those effects for which I did the murder,
 My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
 May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence⁴ ?
 In the corrupted currents of this world,
 Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice ;
 And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
 Buys out the law : But 'tis not so above :
 There is no shuffling, there the action lies
 In his true nature ; and we ourselves compell'd,
 Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
 To give in evidence. What then ? what rests ?
 Try what repentance can : What can it not ?
 Yet what can it, when one can not repent⁵ ?
 O wretched state ! O bosom, black as death !
 O limed soul⁶ ; that, struggling to be free,

³ *Though inclination be as sharp as will ;*] *Will* is command, direction. Thus, *Ecclesiasticus*, xliii. 16. " — and at his *will* the south wind bloweth." The king says, his mind is in too great confusion to pray, even though his inclination were as strong as the command which requires that duty. STEEVENS.

⁴ *May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence ?*] He that does not amend what can be amended, retains his offence. The king kept the crown from the right heir. JOHNSON.

⁵ *Yet what can it, when one can not repent ?*] *What* can repentance do for a man that cannot be penitent ? for a man who has only a part of penitence, distress of conscience, without the other part, resolution of amendment ? JOHNSON.

⁶ *O, limed soul ;* —] This alludes to *bird-lime*. Shakspeare uses the same word again, *K. Henry VI.* P. II.

"Madam, myself have *lim'd* a bush for her." STEEVENS.

Art more engag'd! Help, angels, make assay!
 Bow, stubborn knees! and, heart, with strings of steel,
 Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe;
 All may be well! [retires, and kneels.]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying⁷;
 And now I'll do't:—And so he goes to heaven:
 And so am I reveng'd? That would be scann'd⁸:
 A villain kills my father; and, for that,
 I, his sole son, do this same villain send⁹
 To heaven.

Why, this is hire and salary¹, not revenge.
 He took my father grossly, full of bread;
 With all his crimes broad blown², as flush as May;
 And, how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven?
 But, in our circumstance and course of thought,
 'Tis heavy with him: And am I then reveng'd,
 To take him in the purging of his soul,
 When he is fit and season'd for his passage?

No.

Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid hent³:
 When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage;

⁷ — pat, now he is praying;] Thus the folio. The quartos read — but now, &c. STEEVENS.

⁸ — That would be scann'd:] i. e. that should be considered, estimated. STEEVENS.

⁹ I, his sole son, do this same villain send—] The folio reads, *scale* son, a reading apparently corrupted from the quarto. The meaning is plain. I, his only son, who am bound to punish his murderer.

¹ — hire and salary,] Thus the folio. The quartos read—*base* and *silly*. STEEVENS.

² He took my father grossly, full of bread;

With all his crimes broad blown,—] The uncommon expression, *full of bread*, our poet borrowed from the sacred writings: "Behold, this was the iniquity of thy sister Sodom; pride, *fullness of bread*, and abundance of idleness was in her and her daughters, neither did she strengthen the hand of the poor and needy." Ezekiel, xvi. 49.

MALONE.

³ Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid hent:] To *hent* is used by Shakspeare for, to seize; to catch, to lay hold on. *Hent* is, therefore, hold, or seizure. Lay hold on him, sword, at a more horrid time.

JOHNSON.

Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed⁴ ;
 At gaming, swearing^{*} ; or about some act
 That has no relish of salvation in't :
 Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven⁵ ;
 And that his soul may be as damn'd, and black,
 As hell, whereto it goes⁶. My mother stays :
 This physick but prolongs thy sickly days. [Exit.

The

⁴ *When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage ;*
Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed ;] So, in Marston's *Insatiate*
Countess, 1603 :

" — Did'st thou not kill him drunk ?

" Thou should'st, or in th' embraces of his lust." STEEVENS.

^{*} *At gaming, swearing ; —*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1604,
 reads—*At game, a swearing, &c.* MALONE.

⁵ *— that his heels may kick at heaven ;*] So, in Heywood's *Silver*
Age, 1613 :

" Whose heels tript up, kick'd 'gainst the firmament."

STEEVENS.

⁶ *As hell, whereto it goes. —*] This speech, in which Hamlet, represented as a virtuous character, is not content with taking blood for blood, but contrives damnation for the man that he would punish, is too horrible to be read or to be uttered. JOHNSON.

The same fiend-like disposition is shewn by Lodowick, in Webster's *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612 :

" ——— to have poison'd

" The handle of his racket. O, that, that ! —

" That while he had been bandying at tennis,

" He might have sworn himself to hell, and struck

" His soul into the hazard !"

Again, in *The Honest Lawyer*, 1616 :

" I then should strike his body with his soul,

" And sink them both together."

Again, in the third of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Four Plays in one* :

" No, take him dead drunk now without repentance."

STEEVENS.

This horrid thought has been adopted by Lewis Machin, in the *Dumb Knight*, 1633 :

" Nay, but be patient ; smooth your brow a little,

" And you shall take them as they clip each other ;

" Even in the height of sin ; then damn them both,

" And let them sink before they ask God pardon,

" That your revenge may stretch unto their souls." MALONE.

I think it not improbable, that when Shakspeare put this horrid sentiment into the mouth of Hamlet, he might have recollected the following story : " One of these monsters meeting his enemy unarmed, threatened to kill him, if he denied not God, his power, and essential properties, viz. his mercy, suffrance, &c. the which when the other, desiring life, pronounced with great horreur, kneeling upon his knees ;
 the

The King rises, and advances.

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Another Room in the same.

Enter Queen, and POLONIUS.

Pol. He will come straight. Look, you lay home to him:

Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear with;
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between
Much heat and him. I'll silence me e'en here⁷.
Pray you, be round with him.

Queen. I'll warrant you; fear me not.
Withdraw, I hear him coming. [Polonius *hides himself*⁸.

Enter

the bravo cried out, *nowe will I kill thy body and soule*, and at that instant thrust him through with his rapier." *Brief Discourse of the Spanish State, with a Dialogue annexed, intituled Philobasilis*, 4to. 1596, p. 21. REED.

A similar story is told in *The Turkish Spy*, Vol. III. p. 243.

MALONE.

⁷ — *I'll silence me e'en here :*] *I'll silence me e'en here*, is, *I'll use no more words.* JOHNSON.

⁸ *Polonius hides himself.*] The concealment of Polonius in the queen's chamber, during the conversation between Hamlet and his mother, and the manner of his death, were suggested by the following passage in *The History of Hamlet*, bl. let. fig. D 1: "The counsellour entered secretly into the queene's chamber, and there *hid himselfe behind the arras*, and long before the queene and Hamlet came thither; who being craftie and pollitique, as soone as hee was within the chamber, doubting some treason, and fearing if he should speake severely and wisely to his mother, touching his secret practises, hee should be understood, and by that means intercepted, used his ordinary manner of dissimulation, and began to come [*r. crow*] like a cocke, beating with his arms (in such manner as cockes used to strike with their wings) upon the hangings of the chamber; whereby feeling something stirring under them, he cried, *a rat, a rat*, and presently drawing his sworde, thrust it into the hangings;

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now, mother; what's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so:

You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;

And,—would it were not so!—you are my mother.

Queen. Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;

You go not, till I set you up a glass

Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?

Help, help, ho!

Pol. [behind.] What, ho! help!

Ham. How now! a rat?

[draws.]

Dead, for a ducat, dead.

[Hamlet makes a pass through the arras.]

Pol. [behind.] O, I am slain.

[falls, and dies.]

Queen. O me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not:

Is it the king?

[lifts up the arras, and draws forth Polonius.]

Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed;—almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king?

Ham.

hangings; which done, pulled the counsellour (half-dead) out by the heels, made an end of killing him; and, being slain, cut his body in pieces, which he caused to be boyled, and then cast it into an open vault or privie." MALONE.

⁹ *Queen.* *As kill a king!* It has been doubted, whether Shakspeare intended to represent the queen as accessory to the murder of her husband. The surprize she here expresses at the charge seems to tend to her exculpation.

Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.—
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!

[to Polonius,

I took

culpation. Where the variation is not particularly marked, we may presume, I think, that the poet intended to tell his story as it had been told before. The following extract therefore from *The History of Hamlet*, bl. let. relative to this point, will probably not be unacceptable to the reader: "Fengon [the king in the present play] boldened and encouraged by such impunity, durst venture to couple himself in marriage with her, whom he used as his concubine during good Horvendille's life; in that sort spotting his name with a double vice, incestuous adulterie, and paricide murder.—This adulterer and infamous murderer slandered his dead brother, that he would have slain his wife, and that hee by chance finding him on the point ready to do it, in defence of the lady, had slain him.—The unfortunate and wicked woman that had received the honour to be the wife of one of the valiantest and wisest princes in the North, imbased herself in such vile sort as to falsifie her faith unto him, and, which is worse, to marrie him that had bin the tyrannous murderer of her lawful husband; *which made diverse men think that she had bene the cause of the murder*, thereby to live in her adulterie without controule." *Hist. of Hamb.* sig. C 1. 2.

In the conference however with her son, on which the present scene is founded, she strongly asserts her innocence with respect to his fact:

"I know well, my sonne, that I have done thee great wrong in marrying with Fengon, the cruel tyrant and murderer of thy father, and my loyal spouse; but when thou shalt consider the small meanes of resistance, and the treason of the palace, with the little cause of confidence we are to expect, or hope for, of the courtiers, all wrought to his will; as also the power he made ready if I should have refused to like him; thou wouldst rather excuse, than accuse mee of lasciviousness or inconstancy, much less offer me that wrong to suspect that ever thy mother Geruth once consented to the death and murder of her husband: swearing unto thee by the majestie of the gods, that if it had layne in me to have resisted the tyrant, although it had bene with the losse of my blood, yea and of my life, I would surely have saved the life of my lord and husband." *Ibid.* sig. D 4.

It is observable, that in the drama neither the king or queen make so good a defence. Shakspeare wished to render them as odious as he could, and therefore has not in any part of the play furnished them with even the semblance of an excuse for their conduct.

Though the inference already mentioned may be drawn from the surprize which our poet has here made the queen express at being charged with the murder of her husband, it is observable that when the player-queen in the preceding scene says,

"In second husband let me be accus't!

"None wed the second, *but who kill'd the first*,"
he has made Hamlet exclaim—"that's wormwood." The prince, therefore, both from that expression and the words addressed to his mother in the present scene, must be supposed to think her guilty.—Perhaps after
24

I took thee for thy better ; take thy fortune :
 Thou find'st, to be too busy, is some danger,—
 Leave wringing of your hands : Peace ; sit you down,
 And let me wring your heart : for so I shall,
 If it be made of penetrable stuff ;
 If damned custom have not brazed it so,
 That it be proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy
 tongue

In noise so rude against me ?

Ham. Such an act,
 That blurs the grace and blush of modesty ;
 Calls virtue, hypocrite ; takes off the rose¹

From

all this investigation, the truth is, that Shakspeare himself meant to leave the matter in doubt. MALONE.

I know not in what part of this tragedy the king and queen could have been expected to enter into a vindication of their mutual conduct. The former indeed is rendered contemptible as well as guilty ; but for the latter our poet seems to have felt all that tenderness which the ghost recommends to the imitation of her son. STEEVENS.

Had Shakspeare thought fit to have introduced the topicks I have suggested, can there be a doubt concerning his ability to introduce them ? The king's justification, if to justify him had been the poet's object, (which it certainly was not,) might have been made in a soliloquy ; the queen's, in the present interview with her son. MALONE.

¹ —takes off the rose, &c.] Some have understood these words to be only a metaphorical enlargement of the sentiment contained in the preceding line :

— blurs the grace and blush of modesty ;

but as the *forehead* is no proper situation for a *blush* to be displayed in, we may have recourse to another explanation.

It was once the custom for those who were betrothed, to wear some flower as an external and conspicuous mark of their mutual engagement. So, in *Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar for April* :

" Bring coronations and sops in wine,

" Worn of paramours."

Lyte, in his *Herbal*, 1578, enumerates *sops in wine* among the smaller kind of single gilliflowers or pinks.

Figure 4, in the *Morrice-dance*, (a plate of which is annexed to the First Part of *K. Henry IV.*) has a flower fixed on his *forehead*, and seems to be meant for the *paramour* of the female character. The flower might be designed for a *rose*, as the colour of it is red in the painted glass, though its form is expressed with as little adherence to nature as that of the *marygold* in the hand of the lady. It may, however, conduct us to affix a new meaning to the lines in question. This flower, as I have since discovered, is exactly shaped like the *sops in wine*, now called the *Deptford Pink*.

From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
 And sets a blister there; makes marriage vows
 As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed,
 As from the body of contraction ² plucks
 The very soul; and sweet religion makes
 A rhapsody of words: Heaven's face doth glow;
 Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
 With tristful visage, as against the doom,
 Is thought-sick at the act ³.

Queen.

Sets a blister there, has the same meaning as in *Measure for Measure*:

"Who falling in the flaws of her own youth,

"Hath blister'd her report."

See a note on this passage, Act II. Sc. 3. STEEVENS.

I believe, by the *rose* was only meant the *roseate* hue. The forehead certainly appears to us an odd place for the hue of innocence to dwell on, but Shakspeare might place it there with as much propriety as a *smile*. In *Troilus and Cressida* we find these lines:

"So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,

"As *smiles* upon the forehead of this action."

That part of the forehead which is situated between the eye-brows, seems to have been considered by our poet as the seat of innocence and modesty. So, in a subsequent scene:

"—— brands the harlot,

"Even here, between the *chaste* unsmirched brow

"Of my true mother." MALONE.

² — from the body of contraction—] *Contraction* for marriage contract. WARBURTON.

³ — Heaven's face doth glow;

Yea, this solidity and compound mass,

With tristful visage, as against the doom,

Is thought-sick at the act.] If any sense can be found here, it is

this. The sun glows, [and does it not always?] and the very solid mass of earth has a tristful visage, and is thought-sick. All this is sad stuff.

The old quarto reads much nearer to the poet's sense:

Heaven's face does glow,

O'er this solidity and compound mass,

With heated visage, as against the doom,

Is thought sick at the act.

From whence it appears, that Shakspeare wrote:

Heaven's face doth glow,

O'er this solidity and compound mass,

With tristful visage; and, as 'gainst the doom,

Is thought-sick at the act.

This makes a fine sense, and to this effect. The sun looks upon our globe, the scene of this murder, with an angry and mournful countenance, half hid in eclipse, as at the day of doom. WARBURTON.

The

Queen. Ah me, what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index⁴?
Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this⁵;
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this brow :

The word *beated*, though it agrees well enough with *glow*, is, I think, not so striking as *tristful*, which was, I suppose, chosen at the revival. I believe the whole passage now stands as the author gave it. Dr. Warburton's reading restores two improprieties, which Shakspeare, by his alteration, had removed. In the first, and in the new reading, *Heaven's face glows with tristful visage*; and, *Heaven's face is thought-sick*. To the common reading there is no objection. JOHNSON.

I am strongly inclined to think that the reading of the quarto, 1604, is the true one. In Shakspeare's licentious diction, the meaning may be, The face of heaven doth glow with heated visage, over the earth: *and heaven*, as against the day of judgment, is thought-sick at the act.

Had not our poet St. Luke's description of the last day in his thoughts? — "And there shall be signs in the sun and in the moon, and in the stars; and upon the earth distress of nations, with perplexity, the sea and the waves roaring: men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking on those things which are coming on the earth; for the powers of heaven shall be shaken," &c. MALONE.

⁴ *That roars so loud, &c.*] The meaning is, *What is this act*, of which the *discovery*, or mention, cannot be made, but with this violence of clamour? JOHNSON.

—*and thunders in the index?*] Mr. Edwards observes, that the indexes of many old books were at that time inserted at the beginning, instead of the end, as is now the custom. This observation I have often seen confirmed.

So, in *Othello*, Act II. sc. vii.—"an *index* and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts." STEEVENS.

See Vol. XII. Bullokar in his *Expositor*, 8vo. 1616, defines an *Index* by "A table in a booke." The *table* was almost always *prefixed* to the books of our poet's age. Indexes, in the sense in which we now understand the word, were very uncommon. MALONE.

⁵ *Look here, upon this picture, and on this;*] It is evident from the following words,

A station, like the herald Mercury, &c.
that these pictures, which are introduced as miniatures on the stage, were meant for whole lengths, being part of the furniture of the queen's closet.

—*like Maia's son be stood,*

And shook his plumes.—Milton, B. V. STEEVENS.

The introduction of miniatures in this place appears to be a modern innovation. A print prefixed to Rowe's edition of *Hamlet*, published in 1709, proves this. There, the two royal portraits are exhibited as half-lengths, hanging in the Queen's closet; and either thus, or as whole lengths, they probably were exhibited from the time of the original performance of this tragedy to the death of Betterton. To half-lengths, however, the same objection lies, as to miniatures. MALONE.

Hyperion's curls⁶; the front of Jove himself;
 An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
 A station like the herald Mercury,
 New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill⁷;
 A combination, and a form, indeed,
 Where every god did seem to set his seal,
 'To give the world assurance of a man:
 'This was your husband.—Look you now, what follows:
 Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear⁸,
 Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
 Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,

⁶ *Hyperion's curls*;—] It is observable that *Hyperion* is used by Spenser with the same error in quantity. FARMER.

I have never met with an earlier edition of Marston's *Insatiate Countess* than that in 1603. In this the following lines occur, which bear a close resemblance to Hamlet's description of his father:

"A donative he hath of every god;

"*Apollo gave him locks, Jove his high front.*" STEEVENS.

⁷ *A station like the herald Mercury,*

"*New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill*]; I think it not improbable that Shakespeare caught this image from Phaer's translation of Virgil, (Fourth *Æneid*,) a book that without doubt he had read:

"And now approaching neere, the top he seeth and mighty lims

"*Of Atlas, mountain tough, that beaven on boystrous shoulder beares*;—

"There first on ground with wings of might doth Mercury arrive,

"Then down from thence right over seas himselfe doth headlong drive."

In the margin are these words: "The description of Mercury's journey from *beaven*, along the mountain Atlas in *Afrike*, *biggest* on earth.

MALONE.

Station in this instance does not mean *the spot where any one is placed*, but *the act of standing*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III. sc. iii.

"Her motion and her *station* are as one."

On turning to Theobald's first edition, I find that he had made the same remark, and supported it by the same instance. The observation is necessary, for otherwise the compliment designed to the attitude of the king, would be bestowed on the place where Mercury is represented as standing. STEEVENS.

In the first scene of *Timon of Athens*, the poet, admiring a picture, introduces the same image:

"——— How this *grace*

"Speaks his own *standing*!" MALONE.

⁸ — *like a mildew'd ear*,

Blasting his wholesome brother.] This alludes to Pharoah's dream in the 41st chapter of *Genesis*. STEEVENS.

And batten ⁹ on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
 You cannot call it, love: for, at your age,
 The hey-day in the blood ¹ is tame, it's humble,
 And waits upon the judgment; And what judgment
 Would step from this to this? Sense, sure, you have,
 Else, could you not have motion ²: But, sure, that sense
 Is apoplex'd: for madness would not err;
 Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd,
 But it reserv'd some quantity of choice,
 To serve in such a difference. What devil was't,
 That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind ³?
 Eyes without feeling ⁴, feeling without sight,
 Ears without hand or eyes, smelling fans all,

⁹ — batten—] i. e. to grow fat. So, in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607.

“ — and for milk

“ I batten'd was with his blood.”

But is an ancient word for increase. Hence the adjective *battul*, so often used by Drayton in his *Polyolbion*. STEEVENS.

¹ The hey-day in the blood—] This expression occurs in Ford's 'Tis Pity she's a Whore, 1633:

“ — must

“ The hey-day of your luxury be fed.

“ Up to a surfeit?” STEEVENS.

² — Sense, sure, you have,

Else, could you not have motion:] These words, and the following lines to the word *difference*, are found in the quarto, but not in the folio. *Sense* is sometimes used by Shakspeare for sensation or *sensual appetite*; as *motion* is for the effect produced by the impulse of nature. Such, I think, is the signification of these words here. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

“ — she speaks, and 'tis

“ Such sense, that my *sense* breeds with it.”

Again, more appositely in the same play, where both the words occur:

“ — One who never feels

The wanton stings and motions of the *sense*.”

So, in Braithwaite's *Survey of Histories*, 1614: These continent relations will reduce the straggling motions to a more settled and retired harbour.”

Sense has already been used in this scene, for *sensation*:

“ That it be proof and bulwark against *sense*.”

Dr. Warburton for *motion* substituted *notion*, i. e. intellect.

MALONE.

³ — at hoodman-blind?] This is, I suppose, the same as *blindman's-buff*. So, in *Two lamentable Tragedies in One, the One a murder of Master Beech, &c.* 1601:

“ Pick out men's eyes, and tell them that's the sport

“ Of hood-man blind.” STEEVENS.

⁴ Eyes without feeling, &c.] This and the three following lines are omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope⁵.

O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones⁶,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame,
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge;
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will⁷.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more:
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grained⁸ spots,
As will not leave their tinct⁹.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed¹;
Stew'd in corruption; honeying, and making love
Over the nasty itye;—

⁵ *Could not so mope.*] i. e. could not exhibit such marks of stupidity. The same word is used in the *Tempest*, Sc. ult.

“And were brought *moping* hither.” STEEVENS.

⁶ — Rebellious hell,

If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,] So, in *Otello*:

“This hand is moist, my lady;—

“Hot, hot, and moist: this hand of yours requires

“A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,

“Much castigation, exercise devout;

“For here's a young and sweating devil here,

“That commonly *rebels*.”

To *mutine*, for which the modern editors have substituted *mutiny*, was the ancient term, signifying to rise in mutiny. So, in Knolles's *History of the Turks*, 1603: “The Janisaries—became wonderfully discontented, and began to *mutine* in diverse places of the citie.”

MALONE.

⁷ — *reason panders will.*] So the folio, I think rightly; but the reading of the quarto is defensible:

— *reason pardons will.* JOHNSON.

Panders was certainly Shakspeare's word. So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

“When *reason* is the *barvd* to *lust's abuse*.” MALONE.

⁸ — *grained*—] Dyed in grain. JOHNSON.

⁹ *As will not leave their tinct.*] The quartos read:

“As will leave there their tinct.” STEEVENS.

¹ — *an enseamed bed*;) Thus the quarto, 1604, and the folio. A later quarto of no authority reads—*incestuous bed*. *Enseamed bed*, as Dr. Johnson has observed, is *greasy bed*. *Seam* signifies *bogslard*.

MALONE.

In the *Book of Haukyng*, &c. bl. l. no date, we are told that “*Es- sayme* of a hawke is *the grece*.” STEEVENS.

Queen.

Queen. O, speak to me no more ;
These words like daggers enter in mine ears ;
No more, sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A murderer, and a villain :
A slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent lord :—a vice of kings² :
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule ;
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole³,
And put it in his pocket !

Queen. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A king of shreds and patches⁴ :—
Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards !—What would your gracious figure ?

Queen. Alas, he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide
That, laps'd in time and passion⁵, let's go by
The important acting of your dread command ?
O, say !

Ghost. Do not forget : This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look ! amazement on thy mother sits :
O, step between her and her fighting soul ;
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works⁶ ;
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady ?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you ?
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,

² —*vice of kings* :] A low mimick of kings. The vice is the fool
a farce ; from whom the modern *punch* is descended. JOHNSON.

³ *That from a shelf, &c.*] This is said not unmeaningly, but to shew,
that the usurper came not to the crown by any glorious villainy that
carried danger with it, but by the low cowardly theft of a common
pilferer. WARBURTON.

⁴ *A king of shreds and patches* :] This is said, pursuing the idea of
the *vice of kings*. The *vice* was dressed as a fool, in a coat of party-co-
loured patches. JOHNSON.

⁵ —*laps'd in time and passion*,—] That, having suffered *time* to *slip*,
and *passion* to cool, let's go, &c. JOHNSON.

⁶ *Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works* ;] *Conceit* for *imagination*.
So, in the *Rape of Lucrece* :

“ And the conceited painter was so nice,—” MALONE.

And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
 Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
 And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
 Your bedded hair, like life in excrements⁷,
 Starts up, and stands on end. O gentle son,
 Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
 Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him! on him!—Look you, how pale he
 glares!

His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
 Would make them capable⁸.—Do not look upon me;
 Lest, with this piteous action, you convert
 My stern effects⁹: then what I have to do
 Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing, but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!
 My father, in his habit as he liv'd¹!
 Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

[*Exit Ghost.*]

⁷ — *like life in excrements.*] The hairs are excrementitious, that is, without life or sensation; yet those very hairs, as if they had life, start up, &c. POPE.

So, in *Macbeth*:

“The time has been——

“—— my fell of hair,

“Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir,

“As life were in’t.” MALONE.

⁸ *His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones, Would make them capable.*] *Capable* here signifies intelligent; endued with understanding. So, in *King Richard III*:

“O, 'tis a parlous boy,

“Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable.”

We yet use *capacity* in this sense. MALONE.

⁹ *My stern effects*:] *Effects* for actions; deeds effected. MALONE.

¹ *My father, in his habit as he liv'd*!] If the poet means by this expression, that his father appeared in his own familiar habit, he has either forgot that he had originally introduced him in armour, or must have meant to vary his dress at this his last appearance. The difficulty might perhaps be a little obviated by pointing the line thus:

My father—in his habit—as he liv'd. STEEVENS.

It has been suggested that *as* is here used for *as if*. It is frequently so used in these plays; but this interpretation does not entirely remove the difficulty which has been stated. MALONE.

Queen.

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain :
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in ².

Ham. Ecstasy !

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful musick : It is not madness,
That I have utter'd : bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word ; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks :
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place ;
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven ;
Repent what's past ; avoid what is to come ;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds ³,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue :
For, in the fatness of these purpy times,
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg ;
Yea, curb ⁴ and woo, for leave to do him good.

Queen. O Hamlet ! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night : but go not to my uncle's bed ;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat
Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this ⁵ ;

² This is the very coinage of your brain :

This bodiless creation ecstasy

Is very cunning in] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece* :

" Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries " MALONE.

Ecstasy in this place, and many others, means a temporary alienation of mind, a fit. So, in *Eliosto Libidinoso*, a novel, by John Hinde, 1606 :
" — that bursting out of an ecstasy wherein she had long stood, like one beholding Medusa's head, lamenting, " &c. STEEVENS.

³ — do not spread the compost, &c.] Do not, by any new indulgence, heighten your former offences. JOHNSON.

⁴ — curb—] That is, bend and truckle. Fr. courber. So, in *Pierce Plowman* :

" Then I courbid on my knees, " &c. STEEVENS.

⁵ That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat

Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this ;] Dr. Thirby conjectured that Shakespeare wrote—of habits evil. I incline to think with him ; though I have left the text undisturbed. From *That monster to put on*, is not in the folio. MALONE.

I think Thirby's conjecture wrong, though the succeeding editors have followed it ; angel and devil are evidently opposed. JOHNSON.

That

That to the use of actions fair and good
 He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
 That aptly is put on: Refrain to-night;
 And that shall lend a kind of easiness
 To the next abstinence: the next more easy⁶:
 For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
 And either curb the devil⁷, or throw him out
 With wondrous potency. Once more, good night!
 And when you are desirous to be blest,
 I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,

[pointing to Polonius.]

I do repent; But heaven hath pleas'd it so,—
 To punish me with this, and this with me⁸,—
 That I must be their scourge and minister.
 I will bestow him, and will answer well
 The death I gave him. So, again, good night!—
 I must be cruel, only to be kind:
 Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.—
 One word more, good lady⁹.

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
 Let the bloat king¹ tempt you again to bed;

⁶ — *the next more easy*: &c.] This passage, as far as potency, is omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

⁷ *And either curb the devil*, &c.] In the quarto, where alone this passage is found, some word was accidentally omitted at the press in the line before us. The quarto, 1604, reads:

And *either the devil*, or throw him out, &c.

For the insertion of the word *curb* I am answerable. The printer or corrector of a later quarto, finding the line nonsense, omitted the word *either*, and substituted *master* in its place. The modern editors have accepted the substituted word, and yet retain *either*; by which the metre is destroyed. The word omitted in the first copy was undoubtedly a monosyllable. MALONE.

⁸ *To punish me with this, and this with me*,] To punish me by making me the instrument of this man's death, and to punish this man by my hand. For this, the reading of both the quarto and folio, Sir T. Hamner and the subsequent editors have substituted,

To punish him with me, and me with this. MALONE.

⁹ *One word more*, &c.] This passage I have restored from the quarto. STEEVENS.

¹ *Let the bloat king*—] i. e. the swollen king. *Bloat* is the reading of the quarto, 1604. The folio reads—the *blunt* king. MALONE.

This again hints at his intemperance. He had drunk himself into a dropsy. BLACKSTONE.

Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you, his mouse²;
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses³,
Or padding in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madnes,
But mad in craft⁴. 'Twere good, you let him know:

For

² — his mouse;] *Mouse* was once a term of endearment. So, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, b. 2. chap. 10:

"God blefs thee, *mouse*, the bridegroom said," &c.

Again, in the *Menæcbmi*, 1595: "Shall I tell thee, sweet *mouse*? I never look upon thee, but I am quite out of love with my wife."

STEEVENS.

This term of endearment is very ancient, being found in *A new and merry Enterlude, called the Trial of Treasure*, 1567:

"My *mouse*, my nobs, my cony sweete;

"My hope and joye, my whole delight." MALONE.

³ — *reechy* kisses,] *Reechy* is smoky. The author meant to convey a coarse idea, and was not very scrupulous in his choice of an epithet. The same, however, is applied with greater propriety to the neck of a cook-maid in *Coriolanus*. Again, in *Hans Beer-Pot's Invisible Comedy*, 1618:

"——— bade him go

"And wash his face, he look'd so *reechily*,

"Like bacon hanging on the chimney's roof." STEEVENS.

Reechy includes, I believe, *heat* as well as smoke. The verb to *reech*, which was once common, was certainly a corruption of—to *reek*. In a former passage Hamlet has remonstrated with his mother, on her living

"In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed." MALONE.

⁴ *That I essentially am not in madnes,*

But mad in craft.—] The reader will be pleased to see Dr. Farmer's extract from the old quarto *Historie of Hamblet*, of which he had a fragment only in his possession.—"It was not without cause, and just occasion, that my gestures, countenances, and words, seeme to proceed from a madman, and that I desire to haue all men esteeme mee wholly depriv'd of sense and reasonable understanding, bycause I am well assured, that he that hath made no conscience to kill his owne brother, (accustomed to murders, and allured with desire of gouernement without controll in his treasons) will not spare to saue himselfe with the like crueltie, in the blood and flesh of the loyns of his brother, by him massacred: and therefore it is better for me to fayne madnesse, than to use my right senses as nature hath bestowed them upon me. The bright shining cleannes thereof I am forced to hide vnder this shadow of dissimulation, as the sun doth hir beams under some great cloud, when the wether in summer-time ouercasteth: the face of a madman serueth to couer my gallant countenance, and the gestures of a fool are fit for me, to the end that, guiding myself wisely therein, I may preferue my life for the Danes and the memory of my late deceased father; for that the desire of reuenging

"his

For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
 Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,⁵
 Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
 No, in despite of sense, and secrecy,
 Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
 Let the birds fly⁶; and, like the famous ape,
 To try conclusions⁷, in the basket creep,
 And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
 And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
 What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England⁸; you know that?

Queen. Alack, I had forgot; 'tis so concluded on.

"his death is so ingraven in my heart, that if I dye not shortly, I
 "hope to take such and so great vengeance, that these countreys shall
 "for euer speake thereof. Neuertheless I must stay the time, meanes,
 "and occasion, lest by making ouer-great hast, I be now the cause
 "of mine own sodaine ruine and overthrow, and by that meanes end,
 "before I beginne to effect my hearts desire: hee that hath to doe
 "with a wicked, disloyall, cruell, and discourteous man, must vse
 "craft, and politike inuentions, such as a fine witte can best imagine,
 "not to discouer his interprise; for seeing that by force I cannot effect
 "my desire, reason alloweth me by dissimulation, subtiltie, and secret
 "practises to proceed therein." STEEVENS.

⁵ — a gib,] So, in Drayton's Epistle from *Elinor Cobham* to *Duke Humfrey*:

"And call me beldam, gib, witch, night-mare, trot."

Gib was a common name for a cat. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Unpeg the basket on the house's top,*

Let the birds fly;] Sir John Suckling, in one of his letters, may possibly allude to the same story: "It is the story of the *jackanapes* and the partridges; thou starest after a beauty till it is lost to thee, and then let'st out another, and starest after that till it is gone too."

WARNER.

⁷ *To try conclusions,*] i. e. experiments. STEEVENS.

See Vol. XIII. p. 25, n. 3. MALONE.

⁸ *I must to England*;] Shakspeare does not inform us, how Hamlet came to know that he was to be sent to England. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern were made acquainted with the king's intentions for the first time in the very last scene; and they do not appear to have had any communication with the prince since that time. Add to this, that in a subsequent scene, when the king, after the death of Polonius, informs Hamlet he was to go to England, he expresses great surprise, as if he had not heard any thing of it before.—This last, however, may perhaps be accounted for, as contributing to his design of passing for a madman. MALONE.

Ham.

Ham. There's letters seal'd⁹ : and my two school-fellows,—

Whom I will trust, as I will adders fang'd¹,—
They bear the mandate ; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery : Let it work ;
For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer
Hoist² with his own petar : and it shall go hard,
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon : O, 'tis most sweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet³.—
This man shall set me packing
I'll lug the guts³ into the neighbour room :—
Mother, good night.—Indeed, this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you⁴ :
Good night, mother.

[*Exeunt severally ; Hamlet dragging in Polonius.*]

⁹ *There's letters seal'd : &c.*] The nine following verses are added out of the old edition. POPE.

¹ — *adders fang'd,*] That is, adders with their fangs, or poisonous teeth, undrawn. It has been the practice of mountebanks to boast the efficacy of their antidotes by playing with vipers, but they first disabled their fangs. JOHNSON.

² *Hoist, &c.*] *Hoist for hoised ; as pass for passed.* STEEVENS.

³ *When in one line two crafts directly meet.*] Still alluding to a countermining. MALONE.

³ — *the guts*—] The word *guts* was not anciently so offensive to delicacy as it is at present ; but was used by Lyly (who made the first attempt to polish our language) in his serious compositions. So, in his *Mydas*, 1592 : " Could not the treasure of Phrygia, nor the tributes of Greece, nor mountains in the East, whose *guts* are gold, satisfy thy mind ?" In short, *guts* was used where we now use *entrails*. Stanyhurst often has it in his translation of Virgil, 1582 :

Pectoribus inhiat spirantia consulit exta.

" She weens her fortune by *guts* hoate smoakye to conifer."

STEEVENS.

⁴ *Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you :*] Shakspeare has been unfortunate in his management of the story of this play, the most striking circumstances of which arise so early in its formation, as not to leave him room for a conclusion suitable to the importance of its beginning. After this last interview with the *Ghost*, the character of Hamlet has lost all its consequence. STEEVENS.

A C T

A C T IV^s. S C E N E I.*The same.**Enter King, Queen, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDEN-
STERN.**King.* There's matter in these figs; these profound
heavesYou must translate: 'tis fit we understand them:
Where is your son?*Queen.* Bestow this place on us a little while⁶.—*[to Ros. and Guil. who go out.]*Ah, my good lord⁷, what have I seen to-night?*King.* What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?*Queen.* Mad as the sea, and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier⁸: In his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
He whips his rapier out, and cries, *A rat! a rat!*
And, in this brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.*King.* O heavy deed!

It had been so with us, had we been there:

His liberty is full of threats to all;

To you yourself, to us, to every one.

Alas! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?

It will be laid to us; whose providence

⁵ *Act IV.*] This play is printed in the old editions without any separation of the acts. The division is modern and arbitrary; and is here not very happy, for the pause is made at a time when there is more continuity of action than in almost any other of the scenes.

JOHNSON.

⁶ *Bestow this place on us a little while.*] This line is wanting in the folio. STEEVENS.

⁷ — *my good lord,*] The quartos read—*mine own lord.* STEEVENS.

⁸ *Mad as the sea, and wind, when both contend, &c.*] We have precisely the same image in *K. Lear*, expressed with more brevity:

“ ——— he was met even now,

“ *As mad as the vex'd sea.*” MALONE.

Should

Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt⁸,
 This mad young man : but, so much was our love,
 We would not understand what was most fit ;
 But, like the owner of a foul disease,
 To keep it from divulging, let it feed
 Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone ?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd :
 O'er whom his very madness, like some ore⁹,
 Among a mineral of metals base,
 Shews itself pure ; he weeps for what is done.

King. O, Gertrude, come away !
 The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
 But we will ship him hence : and this vile deed
 We must, with all our majesty and skill,
 Both countenance and excuse.—Ho ! Guildenstern !

Enter ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid :
 Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
 And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him :
 Go, seek him out ; speak fair, and bring the body
 Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

[*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*]

⁸ — out of haunt,] *Out of haunt*, means out of company. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ Dido and her Sichæus shall want troops,

“ And all the *haunt* be ours.”

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, book v. chap. 26 :

“ And from the smith of heaven's wife allure the amorous *baunt*.”

The place where men assemble, is often poetically called the *baunt of men*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ We talk here in the public *baunt* of men.” STEEVENS.

⁹ — like some ore,] Shakspeare seems to think *ore* to be *or*, that is, gold. Base metals have *ore* no less than precious. JOHNSON.

He has perhaps used *ore* in the same sense in his *Rape of Lucrece* :

“ When beauty boasted blushes, in despite

“ Virtue would stain that *ore* with silver white.”

A mineral Minshew defines in his Dictionary, 1617, “ Any thing that grows in mines, and contains metals.” Shakspeare seems to have used the word in this sense,—for a *rude mass of metals*. In Bullokar's *English Expositor*, 8vo, 1616, *Mineral* is defined, “ *mettall, or any thing digged out of the earth.*” MALONE.

Minerals are mines. So, in *The Golden Remains of Hales of Eton*, 1693, p. 34. Controversies of the times, “ like spirits in the *minerals*, with all their labour, nothing is done.” STEEVENS.

Come,

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends;
 And let them know, both what we mean to do,
 And what's untimely done: so viperous slander¹,—
 Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
 As level as the cannon to his blank,
 Transports his poison'd shot,—may miss our name,
 And hit the woundless air².—O, come away!
 My soul is full of discord, and dismay.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*Another Room in the same.**Enter HAMLET.*

Ham.—Safely stow'd,—[*Ref. &c. within.* Hamlet!
 lord Hamlet!] But soft³,—what noise? who calls on
 Hamlet? O, here they come.

Enter

¹ — *so viperous slander, &c.*] Neither these words, nor the following three lines and an half, are in the folio. In the quarto, 1604, and all the subsequent quartos, the passage stands thus:

— And what's untimely done.

Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter, &c.

the compositor having omitted the latter part of the first line, as in a former scene; (see p. 294, n. 4.) Mr. Theobald supplied the *lacuna* by reading—*For haply slander, &c.* So appears to me to suit the context better; for these lines are rather in apposition with those immediately preceding, than an illation from them. Mr. Mason, I find, has made the same observation.

Shakspeare, as Theobald has observed, again expatiates on the diffusive power of slander, in *Cymbeline*:

“ ——— No, 'tis slander;

“ Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue

“ Out-venoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath

“ Rides on the posting winds, and doth bely

“ All corners of the world.” MALONE.

² — *the woundless air.*] So, in a former scene:

“ It is as *the air invulnerable.*” MALONE.

³ — *But soft,*] I have added these two words from the quartos.

STEEVENS.

The folio reads:

Ham. Safely stow'd.

Ref. &c. within. Hamlet! lord Hamlet.

Ham. What noise, &c.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

Ref. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust⁴, whereto 'tis kin.

Ref. Tell us where 'tis; that we may take it hence,
And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ref. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own.
Besides, to be demanded of a sponge!—what replication
should be made by the son of a king?

Ref. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, fir; that soaks up the king's countenance,
his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the
king best service in the end: He keeps them, like an
ape³, in the corner of his jaw; first mouth'd, to be
last

In the quarto, 1604, the speech stands thus:

Ham. Safely stow'd; but soft, what noise? who calls on Hamlet? &c.

I have therefore printed Hamlet's speech unbroken, and inserted that
of Rosencrantz, &c. from the folio, before the words, *but soft*, &c.
In the modern editions Hamlet is made to take notice of the noise made
by the courtiers, before he has heard it. MALONE.

⁴ *Compounded it with dust*,—] So in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.

"Only compound me with forgotten dust."

Again, in our poet's 71st Sonnet;

"When I perhaps compounded am with clay." MALONE.

³ —*like an ape*,] The quarto has *apple*, which is generally followed.
The folio has *ape*, which Hamner has received, and illustrated with the
following note.

"It is the way of monkeys in eating, to throw that part of their
"food, which they take up first, into a pouch they are provided with on
"the side of their jaw, and there they keep it, till they have done with
"the rest." JOHNSON.

Surely this should be "*like an ape an apple*." FARMER.

The reading of the folio, *like an ape*, I believe to be the true one, be-
cause Shakspeare has the same phraseology in many other places. The
word *ape* refers to the king, not to his courtiers. *He keeps them, like an
ape, in the corner of his jaw*, &c. means, he keeps them, as an ape
keeps food, in the corner of his jaw, &c. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.
"—your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach;" i. e. as fast as a loach
breeds loaches. Again, in *K. Lear*: "They flatter'd me like a dog;"
i. e. as a dog fawns upon and flatters his master.

That the particular food in Shakspeare's contemplation was an *apple*,
may be inferred from the following passage in *The Captain*, by Beaumont
and Fletcher:

"And

last swallow'd: When he needs what you have glean'd, it is but squeezing you, and, spunge, you shall be dry again.

Rof. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear⁶.

Rof. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king⁷, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing—

Guil. A thing, my lord?

Ham. Of nothing⁸: bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after⁹. [Exit.]

“ And lie, and kiss my hand unto my mistress,

“ As often as *an ape does for an apple*.”

I cannot approve of Dr. Farmer's reading. Had our poet meant to introduce both the ape and the apple, he would, I think, have written not *like*, but “ *as an ape an apple*.”

The two instances above quoted shew that any emendation is unnecessary. The reading of the quarto is, however, defensible.

MALONE.

⁶ *A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.*] This, if I mistake not, is a proverbial sentence. MALONE.

⁷ *The body is with the king,—*] This answer I do not comprehend. Perhaps it should be, *The body is not with the king, for the king is not with the body.* JOHNSON.

Perhaps it may mean this. The body is in the king's house, (*i. e.* the present king's,) yet the king (*i. e.* he who should have been king) is not with the body. Intimating that the usurper is here, the true king in a better place. Or it may mean,—*the guilt of the murder lies with the king*, but the king is *not where the body lies*. The affected obscurity of Hamlet must excuse so many attempts to procure something like a meaning. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Of nothing:—*] So, in *The Spanish Tragedy*:

“ In troth, my lord, it is a *thing of nothing*.”

And, in one of *Harvey's* letters, “ a silly bug-beare, a sorry puffe of winde, a *thing of nothing*.” FARMER.

So, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631:

“ At what dost thou laugh?

“ At a *thing of nothing*; at thee.”

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Magnetic Lady*:

“ At toy, a *thing of nothing*.” STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens has given here many parallelisms; but the origin of all is to be look'd for, I believe, in the 144th Psalm, ver. 5: “ Man is like a *thing of nought*.” The book of Common Prayer, and the translation of the bible into English, furnished our old writers with many forms of expression, some of which are still in use. WHALLEY.

S C E N E

SCENE III.

Another Room in the same.

Enter King, attended.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.
How dangerous is it, that this man goes loose?
Yet must not we put the strong law on him:
He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;
And, where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even,
This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause: Diseases, desperate grown,
By desperate appliance are reliev'd.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ.

Or not at all.—How now? what hath befallen?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Witnout, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter HAMLET, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

'Hide fox, &c.] There is a play among children called, *Hide fox*,
and all after. HANMER.

The same sport is alluded to in *Decker's Satiromastix*: "—our un-
handsome-faced poet does play at bo-peep with your grace, and cries
—All bid, as boys do."

This passage is not in the quarto. STEEVENS.

King.

King. At supper? Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politick worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else, to fat us; and we fat ourselves for maggots: Your fat king, and your lean beggar, is but variable service; two dishes, but to one table; that's the end.

King. Alas, alas!¹

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king; and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing, but to shew you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven; sent thither to see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King. Go seek him there. [to some Attendants.]

Ham. He will stay till you come. [Exeunt Attendants.]

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,—
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done,—must send thee hence
With fiery quickness²: Therefore, prepare thyself;
The bark is ready, and the wind at help³,
The associates tend, and every thing is bent
For England.

Ham. For England?

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub, that sees them.—But, come; for England!—Farewel, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother: Father and mother is man and wife;
man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother. Come, for England. [Exit.]

¹ *Alas, alas!*] This speech, and the following, are omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

² *With fiery quickness:*] These words are not in the quartos. STEEVENS.

³ — *the wind at help,*] I suppose it should be read,
“*The bark is ready, and the wind at helm.*” JOHNSON.

King.

King. Follow him at foot: tempt him with speed aboard;
 Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night:
 Away; for every thing is seal'd and done
 That else leans on the affair: Pray you, make haste.

[*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*]

And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,
 (As my great power thereof may give thee sense;
 Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
 After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
 Pays homage to us,) thou may'st not coldly set
 Our sovereign process⁴; which imports at full,
 By letters conjuring to that effect⁵,
 The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;

⁴ — thou may'st not coldly set

Our sovereign process;] Our poet has here, I think, as in many other places, used an elliptical expression: "thou may'st not coldly set by our sovereign process; "thou may'st not set little by it, or estimate it lightly. "To set by, Cole renders in his Dict. 1679, by *estimo*. "To set little by," he interprets *parvi-facio*. See many other instances of similar ellipses, in Vol. XIII. p. 152, n. 3. MALONE.

⁵ By letters conjuring—] Thus the folio. The quarto reads,

"By letters congruing. STEEVENS.

The reading of the folio may derive some support from the following passage in *The History of Hamlet*, bl. let. —"making the king of England minister of his massacring resolution; to whom he purposed to send him, [Hamlet,] and by letters desire him to put him to death." So also, by a subsequent line:

"Ham. Wilt thou know the effect of what I wrote?

"Hor. Ay, good my lord.

"Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king," &c.

The circumstances mentioned as inducing the king to send the prince to England, rather than elsewhere, are likewise found in *The History of Hamlet*.

Effect was formerly used for *act* or *deed*, simply, and is so used in the line before us. So, in Leo's *Historie of Africa*, translated by Pory, folio, 1600, p. 253: "Three daies after this *effect*, there came to us a Zuum, that is, a captaine," &c. See also *supra*, p. 322. n. 9.

The verb to *conjure* (in the sense of to *supplicate*,) was formerly accented on the first syllable. So, in *Macbeth*:

"I conjure you, by that which you profess,

"Howe'er you come to know it, answer me:"

Again, in *K. John*:

"I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"I conjure thee, by Rosaline's bright eyes",—.

Again, in *Measure for Measure*:

"O Prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st," &c.

MALONE.

For like the hestick in my blood he rages⁶,
And thou must cure me: Till I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin⁷.

S C E N E IV.

A Plain in Denmark.

Enter FORTINBRAS, and Forces, marching.

For. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king;
Tell him, that, by his licence, Fortinbras
Craves⁸ the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye,
And let him know so.

Cap. I will do't, my lord.

For. Go softly on. [*Exeunt FORTINBRAS and Forces.*]

Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, &c.

Ham. Good fir⁹, whose powers are these?

Cap. They are of Norway, fir.

Ham. How purpos'd, fir, I pray you?

Cap. Against some part of Poland.

⁶ — *like the hestick, in my blood he rages,*] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

“ I would forget her, but a fever, she,

“ *Reigns in my blood.*” MALONE.

⁷ *Howe'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin.*] i. e. (as Dr. Johnson observes,) “ till I know 'tis done, I shall be miserable, whatever befall me.”

This is the reading of the quarto. The folio, for the sake of rhyme, reads:

“ Howe'er my haps, my joys ~~were~~ ne'er begun.”

But this, I think, the poet could not have written. The king is speaking of the future time. To say, till I *shall* be informed that a certain act *has been* done, whatever may befall me, my joys never *had* a beginning, is surely nonsense. MALONE.

⁸ *Craves*] Thus the quartos. The folio—*claims*. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Good fir, &c.*] The remaining part of this scene is omitted in the folios.

Ham.

Ham. Who commands them, sir?

Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,
Or for some frontier?

Cap. Truly to speak, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;
Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

Cap. Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand ducats,
Will not debate the question of this straw:
This is the imposthume of much wealth, and peace;
That inward breaks, and shews no cause without
Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, sir.

Cap. God be wi'you, sir. [Exit Captain.

Rof. Will't please you go, my lord?

Ham. I will be with you straight. Go a little before.

[Exeunt Rof. and the rest.

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good, and market of his time¹,
Be but to sleep, and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, he, that made us with such large discourse²,
Looking before, and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To fust in us unus'd. Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple³
Of thinking too precisely on the event,—
A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,
And, ever, three parts coward,—I do not know
Why yet I live to say, *This thing's to do*;
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means,
To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me:
Witness, this army, of such mass, and charge,

¹ —chief good, and market of his time, &c.] If his highest good, and that for which he sells his time, be to sleep and feed. JOHNSON.

Market, I think, here means profit. MALONE.

² —large discourse,] Such latitude of comprehension, such power of reviewing the past, and anticipating the future. JOHNSON.

³ —some craven scruple—] Some cowardly scruple. MALONE.

I ed by a delicate and tender prince ;
 Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,
 Makes mouths at the invisible event ;
 Exposing what is mortal, and unsure,
 To all that fortune, death, and danger, dare,
 Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great,
 Is, not to stir without great argument⁴ ;
 But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
 When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
 That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
 Excitements of my reason, and my blood⁵,
 And let all sleep ? while, to my shame, I see
 The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
 That, for a fantasy, and trick of fame,
 Go to their graves like beds ; fight for a plot
 Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
 Which is not tomb enough, and continent⁶,
 To hide the slain ?—O, from this time forth,
 My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth !

[Exit.

S C E N E V.

Elfinore. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter Queen, and HORATIO.

Queen. — I will not speak with her.

Hor. She is importunate : indeed, distract ;
 Her mood will needs be pity'd.

⁴ — *Rightly to be great,*

Is, not to stir without, &c.] The sentiment of Shakspeare is partly
 just, and partly romantick.

— *Rightly to be great,*

Is not to stir without great argument ;
 is exactly philosophical.

But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,

When honour's at the stake,

is the idea of a modern hero. *But then,* says he, *honour is an argument,*
or subject of debate, sufficiently great, and when honour is at stake, we
must find cause of quarrel in a straw. JOHNSON.

⁵ *Excitements of my reason, and my blood,]* Provocations which excite
 both my reason and my passions to vengeance. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *continent,]* *Continent,* in our author, means that which compre-
 hends or encloses. So, in *King Lear* :

“ Rive *your* concealing continents.” STEEVENS.

Queen.

Queen. What would she have?

Hor. She speaks much of her father; says, she hears,
There's tricks i' the world; and hems, and beats her
heart;

Spurns enviously at straws⁷; speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection⁸; they aim at it⁹,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield them,
Indeed would make one think, there might be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily¹.

Queen. 'Twere good, she were spoken with²; for she
may frew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds:

⁷ *Spurns enviously at straws*;] *Envy* is much oftener put by our poet
(and those of his time) for direct aversion, than for malignity conceived at
the sight of another's excellence or happiness.

So, in *King Henry VIII.*

"You turn the good we offer into envy."

Again, in *God's Revenge against Murder*, 1621, *Hist.* VI.—"She
loves the memory of Syontus, and envies and detests that of her two
husbands." STEEVENS.

⁸ —to collection;] i. e. to deduce consequences from such premises.
So, in *Cymbeline*, Scene the last:

"—— whose containing

"Is so from sense to hardness, that I can

"Make no collection of it."

See the note on this passage. STEEVENS.

⁹ —they aim at it,] The quartos read—they *yearn* at it. To aim is
to guess. STEEVENS.

¹ *Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.*] i. e. though her meaning
cannot be certainly collected, yet there is enough to put a mischievous in-
terpretation to it. WARBURTON.

That *unhappy* once signified *mischievous*, may be known from P. Hol-
land's translation of *Pliny's Nat. Hist.* b. 19. ch. 7. "— the shrewd and
unhappy fowles, which lie upon the lands, and eat up the seed new-
sowne." We still use *unlucky* in the same sense. STEEVENS.

² *'Twere good; she were spoken with*;] These lines are given to the
Queen in the folio, and to Horatio in the quarto. JOHNSON.

I think the two first lines of Horatio's speech, [*'Twere good, &c.*]
belong to him; the rest to the queen. BLACKSTONE.

In the quarto, the Queen, Horatio, and a *Gentleman*, enter at the be-
ginning of this scene. The two speeches, "She is importunate," &c.
and "She speaks much of her father," &c. are there given to the
Gentleman, and the line now before us, as well as the two following, to
Horatio: the remainder of this speech to the queen. I think it probable
that the regulation proposed by Sir W. Blackstone was that intended
by Shakspeare. MALONE.

Let her come in.

[Exit Horatio.

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss³ :
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself, in fearing to be spilt.

Re-enter HORATIO, with OPHELIA.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia?

Oph. How should I your true love know⁴
From another one?

By his cockle hat, and staff,

And his sandal shoon⁵.

[Singing.

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

He is dead and gone, lady,

[Sings.

He is dead and gone;

³ — to some great amiss;] Shakspeare is not singular in his use of this word as a substantive. So, in the *Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

"Gracious forbearers of this world's amiss."

Again, in Lilly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:

"Pale be my looks, to witness my amiss." STEEVENS.

Each toy is, each trifle. MALONE.

⁴ How should I your true love, &c.] There is no part of this play, in its representation on the stage, more pathetick than this scene; which, I suppose, proceeds from the utter insensibility Ophelia has to her own misfortunes.

A great sensibility, or none at all, seems to produce the same effect. In the latter the audience supply what she wants, and with the former they sympathize. Sir J. REYNOLDS.

⁵ By his cockle hat, and staff,

And his sandal shoon.] This is the description of a pilgrim. While this kind of devotion was in favour, love-intrigues were carried on under that mask. Hence the old ballads and novels made pilgrimages the subjects of their plots. The cockle-shell hat was one of the essential badges of this vocation: for the chief places of devotion being beyond sea, or on the coasts, the pilgrims were accustomed to put cockle-shells upon their hats, to denote the intention or performance of their devotion.

WARBURTON.

So, in Greene's *Never too late*, 1616:

"A hat of straw like to a swain,

"Shelter for the sun and rain,

"With a scallop-shell before," &c.

Again, in *The Old Wives Tale*, by George Peele, 1595: "I will give thee a Palmer's staffe of yvorie, and a scallop-shell of beaten gold."

STEEVENS.

A:

*At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.*

O, ho!

Queen. Nay, but Ophelia,—

Oph. Pray you, mark.

White his shroud as the mountain snow,

[sings.

Enter King.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord,

Oph. Larded all with sweet flowers⁶;

Which bewept to the grave did not go,

With true-love showers.

King. How do you, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God 'ield you⁷! They say, the owl was a baker's daughter⁸. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray, let us have no words of this; but when they ask you, what it means, say you this:

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day⁹,

All in the morning betime,

And

⁶ Larded all with sweet flowers;] The expression is taken from cookery. JOHNSON.

⁷ Well, God 'ield you!] i. e. Heaven reward you! So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,

"And the Gods yield you for't!"

So Sir John Grey, in a letter in Ashmole's Appendix to his Account of the Garter, Numb. 46: "The king of his gracious lordshipe, God yield him, hafe chosen me to be owne of his brethrene of the knyghts of the garter." THEOBALD.

⁸ —the owl was a baker's daughter.] This was a metamorphosis of the common people, arising from the mealy appearance of the owl's feathers, and her guarding the bread from mice. WARBURTON.

To guard the bread from mice, is rather the office of a cat than an owl. In barns and granaries, indeed, the services of the owl are still acknowledged. This was, however, no metamorphosis of the common people, but a legendary story, which both Dr. Johnson and myself have read, yet in what book at least I cannot recollect.—Our Saviour being refused bread by the daughter of a baker, is described as punishing her by turning her into an owl. STEEVENS.

⁹ Saint Valentine's day,] There is a rural tradition that about this time of year birds choose their mates. Bourne in his *Antiquities of the Common People*, observes, that "it is a ceremony never omitted among the

And I a maid at your window,
 To be your Valentine :
 Then up he rose, and donn'd his cloaths¹,
 And dupp'd the chamber door² ;
 Let in the maid, that out a maid
 Never departed were.

King. Pretty Ophelia !

Oph. Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end on't.
 By Gis, and by Saint Charity³,
 Alack, and fie for shame !

the vulgar, to draw lots, which they term *Valentines*, on the eve before Valentine-day. The names of a select number of one sex are by an equal number of the other put into some vessel ; and after that every one draws a name, which for the present is called their *Valentine*, and is also look'd upon as a good omen of their being man and wife afterwards." Mr. Brand adds, that he has "searched the Legend of St. Valentine, but thinks there is no occurrence in his life, that could have given rise to this ceremony." MALONE.

¹ — donn'd his cloaths,] To *don*, is to *do on*, to put on, as *do off* is to *do off*, put off. STEEVENS.

² And dupp'd the chamber-door ;] To *dup*, is to *do up* ; to lift the latch. It were easy to write, *And op'd*—. JOHNSON.

To *dup*, was a common contraction of to *do up*. So, in *Damon and Pythias*, 1582 ; "—the porters are drunk ; will they not *dup* the gate to-day ?"

Lord Surrey, in his translation of the second *Æneid*, renders *Panduntur portæ*, "The gates cast up, we issued out to play." The phrase seems to have been adopted either from *doing up* the latch, or drawing up the portcullis.

It appears from *Martin Mark-all's Apologie to the Bel-man of London*, 1610, that in the cant of gypsies, &c. *Dup* the gigger, signified to open the doore. STEEVENS.

³ By Gis, and by Saint Charity,] *Saint Charity* is a known saint among the Roman Catholics. Spenser mentions her, *Eclog. V.* 255 :

"Ah dear lord, and sweet *Saint Charity* !"

I find, by *Gisse*, used as an adjuration, both by Gascoigne in his Poems, by Preston in his *Cambyses*, and in *K. Edward III.* 1599 :

"By *Gis*, fair lords, ere many daies be past," &c. STEEVENS.

In the scene between the bastard Faulconbridge and the friers and nunne in the first part of *The troublesome Raigne of King John*, (edit. 1779, p. 256, &c.) the nunne swears by *Gis*, and the friers pray to *Saint Winkbold*, (another obsolete saint mentioned in *K. Lear*, Act III.) and adjure him by *Saint Charitie* to hear them. BLACKSTONE.

By *Gis*—There is not the least mention of any saint whose name corresponds with this, either in the *Roman Calendar*, the service in *Usam Sarum*, or in the *Benedictionary* of Bishop Athelwold. I believe the word to be only a corrupted abbreviation of *Jesus*, the letters J. H. S. being anciently all that was set down to denote that sacred name, on altars, the covers of books, &c. RIDLEY.

Young

Young men will do't, if they come to't ;

By cock⁴, they are to blame.

Quoth she, before you tumbled me,

You promis'd me to wed :

[He answers⁵.]

So would I ha done, by yonder sun,

An thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus ?

Opp. I hope, all will be well. We must be patient :
but I cannot choose but weep, to think, they should lay
him i' the cold ground : My brother shall know of it, and
so I thank you for your good counsel. * Come, my coach !
Good night, ladies⁶ ; good night, sweet ladies : good
night, good night. [Exit.

King. Follow her close ; give her good watch, I pray
you. [Exit Horatio.

O ! this is the poison of deep grief ; it springs
All from her father's death : And now behold, O Gertrude,
Gertrude,

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions ! First, her father slain ;
Next, your son gone ; and he most violent author
Of his own just remove : 'The people muddy'd,
'Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts, and whispers,
'For good Polonius' death ; and we have done but greenly⁷,
In hugger-mugger to enter him⁸ : Poor Ophelia

Divided

⁴ *By cock,*— This is likewise a corruption of the sacred name. Many instances of it are given in a note at the beginning of the fifth Act of the Second Part of *K. Henry IV.* STEEVENS.

⁵ *He answers.*] These words I have added from the quartos.

STEEVENS.

⁶ Come, my coach ! *Good night, ladies ;*] In Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1590, Zabina in her frenzy uses the same expression : " Hell, make ready my coach, my chair, my jewels I come, I come." MALONE.

⁷ — but greenly,] But *unskilfully* ; with *greenness* ; that is, without maturity of judgment. JOHNSON.

⁸ *In hugger-mugger to enter him :—*] All the modern editions that I have consulted, give it,

In private to enter him ;—

That the words now replaced are better, I do not undertake to prove ; it is sufficient that they are Shakspeare's : if phraseology is to be changed as words grow uncouth by disuse, or gross by vulgarity, the history of every language will be lost ; we shall no longer have the words of any author ; and, as these alterations will be often unskilfully made, we shall in time have very little of his meaning. JOHNSON.

Divided from herself, and her fair judgment;
 Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts.
 Last, and as much containing as all these,
 Her brother is in secret come from France:
 Feeds on his wonder⁹, keeps himself in clouds,
 And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
 With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
 Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd¹,
 Will nothing stick our person to arraign
 In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
 Like to a murdering-piece², in many places
 Gives me superfluous death! [A noise within.
 Queen. Alack! what noise is this³?

On this just observation I ground the restoration of a gross and unpleasant word in a preceding passage, for which Mr. Pope substituted *groan*. See p. 275, n. 3. The alteration in the present instance was made by the same editor. MALONE.

Shakspeare probably took the expression from the following passage in Sir T. North's translation of Plutarch.—“Antonius thinking that his body should be honourably buried, and not in *bugger-mugger*.”

It is used in Harrington's *Ariosto*:

“So that it might be done in *bugger-mugger*.”

It appears from Greene's *Groundwork of Coneycatching*, 1592, that to *bugger*, was to lurk about. STEEVENS.

The meaning of the expression is ascertained by Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: “*Dinascoso*, Secretly, hiddenly, in *bugger-mugger*.”

MALONE.

⁹ Feeds on his wonder,—] The folio reads—Keeps on his wonder,—. The quarto,—Feeds on this wonder.—Thus the true reading is picked out from between them. Hanmer reads unnecessarily,—Feeds on his anger.

JOHNSON.

¹ Wherein necessity, &c.] Wherein, that is, in which pestilent speeches, necessity, or, the obligation of an accuser to support his charge, will nothing stick, &c. JOHNSON.

² Like to a murdering-piece, &c.] Dr. Warburton thought that by a *murdering-piece* was meant “such a piece as assassins use, with many barrels”; and Mr. Steevens conceived, that this explanation was justified by the following passage in *The Double Marriage* of B. and Fletcher:

“And, like a *murdering piece*, aims not at one,

“But all that stand within the dangerous level.”

But Dr. Warburton was certainly mistaken. A *murdering-piece* was the specific term in Shakspeare's time, for a piece of ordnance, or small cannon. The word is found in Coles's Latin Dictionary, 1679, and rendered, “*tormentum murale*.”

The small cannon, which are, or were, used in the fore-castle, half-deck, or steerage of a ship of war, were within this century called *murdering-pieces*. MALONE.

³ Alack! &c.] This speech of the Queen is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter a Gentleman.

King. Attend. Where are my Switzers*? Let them guard the door:

What is the matter?

Gen. Save yourself, my lord;
The ocean, over-peering of his list⁴,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste,
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'er-bears your officers! The rabble call him, lord;
And, as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word⁵,

* *Where are my Switzers?*] I have observed in many of our old plays, that the guards attendant on kings are called *Switzers*, and that without any regard to the country where the scene is laid. REED.

The reason is, because the Swifs in the time of our poet, as at present, were hired to fight the batties of other nations. So, in Nashe's *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem*, 4to. 1594: "Law, logicke, and the *Switzers*, may be hired to fight for any body." MALONE.

⁴ *The ocean over-peering of his list,*] *List*, in this place, signifies boundary, i. e. the shore. So, in *K. Henry IV. P. I.*:

"The very *list*, the very utmost bound

"Of all our fortunes."

The *selvage* of cloth was in both places, I believe, in our authour's thoughts. MALONE.

⁵ *The ratifiers and props of every word,*] Sir T. Hanmer would transpose this line and the next. Dr. Warburton proposes to read, *ward*; and Dr. Johnson, *weal*, instead of word. I should be rather for reading, *work*. TYRWHITT.

In the first folio there is only a comma at the end of the above line; and will not the passage bear this construction?—The rabble call him lord; and, as if the world were now but to begin, and as if the ancient custom of hereditary succession were unknown, they, the ratifiers and props of every word *be utters*, cry, Let us make choice, that Laertes shall be king. TOLLET.

This construction might certainly be admitted, and *the ratifiers and props of every word* might be understood to be applied to the rabble mentioned in a preceding line, without Hanmer's transposition of this and the following line; but there is no authority for what Mr. Tollet adds, "of every word *be* [i. e. Laertes] *utters*," for the poet has not described Laertes as having uttered a word. If therefore the rabble are called *the ratifiers and props of every word*, we must understand, "of every word uttered by themselves:" which is so tame, that it would be unjust to our poet to suppose that to have been his meaning. *Ratifiers, &c.* refer not to the people, but to *custom and antiquity*, which the speaker says are the true ratifiers and props of every word. The last word however of the line may well be suspected to be corrupt; and Mr. Tyrwhitt has probably suggested the true reading. MALONE.

Q 5

They

They cry, *Choose we; Laertes shall be king!*
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!
O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs⁶.

King. The doors are broke. [Noise within.

Enter LAERTES, arm'd; Danes following.

Laer. Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all without.

Dan. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

Dan. We will, we will. [They retire without the door.

Laer. I thank you:—keep the door.—O thou vile king,
Give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood, that's calm, proclaims me
bastard;

Cries, cuckold, to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow⁷
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?—
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person;
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incens'd;—Let him go, Gertrude;—
Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with:
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience, and grace, to the profoundest pit!

⁶ O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs.] Hounds run counter when they trace the trail backwards. JOHNSON.

⁷ — unsmirched brow—] i. e. clean, not defiled. To besmirch, our author uses Act I. sc. v.

This seems to be an allusion to a proverb often introduced in the old comedies. Thus, in the *London Prodigal*, 1605: "—as true as the skin between any man's brows." STEEVENS.

I dare damnation : To this point I stand,—
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes ; only I'll be reveng'd
Most throughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you ?

Laer. My will, not all the world's :

And, for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,

If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge,
That, sweep-stake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser ?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then ?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms ;
And, like the kind life-rend'ring pelican²,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak

Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly³ in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment 'pear¹,
As day does to your eye.

Danes. [*within.*] Let her come in.

Laer. How now ! what noise is that ?

² — *life-rend'ring pelican,*] So, in the ancient *Interlude of Nature*,
bl. l. no date :

“ Who taught the cok hys watche-howres to observe,

“ And syng of corage wyth shryll throte on hye ?

“ Who taught the *pellycan* her tender hart to carve ?—

“ For she nolde suffer her byrdys to dye ?”

It is almost needless to add that this account of the bird is entirely fabulous. STEEVENS.

³ — *most sensibly*—] Thus the quarto, 1604. The folio, following the error of a later quarto, reads—*most sensible*. MALONE.

¹ — *to your judgment 'pear,*] So the quarto. The folio, and all the later editions, read,—*to your judgment pierce*, less intelligibly.

JOHNSON.

This elision of the verb to *appear*, is common to Beaumont and Fletcher. So, in *The Maid of the Mill* :

“ And where they '*pear*' so excellent in little,

“ They will but flame in great.” STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter OPHELIA, fantastically dress'd with straws and flowers.

O heat, dry up my brains ! tears, seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye !—
By heaven, thy madness shall be pay'd with weight,
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May !
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia !—
O heavens ! is't possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life ?
Nature is fine in love : and, where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves².

Oph. *They bore him bare-fac'd on the bier*³ ;

*Hey no nonny, nonny hey nonny*⁴ :

And in his grave rain'd many a tear ;—

Fare you well, my dove !

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus.

Oph. You must sing, *Down a-down*⁵, *an you call him*
a-down-a,

² *Nature is fine in love : and, where 'tis fine,*

It sends some precious instance of itself

After the thing it loves.] These lines are not in the quarto, and might have been omitted in the folio without great loss, for they are obscure and affected ; but, I think, they require no emendation. Love (says Laertes) is the passion by which nature is most exalted and refined ; and as substances, refined and subtilised, easily obey any impulse, or follow any attraction, some part of nature, so purified and refined, flies off after the attracting object, after the thing it loves.

As into air the purer spirits flow,

And separate from their kindred dregs below,

So flew her soul.— JOHNSON.

The meaning of the passage may be—that her wits, like the spirit of fine essences, flew off or evaporated. STEEVENS.

³ *They bore him bare-fac'd on the bier, &c.*] So, in Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*, late edit. ver. 2879 :

“ He laid him bare the visage on the bere,

“ Therewith he wept that pitee was to here.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *Hey no nonny, &c.*] These words, which were the burthen of a song, are found only in the folio. See Vol. XIII. p. 264, n. 6.

MALONE.

⁵ —*sing, Down a-down,*] Perhaps Shakspeare alludes to *Peabe's Sonnet*, by Tho. Lodge, which the reader may find in *England's Helicon*, 1614 :

“ Down

a-down-a. O, how the wheel becomes it⁶? It is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter.

"Down a-down, &c.

"Thus Phillis sung,

"By fancy once distressed: &c.

"And so sing I, with *downe a-downe*," &c.

Down a-down is likewise the burthen of a song in the *Three Ladies of London*, 1584, and perhaps common to many others. STEEVENS.

See Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: "*Filibustaccina*, The burden of a countrey song; as we say *Hay doune a doune, douna*."

MALONE.

⁶ O, how the wheel becomes it!] The story alluded to I do not know; but perhaps the lady stolen by the steward was reduced to spin.

JOHNSON.

The *wheel* may mean no more than the burthen of the song, which she had just repeated, and as such was formerly used. I met with the following observation in an old quarto black-letter book, published before the time of Shakspeare:

"The song was accounted a good one, though it was not moche graced by the *wheele*, which in no wise accorded with the subject matter thereof."

I quote this from memory, and from a book, of which I cannot recollect the exact title or date; but the passage was in a preface to some songs or sonnets. I well remember to have met with the word in the same sense in other old books.

Rota, however, as I am informed, is the ancient musical term in Latin for the burden of a song.

The ballad, alluded to by Ophelia, is perhaps entered on the books of the Stationers' Company. "October 1580. Four ballades of the Lord of Lorn and the *Falſe Steward*," &c. STEEVENS.

I am inclined to think that *wheel* is here used in its ordinary sense, and that these words allude to the occupation of the girl who is supposed to sing the song alluded to by Ophelia.—The following lines in Hall's *Virgidemiarum*, 1597, appear to me to add some support to this interpretation:

"Some drunken rimer thinks his time well spent,

"If he can live to see his name in print;

"Who when he is once fished to the presse,

"And sees his handselle have such faire successe,

"Sung to the *wheele*, and sung unto the payle,

"He sends forth thraves of ballads to the sale."

So, in Sir Thomas Overbury's *Characters*, 1614: "She makes her hands hard with labour, and her heart soft with pittie; and when winter evenings fall early, sitting at her merry *wheele*, she sings a defiance to the giddy wheele of fortune."

Our authour likewise furnishes an authority to the same purpose. *Twelfth Night*, Act II. sc. iv.

"Come, the song we had last night:

"The spinsters, and the knitters in the sun,

"Do use to chaunt it."

A musical antiquary may perhaps contend, that the controverted words of the text allude to an ancient instrument mentioned by Chaucer, and called by him a *rote*, by others a *vielle*; which was played upon by the friction of a *wheel*. MALONE.

Laer.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts⁷.

Laer. A document in madness; thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines⁸:—there's rue for you;—and here's some for me:—we may call it, herb

⁷ *There's rosemary, that's for remembrance;—and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.*] There is probably some mythology in the choice of these herbs, but I cannot explain it. *Pansies* is for *thoughts*, because of its name, *Pensées*; but why *rosemary* indicates *remembrance*, except that it is an ever-green, and carried at funerals, I have not discovered. JOHNSON.

So, in *All Fools*, a comedy, by Chapman, 1605:

“What flowers are these?—

“The *Pansie* this.

“O, that's for lovers' *thoughts*!

Rosemary was anciently supposed to strengthen the memory. It was not only carried at funerals, but worn at weddings, as appears from a passage in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Elder Brother*, Act III. sc. i.

So, in *A Dialogue between Nature and the Phoenix*, by R. Chester, 1601:

“There's *rosemarie*; the Arabians justifie

“(Physitions of exceeding perfect skill)

“It comforteth the braine and *memorie*,” &c. STEEVENS.

Rosemary being supposed to strengthen the memory, was the emblem of fidelity in lovers. So, in *A Handfull of Pleasant Delites*, containing sundrie new Sonets, 16mo, 1584:

“*Rosemary* is for remembrance

“Betweene us daie and night;

“Wishing that I might alwaies have

“You present in my sight.”

The poem in which these lines are found, is entitled *A Nofegate alwaies sweet for Lovers to send for Tokens of love*, &c. MALONE.

⁸ *There's fennel for you, and columbines:*] Greene, in his *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*, 1620, calls *fennel*, *women's weeds*: “fit generally for that sex, sith while they are maidens, they wish wantonly.”

I know not of what *columbines* were supposed to be emblematical. They are again mentioned in *All Fools*, by Chapman, 1605:

“What's that?—a *columbine*?

“No: that *thankles* flower grows not in my garden.”

Gerard, however, and other herbalists, impute few, if any, virtues to them; and they may therefore be stiled *thankles*, because they appear to make no grateful return for their creation.

Again, in the 15th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

“The *columbine* amongst, they sparingly do set.”

From the *Caltha Poetarum*, 1599, it should seem as if this flower was the emblem of cuckoldom:

“——the

herb of grace o'fundays⁹ :—you may wear your rue with a difference¹.—There's a daisy² :—I would give you some violets ;

“ ——— the blew cornuted columbine,

“ Like to the crooked horns of Acheloy.” STEEVENS.

Columbine was an emblem of cuckoldom on account of the horns of its nectaria, which are remarkable in this plant. See *Aquilegia* in Linnæus Genera, 684. S. W.

Ophelia gives her fennel and columbines to the king. In the collection of Sonnets quoted above, the former is thus mentioned :

“ Fennel is for flatterers,

“ An evil thing 'tis sure ;

“ But I have alwaies meant truly,

“ With constant heart most pure.”

See also Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598 : “ *Dare finocchio*, to give fennel,—to flatter, to dissemble.” MALONE.

⁹ There's rue for you ;—and here's some for me :—we may call it herb of grace o' fundays :] I believe there is a quibble meant in this passage ; rue anciently signifying the same as *ruth*, i. e. sorrow. Ophelia gives the queen some, and keeps a proportion of it for herself. There is the same kind of play with the same word in *King Richard the Second*.

Herb of grace is one of the titles which *Tucca* gives to *William Rufus*, in *Decker's Satiromastix*. I suppose the first syllable of the surname *Rufus* introduced the quibble. STEEVENS.

¹ You may wear your rue with a difference.] This seems to refer to the rules of heraldry, where the younger brothers of a family bear the same arms with a difference, or mark of distinction. So, in Holinshed's *Reign of King Richard II.* p. 443 : “ — because he was the youngest of the Spensers, he bare a border gules for a difference.”

There may, however, be somewhat more implied here, than is expressed. You, madam, (says Ophelia to the Queen,) may call your RUE by its Sunday name, HERB OF GRACE, and so wear it with a difference to distinguish it from mine, which can never be any thing but merely RUE, i. e. sorrow. STEEVENS.

Herb of grace was not the Sunday name, but the every day name of rue. In the common dictionaries of Shakspeare's time it is called *herb of grace*. See Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598, in v. *ruta*, and Cotgrave's French Dictionary, 1611, in v. *rue*. There is no ground therefore for supposing, with Dr. Warburton, that rue was called herb of grace, from its being used in exorcisms performed in churches on Sundays.

Ophelia only means, I think, that the queen may with peculiar propriety on Sundays, when she solicits pardon for that crime which she has so much occasion to rue and repent of, call her rue, *herb of grace*. So, in *King Richard II.*

“ Here did she drop a tear ; here in this place

“ I'll set a bank of rue, four herb of grace.

“ Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,

“ In the remembrance of a weeping queen.”

Ophelia, after having given the queen rue, to remind her of the sorrow and contrition she ought to feel for her incestuous marriage, tells her, she

violets; but they wither'd all, when my father died³:—
 'They say, he made a good end,—

*For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy*⁴,— [sings.

Laer. Thought and affliction⁵, passion, hell itself,
 She turns to favour, and to prettiness.

Oph. *And will he not come again?* [sings.

And will he not come again?

No, no, he is dead,

Go to thy death-bed,

He never will come again.

*His beard was as white as snow*⁶,

All flaxen was his poll:

He is gone, he is gone,

she may wear it with a difference, to distinguish it from that worn by Ophelia herself; because her tears flowed from the loss of a father, those of the queen ought to flow for her guilt. MALONE.

² *There's a daisy:*] Greene in his *Quip for an upstart Courtier*, has explained the significance of this flower: "—Next them grew the DISSEMBLING DAISIE, to warn such light-of-love wenches not to trust every faire promise that such amorous bachelors make them."

HENLEY.

³ *I would give you some violets, but they wither'd all, when my father died:*] The violet is thus characterized in the old collection of Sonnets above quoted, printed in 1584:

"Violet is for faithfulness,

"Which in me shall abide;

"Hoping likewise that from your heart

"You will not let it slide." MALONE.

⁴ *For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,*—] This is part of an old song, mentioned likewise by Beaumont and Fletcher. *Two Noble Kinsmen*, Act IV. sc. i:

"—I can sing the broom,

"And Bonny Robin."

In the books of the Stationers' Company, 26 April, 1594, is entered "A ballad, intituled, A doleful adewe to the last Erle of Darbie, to the tune of *Bonny sweet Robin*." STEEVENS.

⁵ *Thought and affliction,*—] *Thought* here, as in many other places, signifies melancholy. MALONE.

⁶ *His beard was as white as snow, &c.*] This, and several circumstances in the character of Ophelia, seem to have been ridiculed in *Eastward Hoe*, a comedy written by Ben Jonson, Chapman, and Marston, printed 1605, Act III.:

"His bead as white as milk,

"All flaxen was his hair;

"But now he's dead,

"And laid in his bed,

"And never will come again.

"God be at your labour!" STEEVENS.

And

*And we cast away moan ;
God' a mercy on his soul !*

And of all christian souls⁷ ! I pray God. God be wi' you!
[Exit OPHELIA.]

Laer. Do you see this, O God ?

King. Laertes, I must commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me :
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction ; but, if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so ;
His means of death, his obscure funeral,—
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment, o'er his bones⁸,
No noble rite, nor formal ostentation,—
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall ;
And, where the offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you, go with me. [Exeunt.]

⁷ God 'a mercy on his soul !

And of all christian souls !] This is the common conclusion to many of the ancient monumental inscriptions. See Weever's *Funeral Monuments*, p. 657, 658. Barthelette, the publisher of Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, 1554, speaking first of the funeral of Chaucer, and then of Gower, says, "—he lieth buried in the monasterie of Seynt Peter's at Westminster, &c. on whose soules and all cristen, Jesu have mercie."

STEEVENS.

⁸ *No trophy, sword, nor hatchment, o'er his bones,*] It was the custom, in the times of our author, to hang a sword over the grave of a knight.

JOHNSON.

This practice is uniformly kept up to this day. Not only the sword, but the helmet, gauntlet, spurs, and tabard, (*i. e.* a coat whereon the armorial ensigns were anciently depicted, from whence the term *coat of armour*) are hung over the grave of every knight.

Sir J. HAWKINS.

S C E N E VI.

Another Room in the same.

Enter HORATIO, and a Servant.

Hor. What are they, that would speak with me?

Serv. Sailors, fir;

They say, they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.—

[*Exit Servant.*]

I do not know from what part of the world

I should be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

1. *Sail.* God blefs you, fir.

Hor. Let him blefs thee too.

1. *Sail.* He shall, fir, an't please him. There's a letter for you, fir; it comes from the ambassador that was bound for England; if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. [*reads*] Horatio, when thou shalt have overlook'd this, give these fellows some means to the king; they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase: Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compell'd valour; and in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant, they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me, like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou would'st fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear, will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter⁹. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee, Farewel.

He that thou knowest thine, Hamlet.

⁹ — for the bore of the matter.] The bore is the caliber of a gun, or the capacity of the barrel. The matter (says Hamlet) would carry heavier words. JOHNSON.

Come,

Come, I will give you way for these your letters ;
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Another Room in the same.

Enter KING, and LAERTES.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend ;
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he, which hath your noble father slain,
Pursu'd my life.

Laer. It well appears :—But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, greatness, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up ?

King. O, for two special reasons ;
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unfinew'd,
But yet to me they are strong. The queen, his mother,
Lives almost by his looks ; and for myself,
(My virtue, or my plague, be it either which,)
She is so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a publick count I might not go,
Is, the great love the general gender ¹ bear him :
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Work like the spring ² that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces ; so that my arrows,

¹ — the general gender—] The common race of the people.

JOHNSON.

² Work like the spring—] This simile is neither very seasonable in the deep interest of this conversation, nor very accurately applied. If the spring had changed base metals to gold, the thought had been more proper.

JOHNSON.

The folio, instead of—work, reads—would. STEEVENS.

Too

Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind³,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost;
A sister driven into desperate terms;
Whose worth, if praises may go back again⁴,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections:—But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that: you must not think,

That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shook with danger⁵,
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more:
I lov'd your father, and we love ourself;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,
How now? what news⁶?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet⁷:
This to your majesty; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet! Who brought them?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say: I saw them not;
They were given me by Claudio, he received them
Of him that brought them⁸.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them:—
Leave us.

[*Exit Mess.*]

[*reads.*] *High and mighty, you shall know, I am set
naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to*

³ — *for so loud a wind,*] Thus the folio. The quarto 1604, has—
for so loud arm'd: as extraordinary a corruption as any that is found in
these plays. MALONE.

⁴ — *if praises may go back again,*] If I may praise what has been,
but is now to be found no more. JOHNSON.

⁵ *That we can let our beard be shook with danger,*] It is wonderful
that none of the advocates for the learning of Shakspeare have told us that
this line is imitated from Persius, Sat. 2:

Idcirco solidam præbet tibi vellere barbam

Jupiter? STEEVENS.

⁶ *How now, &c.*] Omitted in the quartos. THEOBALD.

⁷ *Letters, &c.*] Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Of him that brought them.*] I have restored this hemestich from the
quartos. STEEVENS.

see your kingly eyes : when I shall, first asking your pardon
thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden and more strange
return.

Hamlet.

What should this mean ? Are all the rest come back ?

Or is it some abuse, and no such thing ?

Laer. Know you the hand ?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. Naked,—

And, in a postscript here, he says, alone :

Can you advise me ?

Laer. I am lost in it, my lord. But let him come ;

It warms the very sickness in my heart,

That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,

Thus diddest thou.

King. If it be so, Laertes,—

As how should it be so ?—how otherwise ?—

Will you be rul'd by me ?

Laer. Ay, my lord ;

So you will not o'er-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,—

As checking at his voyage⁹, and that he means

No more to undertake it,—I will work him

To an exploit, now ripe in my device,

Under the which he shall not choose but fall :

And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe ;

But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,

And call it, accident.

Laer¹. My lord, I will be rul'd ;

The rather, if you could devise it so,

That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.

You have been talk'd of since your travel much,

And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality

⁹ As checking at his voyage,] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1604, exhibits a corruption similar to that mentioned in n. 3. It reads: As the king at his voyage. MALONE.

The phrase is from falconry ; and may be justified from the following passage in *Hinde's Eliosto Libidinoso*, 1606 : " For who knows not, quoth she, that this hawk, which comes now so fair to the fist, may to-morrow becke at the lure ?"

Again, in G. Whetstone's *Castle of Delight*, 1576 :

" But as the hawke, to gad which knowes the way,

" Will hardly leave to checke at carren crows," &c.

STEEVENS.

¹ Laer.] The next sixteen lines are omitted in the folio.

STEEVENS.

Wherein,

Wherein, they say, you shine : your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him,
As did that one ; and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege².

Laer. What part is that, my lord ?

King. A very ribband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too ; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than settled age his fables, and his weeds,
Importing health, and graveness³.—Two months since,
Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—
I have seen myself, and serv'd against, the French,
And they can well on horseback : but this gallant
Had witchcraft in't ; he grew unto his seat ;
And to such wond'rous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorp'd and demy-natur'd
With the brave beast : so far he topp'd my thought,
That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks⁴,
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman, was't ?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamord*.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well : he is the brooch, indeed,
And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you ;
And gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence⁵,
And for your rapier most especial,

² *Of the unworthiest siege.*] Of the lowest rank. *Siege*, for *seat*, place. JOHNSON.

So, in *Othello* :

“ — I fetch my birth

“ From men of royal *siege*.” STEEVENS.

³ *Importing health, and graveness.*—] *Importing* here may be, not *inferring* by logical consequence, but *producing* by physical effect. A young man regards *show* in his dress ; an old man, *health*. JOHNSON.

Importing health, I apprehend, means, *denoting an attention to health*.

MALONE.

⁴ — *in forgery of shapes and tricks*,] I could not contrive so many proofs of dexterity as he could perform. JOHNSON.

* — *Lamord*.] Thus the quarto, 1604. Shakespeare, I suspect, wrote *Lamode*. See the next speech but one. The folio has—*Lamound*.

MALONE.

⁵ — *in your defence*,] That is, in the *science* of defence. JOHNSON.

That

That he cried out, 'twould be a fight indeed,
 If one could match you : the scrimers ⁶ of their nation,
 He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
 If you oppos'd them : Sir, this report of his
 Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,
 That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
 Your sudden coming o'er, to play with you.
 Now, out of this,—

Laer. What out of this, my lord ?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you ?
 Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
 A face without a heart ?

Laer. Why ask you this ?

King. Not that I think, you did not love your father ;
 But that I know, love is begun by time ⁷ ;
 And that I see, in passages of proof ⁸,
 Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
 There lives within the very flame of love ⁹
 A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it ;
 And nothing is at a like goodness still ;
 For goodness, growing to a plurify ¹,

Dies

⁶ — the scrimers—] The fencers. JOHNSON.

From *escrimeur*, Fr. a fencer. From here to the word *them* inclusively, is not in the folio. MALONE.

⁷ — love is begun by time ;] This is obscure. The meaning may be, love is not innate in us, and co-essential to our nature, but begins at a certain time from some external cause, and being always subject to the operations of time, suffers change and diminution. JOHNSON.

⁸ — in passages of proof,] In transactions of daily experience.

JOHNSON.

⁹ There lives, &c.] The next ten lines are not in the folio.

STEEVENS.

¹ For goodness, growing to a plurify,] I would believe, for the honour of Shakspeare, that he wrote *pletbory*. But I observe the dramatic writers of that time frequently call a fulness of blood a *pleurisy*, as if it came, not from *πλευρα*, but from *plus*, *pluris*. WARBURTON.

I think the word should be spelt—*plurify*. This passage is fully explained by one in Mascall's treatise on cattle, 1662, p. 187. "Against the blood, or *plurisie* of blood. The disease of blood is, some young horses will feed, and being fat will increase blood, and so grow to a *plurisie*, and die thereof if he have not soon help." TOLLET.

Dr. Warburton is right. The word is spelt *plurify* in the quarto, 1604, and is used in the same sense as here, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen* :

" ——— that heal't with blood

" The earth, when it is sick, and cur't the world

" Of the *plurisie* of people."

Again,

Dies in his own too-much : That we would do,
 We should do when we would ; for this *would* changes,
 And hath abatements and delays as many,
 As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents ;
 And then this *should* is like a spendthrift sigh,
 That hurts by easing². But, to the quick o' the ulcer :
 Hamlet comes back ; What would you undertake,
 To shew yourself in deed your father's son
 More than in words ?

Laer. To cut his throat i' the church.

King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize ;
 Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,
 Will you do this, keep close within your chamber :

Again, in *'Tis Pity she's a Whore*, by Ford, 1633 :

" Must your hot itch and *plurisie* of lust,

" The hey-day of your luxury, be fed

" Up to a surfeit ?" MALONE.

² *And then this should is like a spendthrift sigh,*

That hurts by easing.—] A *spendthrift* sigh is a *sigh* that makes
 an unnecessary waste of the vital flame. It is a notion very prevalent,
 that *sighs* impair the strength, and wear out the animal powers.

JOHNSON.

Hence they are call'd, in *K. Henry VI.*—blood-consuming *sighs*.

Again, in *Pericles*, 1609 :

" Do not consume your blood with sorrowing,"

The idea is enlarged upon in Fenton's *Tragical Discourses*, 1579 :

" Why stave you not in tyme the source of your scorching *sighes*, that
 have already drayned your body of his wholesome humoures, appoynted
 by nature to gyve sucke to the entrals and inward parts of you ?"

The original quarto, as well as the folio, reads—a spendthrift's sigh ;
 but I have no doubt that it was a corruption, arising from the first letter
 of the following word *sigh*, being an s. I have therefore, with the
 other modern editors, printed—*spendthrift* sigh, following a late quarto,
 (which however is of no authority,) printed in 1611. That a sigh,
 if it consumes the blood, *hurts us by easing*, or is prejudicial to us on
 the whole, though it affords a temporary relief, is sufficiently clear : but
 the former part of the line, *and then this should*, may require a little ex-
 planation. I suppose the king means to say, that if we do not promptly
 execute what we are convinced we *should* or ought to do, we shall after-
 wards in vain repent our not having seized the fortunate moment for
 action : and this opportunity which we have let go by us, and the re-
 flection that we *should* have done that, which, from supervening acci-
 dents, it is no longer in our power to do, is as prejudicial and painful to us
 as a blood-consuming sigh, that at once hurts and eases us.

I apprehend the poet meant to compare such a conduct, and the con-
 sequent reflection, *only to the pernicious quality* which he supposed to be
 annexed to sighing, and not to the temporary ease which it affords. His
 similes, as I have frequently had occasion to observe, seldom run on four
 feet. MALONE.

Hamlet,

Hamlet, return'd, shall know you are come home :
 We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
 And set a double varnish on the same
 The Frenchman gave you ; bring you, in fine, together,
 And wager o'er your heads : he, being remis³,
 Most generous, and free from all contriving,
 Will not peruse the foils ; so that, with ease,
 Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
 A sword unbated⁴, and, in a pass of practice⁵,
 Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do't :

And, for the purpose, I'll anoint my sword.
 I bought an unction of a mountebank,
 So mortal, that, but dip a knife in it,
 Where it draws blood, no cataplasm so rare,
 Collected from all simples that have virtue
 Under the moon, can save the thing from death,
 That is but scratch'd withall : I'll touch my point
 With this contagion ; that, if I gall him slightly,
 It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this ;
 Weigh, what convenience, both of time and means,
 May fit us to our shape⁶ : if this should fail,
 And that our drift look through our bad performance,
 'Twere better not assay'd ; therefore, this project
 Should have a back, or second, that might hold,

³ — *he being remis*,] He being not vigilant or cautious. JOHNSON.

⁴ *A sword unbated*,—] Not blunted, as foils are by a button fixed to the end. So in *Lowe's Labour's Lost* :

“ That honour, which shall *bate* his scythe's keen edge.”

MALONE.

In Sir Thomas North's Translation of Plutarch, it is said of one of the *Metelli*, that “ he shewed the people the cruel fight of fencers at *unbated* swords.” STEEVENS.

⁵ — *a pass of practice*,] Practice is often by Shakspeare, and other writers, taken for an *insidious stratagem*, or *privy treason*, a sense not incongruous to this passage, where yet I rather believe, that nothing more is meant than a *thrust for exercise*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Look about you*, 1600 :

“ I pray God there be no *practice* in this change.”

Again, more appositely in our author's *Twelfth Night*, Act V.
Sc. ult.

“ This *practice* hath most shrewdly *pass'd* upon thee.”

STEEVENS.

⁶ *May fit us to our shape* :—] *May enable us to assume proper character*, and to act our part. JOHNSON.

If this should blast in proof⁷. Soft ;—let me see :—
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings,—
I ha't :

When in your motion you are hot and dry,
(As make your bouts more violent to that end,)
And that he calls for drink, I'll have preferr'd him⁸
A chalice for the nonce ; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck⁹,
Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what noise¹ ?

Enter Queen.

How now, sweet queen* ?

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel²,
So fast they follow :—Your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

⁷ — *blast in proof.*] This, I believe, is a metaphor taken from a mine, which, in the proof or execution, sometimes breaks out with an ineffectual blast. JOHNSON.

The word *proof* shews the metaphor to be taken from the trying or proving fire-arms or cannon, which often *blast* or *burst* in the *proof*.

STEEVENS.

⁸ — *I'll have preferr'd him—*] i. e. presented to him. Thus the quarto, 1604. The word indeed is misprint, *prefard*. The folio reads — *I'll have prepar'd him*. MALONE.

⁹ — *Your venom'd stuck,*] Your venom'd thrust. *Stuck* was a term of the fencing school. So, in *Twelfth Night* : “—and he gives me the *stuck* with such a mortal motion,—.” Again, in *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606 : “Here is a fellow, *Judicio*, that carried the deadly *flocke* in his pen.”—See Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598 : “*Stoccata*, a foynne, a thrust, a *floccado* given in fence.” MALONE.

¹ — *But stay, what noise ?*] I have recovered this from the quartos.

STEEVENS.

* *How now, sweet queen ?*] These words are not in the quarto. The word *now*, which appears to have been omitted by the carelessness of the transcriber or compositor, was supplied by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

² *One woe doth tread upon another's heel,*] A similar thought occurs in *Péicles Prince of Tyre*, 1609 :

“One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir,

“That may succeed as his inheritor.” STEEVENS.

Again, in Drayton's *Mortimeriades*, 4to. 1596 :

“—miseries, which seldom come alone,

“Thick on the neck one of another fell.”

Again, in Shakespeare's 131st sonnet :

“A thousand groans, but thinking on thy fall,

“One on another's neck,—.” MALONE.

Latv.

Laer. Drown'd! O, where?

Queen. There is a willow grows ascaunt the brook³,
That shews his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
Therewith fantastick garlands did the make,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples⁴,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious fliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her cloaths spread wide;
And, mermaid like, a while they bore her up:
Which time, she chaunted snatches of old tunes⁵;
As one incapable of her own distress⁶,
Or like a creature native and indu'd
Unto that element⁷: but long it could not be,

TII

³ — ascaunt the brook,] Thus the quartos. The folio reads, *aslant*. *Ascaunce* is interpreted in the Glossary to Chaucer—*askew, aside, sideways*. STEEVENS.

⁴ — and long purples,] By *long purple* is meant a plant, the modern botanical name of which is *orchis morio mas*, anciently *testiculus morionis*. The *grosser name* by which it passes, is sufficiently known in many parts of England, and particularly in the county where Shakspeare lived. Thus far Mr. Warner. Mr. Collins adds, that in Sussex it is still called *dead men's bands*; and that in Lyte's Herbal, 1578, its various names, too gross for repetition, are preserved. STEEVENS.

One of the grosser names of this plant Gertrude had a particular reason to avoid:—*the rampant widow*. *Liberal* is free-spoken, licentious in language. So, in *Othello*: “Is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor? Again, in *A Woman's a Weathercock*, by N. Field, 1612:

“ ——— Next that, the same

“ Of your neglect, and liberal-talking tongue,

“ Which breeds my honour an eternal wrong.” MALONE.

⁵ Which time, she chaunted snatches of old tunes;] Fletcher, in his *Scornful Lady*, very injudiciously ridicules this incident:

“ I will run mad first, and if that get not pity,

“ I'll drown myself to a most dismal ditty.” WARBURTON.

The quartos read—“snatches of old lauds,” i. e. *hymns*.

STEEVENS.

⁶ As one incapable of her own distress,] As one having no understanding or knowledge of her danger. See p. 322, n. 8. MALONE.

⁷ — like a creature native and indu'd

Unto that element.] As we are indu'd with certain original dispositions and propensities at our birth, Shakspeare here uses *indued* with great licentiousness, for formed by nature; clothed, endowed, or furnished, with properties suited to the element of water.

Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
'To muddy death⁸.

Laer. Alas then, she is drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears: But yet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,
'The woman will be out⁹.—Adieu, my lord?
I have a speech of fire; that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it¹.

[*Exit.*

King. Let's follow, Gertrude:
How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I, this will give it start again;
Therefore, let's follow.

[*Exeunt.*

Our old writers used *indued* and *endowed* indiscriminately. "To indue," says Minshew in his Dictionary, "sepiissime refertur ad dotes animo infusas, quibus nimirum ingenium alicujus imbutum et initiatum est, unde et *G. instruere est. L. imbuer.* *Imbuere* proprie est inchoare et initiari."

In Cotgrave's French Dictionary, 1611, *instruire* is interpreted, "to fashion, to furnish with." MALONE.

⁸ *To muddy death.*] In the first scene of the next act we find Ophelia buried with such rites as betoken she *foredid her own life*. Shakspeare, Mr. Mason has observed, "seems to have forgotten himself in the speech before us, for there is not a single circumstance in this relation of her death, that induces us to think she had drowned herself intentionally." But it should be remembered, that the account here given, is that of a friend; and that the queen could not possibly know what passed in the mind of Ophelia, when she placed herself in so perilous a situation. After the facts had been weighed and considered, the priest in the next act pronounces, that *her death was doubtful*. MALONE.

⁹ *The woman will be out.*] i. e. tears will flow. So, in *K. Henry V.*

"And all the woman came into my eyes." MALONE.

¹ — *that fain would blaze,*
But that this folly drowns it.] Thus the quarto, 1604. The folio reads—But that this folly *doubts* it, i. e. *douts*, or extinguishes it. See p. 211, n. 6. MALONE.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

*A Church-yard.**Enter two Clowns, with spades, &c.*

1. *Clown.* Is she to be buried in christian burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2. *Clown.* I tell thee, she is; therefore, make her grave straight²: the crowner hath set on her, and finds it christian burial.

1. *Clown.* How can that be, unless she drown'd herself in her own defence.

2. *Clown.* Why, 'tis found so.

1. *Clown.* It must be *se offendendo*; it cannot be else. For here lies the point: If I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform³: Argal, she drown'd herself wittingly.

2. *Clown.* Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

1. *Clown.* Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: If the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark

² — *make her grave straight*:] Make her grave from east to west in a direct line parallel to the church; not from north to south, athwart the regular line. This, I think, is meant. JOHNSON.

I cannot think that this means any more than *make her grave immediately*. She is to be buried in *christian burial*, and consequently the grave is to be made as usual. My interpretation may be justified from the following passages in *K. Henry V.* and the play before us: "— We cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, who live by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house *straight*."

Again, in *Hamlet*, Act III. sc. iv. "*Pol.* He will come *straight*." Again, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*: "— we'll come and drest you *straight*." Again, in *Othello*:

"Farewell, my Desdemona, I will come to thee *straight*."

STEEVENS.

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*: "Let us make ready *straight*."

MALONE.

³ — *an act hath three branches*; it is to act, to do, and to perform:] Ridicule on scholastic divisions without distinction; and of distinctions without difference. WARBURTON.

you that: but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: Argal, he, that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life.

2. *Clown*. But is this law?

1. *Clown*. Ay, marry is't; crowner's-quest law⁴.

2. *Clown*. Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been bury'd out of christian burial.

1. *Clown*. Why, there thou say'st: And the more pity; that great folks should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even christian⁵. Come; my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2. *Clown*. Was he a gentleman?

⁴ — *crowner's quest-law*.] I strongly suspect that this is a ridicule on the case of Dame Hales, reported by Plowden in his Commentaries, as determined in 3 Eliz.

It seems, her husband Sir James Hales had drowned himself in a river; and the question was, whether by this act a forfeiture of a lease from the dean and chapter of Canterbury, which he was possessed of, did not accrue to the crown: an inquisition was found before the coroner, which found *non se habet de se*. The legal and logical subtleties, arising in the course of the argument of this case, gave a very fair opportunity for a sneer at *crowner's quest-law*. The expression, a little before, that *an old bath three branches*, &c. is so pointed an allusion to the case I mention, that I cannot doubt but that Shakspeare was acquainted with and meant to laugh at it.

It may be added, that on this occasion a great deal of subtilty was used, to ascertain whether Sir James was the *agent* or the *patient*; or, in other words, whether *he went to the water, or the water came to him*. The cause of Sir James's madness was the circumstance of his having been the judge who condemned *lady Jane Gray*. Sir J. HAWKINS.

If Shakspeare meant to allude to the case of Dame Hales, (which indeed seems not improbable,) he must have heard of that case in conversation; for it was determined before he was born, and Plowden's Commentaries, in which it is reported, were not translated into English till a few years ago. Our authour's study was probably not much encumbered with old French Reports. MALONE.

⁵ — *their even christian*.] So all the old books, and rightly. An old English expression for fellow-christians. THIRLEY.

So, in Chaucer's *Jack Upland*: "If freres cannot or now not excuse 'hem of these questions asked of 'hem, it semeth that they be horrible giltye agānst God, and *ther even christian*;" &c. STEEVENS.

So King Henry the Eighth in his answer to parliament in 1546: "—you might say that I, beyng put in so speciaall a trust as I am in this case, were no trustie frende to you, nor charitable man to mine *even christian*,—" Hall's *Chronicle*, fol. 261. MALONE.

1. *Clown*.

1. *Clown*. He was the first that ever bore arms.

2. *Clown*⁶. Why, he had none.

1. *Clown*. What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the scripture? The scripture says, Adam digg'd; Could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answer'it me not to the purpose, confess thyself—*.

2. *Clown*. Go to.

1. *Clown*. What is he, that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2. *Clown*. The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1. *Clown*. I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well: But how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill, to say, the gallows is built stronger than the church; argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again; come.

2. *Clown*. Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1. *Clown*. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke⁷.

2. *Clown*. Marry, now I can tell.

1. *Clown*. To't.

2. *Clown*. Mafs, I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET, and HORATIO, at a distance.

1. *Clown*. Cudgel thy brains no more about it⁸; for your dull afs will not mend his pace with beating: and,

⁶ 2. *Clown*.] This speech, and the next as far as—*without arms*, is not in the quartos. STEEVENS.

* —*confess thyself*—] and be bang'd, the clown, I suppose, would have said, if he had not been interrupted. This was a common proverbial sentence. See *Othello*, Act IV. sc. i.—He might, however, have intended to say, *confess thyself an afs*. MALONE.

⁷ *Ay, tell me that, and unyoke*.] If it be not sufficient to say, with Dr. Warburton, that the phrase might be taken from husbandry, without much depth of reading, we may produce it from a dittie of the workmen of Dover, preserved in the editions to Holinshed, p. 1546:

“My bow is broke, I would unyoke,

“My foot is sore, I can worke no more.” FARMER.

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, at the end of Song I.

“Here I'll unyoke awhile and turne my steeds to meat.”

Again, in P. Holland's Translation of *Pliny's Nat. Hist.* p. 593:

“—in the evening, and when thou dost unyoke.” STEEVENS.

⁸ *Cudgel thy brains no more about it*;] So, in *The Maydes Metamorphosis*, by John Lily, 1600:

“In vain, I fear, I beate my brains about,

“Proving by search to find my mistresse out.” MALONE.

when you are ask'd this question next, say, a grave-maker; the houses that he makes, last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan, and fetch me a stoup of liquor.

[Exit 2. Clown.]

He digs, and sings.

*In youth when I did love, did love⁹,
Methought, it was very sweet,
To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my bebove
O, methought, there was nothing meet¹.*

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business? he sings at grave-making.

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

1. Clown. *But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,* [sings.]

⁹ *In youth when I did love, &c.*] The three stanzas, sung here by the grave-digger, are extracted, with a slight variation, from a little poem, called *The Aged Lover renounceth love*, written by Henry Howard, earl of Surrey, who flourished in the reign of king Henry VIII. and who was beheaded in 1547, on a strained accusation of treason.

THEOBALD.

¹ — *nothing meet.*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1604, reads:

O me thought there *a* was nothing *a* meet. MALONE.

The original poem from which this stanza is taken, like the other succeeding ones, is preserved among lord Surrey's poems; though, as Dr. Percy has observed, it is attributed to lord Vaux by George Gascoigne. See an epistle prefixed to one of his poems, printed with the rest of his works, 1575. By others it is supposed to have been written by Sir Thomas Wyatt.

*I lothe that I did love;
In youth that I thought swete:
As time requires for my bebove,
Metbinks they are not mete.*

All these difficulties, however, (says the Rev. Thomas Warton, *Hist. of English Poetry*, Vol. III. p. 45.) are at once adjusted by Mss. Harl. in the British Museum, 1713—25, in which we have a copy of Vaux's poems, beginning, *I lothe that I did love*, with this title: "A dyttie or sonet made by the lord Vaus, in the time of the noble quene Marye, representing the image of death."

The entire song is published by Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. STEEVENS.

An

*And hath shipped me into the land,
As if I had never been such*². [throws up a scull.

Ham. That scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches³; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier; which could say, *Good-morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?* This might be my lord such-a-one, that prais'd my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it⁴; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'n so: and now my lady Worm's⁵; chap-lefs, and knock'd about the mazzard with a sexton's spade: Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with them⁶? mine ache to think on't.

1. *Clown.*

² *As if I had never been such.*] Thus, in the original:

For age with stealing steps

Hath claude me with his crotch;

And lusty youth be away be leapes,

As there had bene none such. STEEVENS.

³ — *which this ass now o'er-reaches;*] Thus the quarto, 1604. The folio reads—*o'er-offices.* MALONE.

Over-reaches agrees better with the sentence: it is a strong exaggeration to remark, that an ass can *over-reach* him who would once have tried to *circumvent*—. I believe both the words were Shakspeare's. An author in revising his work, when his original ideas have faded from his mind, and new observations have produced new sentiments, easily introduces images which have been more newly impressed upon him, without observing their want of congruity to the general texture of his original design. JOHNSON.

⁴ *This might be my lord such-a-one, that prais'd my lord such-a one's horse, when he meant to beg it;*] So, in *Timon of Athens*, Act I.:

“ ——— my lord, you gave

“ Good words the other day of a bay courser

“ I rode on; it is yours, because you lik'd it.” STEEVENS.

⁵ — *and now my lady Worm's;*] The scull that was my lord *Such-a-one's*, is now my lady *Worm's*. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *to play at loggats with them?*] So Ben Jonson, *Tale of a Tub*, Act IV. sc. vi.

“ Now are they tossing of his legs and arms,

“ Like loggats at a pear-tree.”

So, in an old collection of epigrams, satires, &c.

“ To play at loggats, nine holes, or ten pinnes.”

1. *Clown.* *A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,* [sings.
For—and a shrowding sheet :
O, a pit of clay for to be made
*For such a guest is meet*⁷. [throws up a scull.

Ham. There's another: Why may not that be the scull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits⁸ now, his quillets⁹, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce¹ with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Humph! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes², his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: Is this the fine

It is one of the unlawful games enumerated in the statute of 33 of Henry VIII. STEEVENS.

Loggeting in the fields is mentioned for the first time among other "*new and crafty games and plays,*" in the statute 33 Henry VIII. c. 9. Not being mentioned in former acts against unlawful games, it was probably not practised long before the statute of Henry the Eighth was made. MALONE.

A *leggat-ground*, like a skittle-ground, is strewed with ashes, but is more extensive. A bowl much larger than the jack of the game of bowls is thrown first. The pins, which I believe are called *leggats*, are much thinner and lighter at one extremity than the other. The bowl being first thrown, the players take the pins up by the thinner and lighter end, and sling them towards the bowl, and in such a manner that the pins may once turn round in the air, and slide with the thinner extremity foremost towards the bowl. The pins are about one or two and twenty inches long. BLOUNT.

- ⁷ *For such a guest is meet.*] Thus in the original.

*A pick-axe and a spade,
 And eke a shrowding sheet;
 A house of clay for to be made,
 For such a guest must meet.* STEEVENS.

- ⁸ — *quiddits, &c.*] i. e. subtleties. So, in *Solinus and Perseda*:
 "I am wise, but *quiddits* will not answer death." STEEVENS.
 Again, in Drayton's *Owle*, 4to. 1604:

"By some strange *quiddit*, or some wrested clause,
 "To find him guiltie of the breach of lawes." MALONE.

- ⁹ — *bis quillets,*] *Quillets* are nice and frivolous distinctions. The word is rendered by Coles in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, *res frivola*. MALONE.

- ¹ — *the sconce—*] i. e. the head. STEEVENS.

- ² — *bis statutes,*] By a statute is here meant, not an act of parliament, but a species of security for money, affecting real property; whereby the lands of the debtor are conveyed to the creditor, till out of the rents and profits of them his debt may be satisfied. MALONE.

of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries³, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calves-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep, and calves, which seek out assurance in that⁴. I will speak to this fellow:—Whose grave's this, firrah?

1. Clown. Mine, sir.—

O, a pit of clay for to be made

[sings.

For such a guest is meet.

Ham. I think it to be thine, indeed; for thou ly'st in't.

1. Clown. You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou ly'st.

1. Clown. 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

1. Clown. For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman then?

1. Clown. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

1. Clown. One, that was a woman, sir; but, rest her foul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card⁵, or equivocation will undo us. By the lord, Ho-
ratio

³ *Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries,*] Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

⁴ —assurance in that.] A quibble is intended. Deeds, which are usually written on parchment, are called the common assurances of the kingdom. MALONE.

⁵ —by the card,—] i. e. we must speak with the same precision and accuracy as is observed in marking the true distances of coasts, the heights, courses, &c. in a sea-chart, which in our poet's time was called a card. So in *The Commonwealth and Government of Venice*, 4to. 1599, p. 177: "Sebastian Munster in his *carde* of Venice—." Again, in Bacon's *Essays*, p. 326. edit. 1740: "Let him carry with him also some *card*, or book, describing the country where he travel-
leth."

ratio, these three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked⁶, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.—How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

1. *Clown*. Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long's that since?

1. *Clown*. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: It was that very day that young Hamlet was born⁷; he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

1. *Clown*. Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

1. *Clown*. 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

1. *Clown*. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

1. *Clown*. 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

1. *Clown*. Why, here in Denmark; I have been sexton here, man, and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

1. *Clown*. 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky corfes now-a-days⁸, that will scarce

velleth." In 1589 was published in 4to, *A briefe Discourse of Mappes and Cardes, and of their Uses*.—The "shipman's card" in *Macbeth*, is the paper on which the different points of the compass are described.

MALONE.

⁶ — *the age is grown so picked,*—] i. e. so spruce, so quaint, so affected.

There is, I think, no allusion to *picked* or pointed shoes, as has been supposed. *Picked* was a common word of Shakspeare's age, in the sense above given, and is found in *Minsheu's Dictionary*, 1617, with its original signification: "*Trim'd or drest sprucely*." It is here used metaphorically. MALONE.

⁷ — *that young Hamlet was born*;] By this scene it appears that Hamlet was then thirty years old, and knew Yorick well, who had been dead twenty-two years. And yet in the beginning of the play he is spoken of as a *very young* man, one that designed to go back to school, i. e. to the university of Wittenberg. The poet in the fifth act had forgot what he wrote in the first. BLACKSTONE.

⁸ — *now-a-days,*] Omitted in the quarto. MALONE.

hold

hold the laying in,) he will last you some eight year, or nine year : a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another ?

1. Clown. Why, sir, his hide is so tann'd with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while ; and your water is a fore decayer of your whorson dead body. Here's a scull now hath lain you i'the earth three-and-twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it ?

1. Clown. A whorson mad fellow's it was ; Whose do you think it was ?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

1. Clown. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue ! he pour'd a flaggon of Rhenish on my head once. This same scull, sir, was Yorick's scull⁹, the king's jester.

Ham. This ? *[takes the scull.]*

1. Clown. E'en that.

Ham. Alas, poor Yorick !—I knew him, Horatio ; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy : he hath borne me on his back a thousand times ; and now, how abhorr'd in my imagination it is ; my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips, that I have kiss'd I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now ? your gambols ? your songs ? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar ? Not one now, to mock your own grinning* ? quite chap-fallen ? Now get you to my lady's chamber¹, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour² she must come ; make her laugh at that.—Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord ?

Ham. Dost thou think, Alexander look'd o' this fashion i' the earth ?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so ? pah ! *[throws down the scull.]*

⁹ — *Yorick's scull,*—] Thus the folio.—The quarto reads—*Sir Yorick's scull.* MALONE.

* — *your own grinning ?*] Thus the quarto, 1604. The folio reads — *your own jeering.* In that copy, after this word, and *chap-fallen*, there is a note of interrogation, which all the editors have adopted. I doubt concerning its propriety. MALONE.

¹ — *my lady's chamber,*] Thus the folio. The quartos read—*my lady's table*, meaning, I suppose, her *dressing-table.* STEEVENS.

² — *to this favour*—] i. e. to this countenance or complexion:

MALONE.

Hor.

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: As thus; Alexander died; Alexander was buried. Alexander returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam: And why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperious Cæsar³, dead, and turn'd to clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:

O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,

Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw⁴!

But soft! but soft! aside;—Here comes the king.

Enter Priests, &c. in procession; the corpse of OPHELIA, LAERTES and Mourners following it; King, Queen, their Trains, &c.

The queen, the courtiers: Who is this they follow?

And with such maimed rites⁵! This doth betoken,

The corse, they follow, did with desperate hand

Fordo its own life⁶. 'Twas of some estate⁷:

Couch we a while, and mark. *[retiring with Horatio.]*

³ Imperious Cæsar,] Thus the quarto, 1604. The editor of the folio substituted *imperial*, not knowing that *imperious* was used in the same sense. See Vol. XIII. p. 97, n. *. There are other instances in the folio of a familiar term being substituted in the room of a more ancient word. See p. 80, note 9. MALONE.

⁴ — *winter's flaw*!] Winter's blast. JOHNSON.

The quartos read—to expel the *water's* flaw. STEEVENS.

A *flaw* meant a sudden gust of wind. So, in Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: "Groppo, a *flaw*, or berrie of wind." See also Cotgrave's Dictionary, 1611: "*Lis de vent*, a *gust* or *flaw* of wind."

MALONE.

⁵ — *maimed rites*!—] Imperfect obsequies. JOHNSON.

⁶ *Fordo its own life.*] To *fordo*, is to undo, to destroy. So, in *Othello*:

"—this is the night

"That either makes me, or *fordo*es me quite."

Again, in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1540: "—wolde to God it might be lesful for me to *fordo* myself, or to make an end of me!" STEEVENS.

⁷ — *some estate*:] Some person of high rank. JOHNSON.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes,

A very noble youth: Mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

1. *Priest*⁸. Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warranty*: Her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'erflows the order,
She should in ground unsanctify'd have lodg'd
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her:
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants⁹,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial¹.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

Priest. No more be done;

We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing a *requiem*², and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.

⁸ *Priest.*] This *priest* in the old quarto is called *doctor*. STEEVENS.

* *As we have warranty:*] Is there any allusion here to the coroner's warrant, directed to the ministers and church-wardens of a parish, and permitting the body of a person who comes to an untimely end, to receive christian burial? WHALLEY.

⁹ — *allow'd her virgin crants,*] Thus the quarto, 1604. For this unusual word the editor of the first folio substituted *rites*. By a more attentive examination and comparison of the quarto copies and the folio, Dr. Johnson, I have no doubt, would have been convinced that this and many other changes in the folio were not made by Shakspeare, as is suggested in the following note. MALONE.

I have been informed by an anonymous correspondent, that *crants* is the German word for *garlands*, and I suppose it was retained by us from the Saxons. To carry *garlands* before the bier of a maiden, and to hang them over her grave, is still the practice in rural parishes.

Crants therefore was the original word, which the author, discovering it to be provincial, and perhaps not understood, changed to a term more intelligible, but less proper. *Maiden rites* give no certain or definitive image. He might have put *maiden wreaths*, or *maiden garlands*, but he perhaps bestowed no thought upon it; and neither genius nor practice will always supply a hasty writer with the most proper diction.

JOHNSON.

In Minshew's *Dictionary*, see *Beades*, where *roosen krans* means *sertum rosaceum*; and such is the name of a character in this play.

TOLLET.

¹ *Of bell and burial.*] *Burial*, here, signifies interment in consecrated ground. WARBURTON.

² *To sing a requiem,*—] A *Requiem* is a mass performed in Popish churches for the rest of the soul of a person deceased. The folio reads—*sing sage requiem*. STEEVENS.

Laer.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth ;—
 And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
 May violets spring !—I tell thee, churlish priest,
 A minist'ring angel shall my sister be,
 When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia !

Queen. Sweets to the sweet : Farewel !

[scattering flowers.]
 I hop'd, thou should'st have been my Hamlet's wife ;
 I thought, thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
 And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O, treble woe
 Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,
 Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
 Depriv'd thee of !—Hold off the earth a while,
 Till I have caught her once more in mine arms :

[leaps into the grave.]
 Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead ;
 Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
 To o'er-top old Pelion, or the skyish head
 Of blue Olympus.

Ham. *[advancing]* What is he, whose grief
 Bears such an emphasis ? whose phrase of sorrow
 Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes them stand
 Like wonder-wounded hearers ? this is I,
 Hamlet the Dane.

[leaps into the grave.]
Laer. The devil take thy soul ! *[grappling with him.]*

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.
 I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat ;
 For, though I am not splenetic and rash,
 Yet have I in me something dangerous,
 Which let thy wisdom fear : Hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet !

All^s. Gentlemen,—

Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.

[The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.]

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
 Until my eye-lids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my son ! what theme ?

Ham. I lov'd Ophelia ; forty thousand brothers
 Could not with all their quantity of love
 Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her ?

² *All, &c.]* This is restored from the quartos. STEEVENS.

King.

King. O, he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. 'Zounds, shew me what thou'lt do :

Woul't weep? woul't fight? woul't fast? woul't tear thyself?

Woul't drink up eisel? eat a crocodile?

⁴ *Woul't drink up eisel?*] *Woul't* is a contraction of *wouldest*, [wouldest thou] and perhaps ought rather to be written *woul'st*. The quarto, 1604, has *esil*. In the folio the word is spelt *esile*. *Eisil* or *eisel* is vinegar. The word is used by Chaucer, and Skelton, and by Sir Thomas More, *Works*, p. 21. edit. 1557 :

" — with fowre pocion

" If thou paine thy tast, remember therewithal

" How Christ for thee tasted *esil* and gall."

The word is also found in Minsheu's Dictionary, 1617, and in Coles's Latin Dictionary, 1679.

Our poet, as Dr. Farmer has observed, has again employed the same word in his 111th sonnet :

" — like a willing patient, I will drink

" Potions of *eyfell* 'gainst my strong infection ;

" No bitterness that I will bitter think,

" Nor double penance, to correct correction."

Mr. Steevens supposes, that a river was meant, either the *Yssel*, or *Ossil*, or *Weisel*, a considerable river which falls into the Baltick ocean. The words, *drink up*, he considers as favourable to his notion. " Had Shakspeare," he observes, " meant to make Hamlet say, *Wilt thou drink vinegar*, he probably would not have used the term *drink up*, which means, *totally to exhaust*. In *King Richard II.* Act II. sc. ii. (he adds) a thought in part the same occurs :

" — the task he undertakes,

" Is numb'ring sands, and *drinking oceans dry*."

But I must remark, in that passage evidently *impossibilities* are pointed out. Hamlet is only talking of difficult or painful exertions. Every man can weep, fight, fast, tear himself, drink a potion of vinegar, and eat a *piece* of a dissected crocodile, however disagreeable ; for I have no doubt that the poet uses the words *eat a crocodile*, for *eat of a crocodile*. We yet use the same phraseology in familiar language.

On the phrase *drink up* no stress can be laid, for our poet has employed the same expression in his 114th sonnet, without any idea of *entirely exhausting*, and merely as synonymous to *drink* :

" Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,

" *Drink up* the monarch's plague, this flattery ?

Again, in the same sonnet :

" — 'tis flattery in my seeing,

" And my great mind most kingly *drinks it up*."

Again, in *Timon of Athens* :

" And how his silence *drinks up* his applause."

In Shakspeare's time, as at present, to *drink up*, often meant no more than simply to drink. So, in Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: "*Sorbire*, to sip or *sup up* any drink." In like manner we sometimes say, " when you have *swallow'd down* this potion," though we mean no more than—" when you have *swallow'd* this potion." MALONE.

I'll do't.—Dost thou come here to whine ?
 To out-face me with leaping in her grave ?
 Be buried quick with her, and so will I :
 And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
 Millions of acres on us ; till our ground,
 Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
 Make Ossa like a wart ! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
 I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness⁵ :
 And thus a while the fit will work on him ;
 Anon, as patient as the female dove,
 When that her golden couplets are disclos'd⁶,
 His silence will fit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, fir ;
 What is the reason that you use me thus ?
 I lov'd you ever : But it is no matter ;
 Let Hercules himself do what he may,
 The cat will mew, and dog will have his day. [Exit.

King. I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him.—
[Exit HORATIO.
 Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech ;
[to LAERTES.

We'll put the matter to the present push.—
 Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.—
 This grave shall have a living monument :
 An hour of quiet shortly shall we see ;
 Till then in patience our proceeding be. [Exeunt.

⁵ *This is mere madness : &c.]* This speech in the first folio is given to the king. MALONE.

⁶ *When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,]* To disclose was anciently used for to hatch. So, in the *Booke of Huntyng, Hawking, Fyshyng, &c.* bl. l. no date : “ First they ben eges ; and after they ben disclosed haukes ; and commonly goshaukes ben disclosed as sone as the choughes.” To exclude is the technical term at present. During three days after the pigeon has hatched her couplets, (for she lays no more than two eggs,) she never quits her nest, except for a few moments in quest of a little food for herself ; as all her young require in that early state, is to be kept warm, an office which she never entrusts to the male. STEEVENS.

The young nestlings of the pigeon, when first disclosed, are callow, only covered with a yellow down : and for that reason stand in need of being cherished by the kindly warmth of the hen, to protect them from the chillness of the ambient air, for a considerable time after they are hatched. HEATH.

The word *disclose* has already occurred in a sense nearly allied to *hatch*, in this play :

“ And I do doubt, the hatch and the disclose
 “ Will be some danger.” MALONE.

S C E N E

SCENE II.

*A Hall in the Castle.**Enter HAMLET, and HORATIO.*

Ham. So much for this, fir: now shall you see the other;—

You do remember all the circumstance?

Hor. Remember it, my lord!

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me sleep⁷; methought, I lay

Worse

⁷ *Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me sleep; &c.]* So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“Within my soul there doth commence a fight,

“Of this strange nature,” &c.

The Historie of Hamlet, bl. let. furnished our authour with the scheme of sending the prince to England, and with most of the circumstances described in this scene:

[After the death of Polonius] “Fengon [the king in the present play] could not content himselfe, but still his mind gave him that the foole [Hamlet] would play him some trick of legerdemaine. And in that conceit, seeking to be rid of him, determined to find the meanes to doe it by the aid of a stranger, making the king of England minister of his massacreous resolution; to whom he purposed to send him, and by letters desire him to put him to death.

“Now, to beare him company, were assigned two of Fengon’s faithful ministers, bearing letters ingraved in wood, that contained Hamlet’s death, in such sort as he had advertised the king of England. But the subtil Danish prince, (being at sea,) whilst his companions slept, having read the letters, and knowing his uncle’s great treason, with the wicked and villainous mindes of the two courtiers that led him to the slaughter, rased out the letters that concerned his death, and instead thereof graved others, with commission to the king of England to hang his two companions; and not content to turn the death they had devised against him, upon their own neckes, wrote further, that king Fengon willed him to give his daughter to Hamlet in marriage.” *Hyft. of Hamlet*, signat. G 2.

From this narrative it appears that the faithful ministers of Fengon were not unacquainted with the import of the letters they bore. Shakspeare, who has followed the story pretty closely, probably meant to describe their representatives, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, as equally guilty; as confederating with the king to deprive Hamlet of his life.

So

Worse than the mutines in the bilboes⁸. Rashly,
And prais'd be rashness for it—⁹, Let us know,

So that his procuring their execution, though certainly not absolutely necessary to his own safety, does not appear to have been a wanton and unprovoked cruelty, as Mr. Steevens has supposed in his very ingenious observations on the general character and conduct of the prince throughout this piece.

In the conclusion of his drama the poet has entirely deviated from the fabulous history, which in other places he has frequently followed.

After Hamlet's arrival in England, (for no sea-fight is mentioned,) "the king, (says *The History of Hamlet*) admiring the young prince, gave him his daughter in marriage, according to the counterfeit letters by him devised; and the next day caused the two servants of Fengon to be executed, to satisfy, as he thought, the king's desire." *Hyf. of Hamb. Ibid.*

Hamlet, however, returned to Denmark, without marrying the king of England's daughter, who, it should seem, had only been betrothed to him. When he arrived in his native country, he made the courtiers drunk, and having burnt them to death, by setting fire to the banquetting-room wherein they sat, he went into Fengon's chamber, and killed him, "giving him (says the relater) such a violent blowe upon the chine of the neck, that he cut his head clean from the shoulders." *Ibid. signat. F 3.*

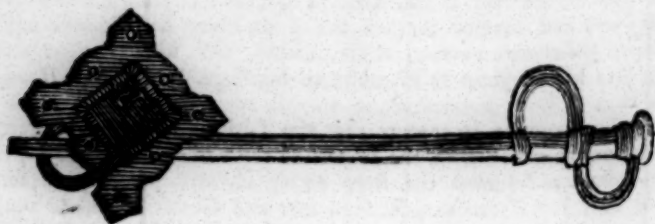
He is afterwards said to have been crowned king of Denmark.

MALONE.

⁸ — mutines in the bilboes.] To mutine was formerly used for to mutiny. See p. 320, n. 6. So mutine, for mutiner, or mutineer: "un homme mutin," Fr. a mutinous or seditious person. In *The Misfortunes of Arsbur*, a tragedy, 1587, the adjective is used:

"Suppresseth mutin force, and practicke fraud." MALONE.

The bilboes is a bar of iron with fetters annexed to it, by which mutinous or disorderly sailors were anciently linked together. The word is derived from *Bilboa*, a place in Spain where instruments of steel were fabricated in the utmost perfection. To understand Shakspeare's allusion completely, it should be known, that as these fetters connect the legs of the offenders very close together, their attempts to resist must be as fruitless as those of Hamlet, in whose mind there was a kind of fighting, that would not let him sleep. Every motion of one must disturb his partner in confinement. The bilboes are still shewn in the Tower of London, among the other spoils of the Spanish Armada. The following is the figure of them. STEEVENS.



Our

Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do pall¹ : and that should teach us,
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will².

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them : had my desire ;
Finger'd their packet ; and, in fine, withdrew
To mine own room again : making so bold,

⁹ ——— *Rashly,*

*And prais'd be rashness for it,—Let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,*

When, &c.] Hamlet, delivering an account of his escape, begins with saying, That he *rashly*—and then is carried into a reflection upon the weakness of human wisdom. I *rashly*—praised be rashness for it, —*Let us not think these events casual, but let us know, that is, take notice and remember, that we sometimes succeed by indiscretion, when we fail by deep plots, and infer the perpetual superintendence and agency of the Divinity.* The observation is just, and will be allowed by every human being who shall reflect on the course of his own life.

JOHNSON.

This passage, I think, should be thus distributed.

————— *Rashly*
(And prais'd be rashness, for it *lets* us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do fail ; and that should teach us,
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will ;—

Hor. That is most certain.)

Ham. Up from my cabin, &c. So that *rashly* may be joined in construction with *in the dark grop'd I to find out them.* TYRWHITT.

¹ *When our deep plots do pall :*] Thus the first quarto, 1604. The editor of the next quarto, for *pall*, substituted *fall*. The folio reads—when our dear plots do *paule*.

Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read—when our deep plots do *fail* : but *pall* and *fail* are by no means likely to have been confounded. I have therefore adhered to the old copies. In *Antony and Cleopatra* our poet has used the participle :

“ I'll never follow thy *pall'd* fortunes more.” MALONE.

² *There's a divinity that shapes our ends,*

Rough hew them how we will.] Dr. Farmer informs me, that these words are merely technical. A wool-man, butcher, and dealer in *skewers*, lately observed to him, that his nephew (an idle lad, could only *assist* him in making them ; “ — he could *rough-hew* them, but I was obliged to *shape* their ends.” Whoever recollects the profession of Shakspeare's father, will admit that his son might be no stranger to such a term. I have seen packages of wool pinn'd up with *skewers*.

STEEVENS.

My

My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
 Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,
 A royal knavery; an exact command,—
 Larded with many several sorts of reasons *,
 Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
 With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life ³,—
 That, on the supervise, no leisure bated ⁴,
 No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
 My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the commission; read it at more leisure.
 But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

Hor. Ay, 'beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villanies,
 Or I could make * a prologue to my brains,
 They had begun the play ⁵;—I sat me down;
 Devis'd a new commission; wrote it fair:

* Larded with many several sorts of reasons,] I am afraid here is a very poor conceit, founded on an equivocal between *reasons* and *raisins*, which in Shakspeare's time were undoubtedly pronounced alike. *Seris* of *raisins*, *sugars*, &c. is the common phraseology of shops.—We have the same quibble in another play. MALONE.

³ With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life;] With such causes of terror, rising from my character and designs. JOHNSON.

A bug was no less a terrific being than a goblin. So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. 2. c. 3:

“As ghastly bug does unto them assure.”

We call it at present a *bugbear*. STEEVENS.

⁴ —no leisure bated,] Bated, for allowed. To abate, signifies to deduct; this deduction, when applied to the person in whose favour it is made is called an allowance. Hence he takes the liberty of using bated for allowed. WAREURTON.

No leisure bated—means, without any abatement or intermission of time. MALONE.

* Or I could make—] Or in old English signified before. MALONE.

⁵ Being thus benetted round with villanies,

Or I could make a prologue to my brains,

They had begun the play:—] Hamlet is telling how luckily every thing fell out; he groped out their commission in the dark without waking them; he found himself doomed to immediate destruction. Something was to be done for his preservation. An expedient occurred, not produced by the comparison of one method with another, or by a regular deduction of consequences, but before he could make a prologue to his brains, they had begun the play. Before he could summon his faculties, and propose to himself what should be done, a complete scheme of action presented itself to him. His mind operated before he had excited it. This appears to me to be the meaning. JOHNSON.

I once did hold it, as our statists do⁶,
 A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
 How to forget that learning; but, fir, now
 It did me yeoman's service⁷: Wilt thou know
 The effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king,—
 As England was his faithful tributary;
 As love between them like the palm might flourish;
 As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
 And stand a comma 'tween their amities⁸:
 And many such like ascs of great charge⁹,—

That,

⁶ — as our statists do,] A *statist* is a *statesman*. So, in Ben Jonson's *Magnetic Lady*:

"Will screw you out a secret from a *statist*." STEEVENS.

Most of the great men of Shakspeare's times, whose autographs have been preserved, wrote very bad hands; their secretaries very neat ones.

BLACKSTONE.

⁷ — yeoman's service:] The meaning, I believe, is, *This yeomanly qualification was a most useful servant, or yeoman, to me*; i. e. did me eminent service. The ancient yeomen were famous for their military valour. "These were the good archers in time past (says Sir Tho. Smith), and the stable troop of footmen that affraide all France."

STEEVENS.

⁸ *As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,*

And stand a comma 'tween their amities;] The expression of our author is, like many of his phrases, sufficiently constrained and affected, but it is not incapable of explanation. The *comma* is the note of *connection* and continuity of sentences; the *period* is the note of *abruption* and disjunction. Shakspeare had it perhaps in his mind to write, *That unless England complied with the mandate, war should put a period to their amity*; he altered his mode of diction, and thought that, in an opposite sense, he might put, *that peace should stand a comma between their amities*. This is not an easy stile; but is it not the stile of Shakspeare? JOHNSON.

⁹ — ascs of great charge,] *Asses* heavily loaded. A quibble is intended between *as* the conditional participle, and *as* the beast of burthen. That *charg'd* anciently signified *loaded*, may be proved from the following passage in *The Widow's Tears*, by Chapman, 1612:

"Thou must be the *as* *charg'd* with crowns to make way."

JOHNSON.

Shakspeare has so many quibbles of his own to answer for, that there are those who think it hard he should be charged with others which he never thought of. STEEVENS.

Though the first and obvious meaning of these words certainly is, "many similar adjurations, or monitory injunctions, of great weight and importance," yet Dr. Johnson's notion of a quibble being also in the

That, on the view and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further, more, or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not thriving time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinant;
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal*;
Folded the writ up in form of the other;
Subscrib'd it; gave 't the impression; plac'd it safely,
The changeling never known¹: Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.

Ham. Why, man², they did make love to this employment;

They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Does by their own insinuation³ grow:
'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this!

the poet's thoughts is supported by two other passages of Shakspeare, in which *ass* is introduced as usually employed in the carriage of gold, a *charge* of no small weight:

"He shall but bear them, as the *ass* bears gold,

"To groan and sweat under the business."

Julius Cæsar.

Again, in *Measure for Measure*:

"—like an *ass*, whose back with *ingots* bows,

"Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,

"And death unloads thee."

In further support of his observation, it should be remembered, that the letter *s* in the particle *as* is in the midland counties usually pronounced hard, as in the pronoun *us*. Dr. Johnson himself always pronounced the particle *as* hard, and so I have no doubt did Shakspeare. It is so pronounced in Warwickshire at this day. The first folio accordingly has—*ass*. MALONE.

* —the model of that Danish seal:] The model is in old language the *copy*. The signet was formed in imitation of the Danish seal.

MALONE.

¹ The changeling never known:—] A *changeling* is a child which the fairies are supposed to leave in the room of that which they steal.

JOHNSON.

² Why, man, &c.] This line is omitted in the quartos.

STEEVENS.

³ —by their own insinuation—] By their having insinuated or thrust themselves into the employment. MALONE.

Ham.

Ham. Does it not, think thee⁴, stand me now upon?
He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd my mother;
Popp'd in between the election and my hopes;
Thrown out his angle⁵ for my proper life,
And with such cozenage; is't not perfect conscience,
To quit him⁶ with this arm? and is't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from England,
What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short: the interim is mine;
And a man's life's no more than to say, one.
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his: I'll count his favours*:
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.

Hor. Peace; who comes here?

Enter OSRICK.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir.—Dost know this water-fly†?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice
to know him: He hath much land, and fertile: let a beast

⁴ — think thee,] i. e. bethink thee. MALONE.

⁵ Thrown out his angle—] An angle in Shakspeare's time signified a fishing-rod. So, in Lily's *Sapbo and Phao*, 1591:

"Phao. But he may bless fishing, that caught such a one in the sea.

"Venus. It was not with an angle, my boy, but with a net."

MALONE.

⁶ To quit him, &c.] To requite him; to pay him his due.

JOHNSON.

This passage, as well as the three following speeches, is not in the quartos. STEEVENS.

* I'll count his favours:] I'll count his favours is—I will make account of them, i. e. reckon upon them, value them. STEEVENS.

Mr. Rowe for count very plausibly reads count. MALONE.

† — Dost know this water-fly?] A water-fly skips up and down upon the surface of the water, without any apparent purpose or reason, and is thence the proper emblem of a busy trifler. JOHNSON.

be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess: 'Tis a cough⁷; but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Ofr. Sweet lord; if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit: Your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head.

Ofr. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.

Ofr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet, methinks, it is very sultry⁸ and hot; or my complexion—⁹.

Ofr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry¹,—as 'twere,—I cannot tell how.—My lord, his majesty bade me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter,—

Ham. I beseech you, remember—²

[*Hamlet moves him to put on his hat.*]

Ofr. Nay, good my lord; for my ease, in good faith³.

Sir,

⁷ — 'Tis a cough;—] A kind of jackdaw. JOHNSON.

⁸ But yet, methinks, it is very sultry, &c.] Hamlet is here playing over the same farce with Ofrick, which he had formerly done with Polonius. STEEVENS.

⁹ —or my complexion;—] The folios read—for my complexion.

STEEVENS.

¹ Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry,]

—igniculum brumæ si tempore poscas,

Accipit endromidem; si dixeris æstuo, fudat. JUV. MALONE.

² I beseech you, remember;—] "Remember not your courtesy," I believe, Hamlet would have said, if he had not been interrupted. "Remember thy courtesy," he could not possibly have said, and therefore this abrupt sentence may serve to confirm an emendation which I proposed in *Love's Labour's Lost*, where Armado says—"I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy;—I beseech thee, apparel thy head." I have no doubt that Shakspeare there wrote, "—remember not thy courtesy,"—and that the negative was omitted by the negligence of the compositor.

MALONE.

³ Nay, good my lord; for my ease, in good faith.] This seems to have been the affected phrase of the time.—Thus in Marston's *Male-content*, 1604: "I beseech you, sir, be covered."—"No, in good faith, for my ease." And in other places. FARMER.

It appears to have been the common language of ceremony in our poet's time. "Why do you stand bare-headed? (says one of the speakers in Florio's *Second Fruits*, 1591,) you do yourself wrong.

Pardon

Sir⁴, here is newly come to court, Laertes: believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences⁵, of very soft society, and great shewing: Indeed, to speak feelingly⁶ of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry⁷, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see⁸.

Ham. Sir, his definement⁹ suffers no perdition in you; —though, I know, to divide him inventorially, would dizzy the arithmetick of memory; and yet but raw neither¹, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article²; and his infusion of such dearth³ and rareness, as, to make

Pardon me, good sir (replies his friend); I do it *for my ease*." Again, in *A New Way to pay old Debts*, by Massinger, 1633:

" ————— Is't for your ease

" You keep your hat off?" MALONE.

⁴ Sir, &c.] The folio omits this and the following fourteen speeches; and in their place substitutes only, "Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is at his weapon." STEEVENS.

⁵ — full of most excellent differences,—] Full of distinguishing excellencies. JOHNSON.

⁶ —speak feelingly—] The first quarto reads *sellingly*. STEEVENS.

⁷ —the card or calendar of gentry;] The general preceptor of elegance; the card by which a gentleman is to direct his course; the calendar by which he is to choose his time, that what he does may be both excellent and seasonable. JOHNSON.

⁸ —for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.] You shall find him containing and comprising every quality which a gentleman would desire to contemplate for imitation. I know not but it should be read, *You shall find him the continent*. JOHNSON.

⁹ Sir, his definement, &c.] This is designed as a specimen, and ridicule of the court jargon amongst the *precieux* of that time. The sense in English is, "Sir, he suffers nothing in your account of him, though to enumerate his good qualities particularly would be endless; yet when we had done our best, it would still come short of him. However, in strictness of truth, he is a great genius, and of a character so rarely to be met with, that to find any thing like him we must look into his mirror, and his imitators will appear no more than his shadow." WARBURTON.

¹ —and yet but raw neither, &c.] *Raw* is a word of great latitude; raw signifies unripe, immature, thence unformed, imperfect, unskilful. The best account of him would be imperfect, in respect of his quick sail. The phrase *quick sail* was, I suppose, a proverbial term for activity of mind. JOHNSON.

² —a soul of great article;—] This is obscure. I once thought it might have been, a soul of great altitude; but, I suppose, a soul of great article, means a soul of large comprehension, of many contents. The particulars of an inventory are called articles. JOHNSON.

³ —of such dearth—] *Dearth* is dearthness, value, price. And his internal qualities of such value and rarity. JOHNSON.

true diction of him, his semblable is his mirrour; and, who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Ofr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, fir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Ofr. Sir?

Hor. Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do't, fir, really⁴.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Ofr. Of Laertes?

Hor. His purse is empty already; all his golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, fir.

Ofr. I know, you are not ignorant—

Ham. I would, you did, fir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me⁵;—Well, fir.

Hor. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—

⁴ *Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? you will do't, fir, really.*] Of this interrogatory remark the sense is very obscure. The question may mean, *might not all this be understood in plainer language.* But then, *you will do it, fir, really,* seems to have no use, for who could doubt but plain language would be intelligible? I would therefore read, *Is't possible not to be understood in a mother tongue.* You will do it, fir, really. JOHNSON.

Suppose we were to point the passage thus: Is't not possible to understand? in another tongue you will do it, fir, really.

The speech seems to be addressed to *Ofrick*, who is puzzled by Hamlet's imitation of his own affected language. STEEVENS.

Theobald has silently substituted *rarely* for *really*. I think Horatio's speech is addressed to Hamlet. *Another tongue* does not mean, as I conceive, *plainer language*, (as Dr. Johnson supposed,) but "language so fantastical and affected as to have the appearance of a *foreign tongue*;" and in the following words Horatio, I think, means to praise Hamlet for imitating this kind of babble so happily. I suspect, however, that the poet wrote—"Is't possible not to understand in a mother tongue?"

MALONE.

Since this note was written, I have found the very same citour in Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, 4to. 1605. B. II. p. 60: "—the art of grammar, whereof the use in *another tongue* is small, in a *foreign tongue* more." The author in his table of errata says, it should have been printed—in *mother tongue*. MALONE.

⁵ — *if you did, it would not much approve me;*] If you knew I was not ignorant, your esteem would not much advance my reputation. To approve, is to recommend to approbation. JOHNSON.

Ham.

Ham. I dare not confefs that, left I should compare with him in excellence⁶; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.

Ofr. I mean, fir, for his weapon; but, in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed⁷ he's unfellow'd.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Ofr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons: but, well.

Ofr. The king, fir, hath wager'd with him fix Barbary hories: against the which he has impawn'd⁸, as I take it, fix French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers⁹, and so: Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew, you must be edified by the margent¹, ere you had done.

Ofr.

⁶ I dare not confefs that, left I should compare with him, &c.] I dare not pretend to know him, left I should pretend to an equality: no man can completely know another, but by knowing himself, which is the utmost extent of human wisdom. JOHNSON.

⁷ — in his meed—] In his excellence. JOHNSON.

⁸ — impawn'd,—] Thus the quarto, 1604. The folio reads—*impon'd*. *Pignare* in Italian signifies both to *pawn*, and to lay a wager.

MALONE.

Perhaps it should be, *depon'd*. So Hudibras:

"I would upon this cause *depone*

"As much as any I have known."

But perhaps *imponed* is pledged, *impawned*; so spelt to ridicule the affectation of uttering English words with French pronunciation.

JOHNSON.

⁹ — as girdle, hangers, and so:] i. e. and so forth. The word *bangers* has been misunderstood. That part of the girdle or belt by which the sword was suspended, was in our poet's time called *the bangers*. See Minshew's Dictionary, 1616: "The *bangers* of a sword. G. *Pendants d'espée*, L. *Subcingulum*," &c. So, in an Inventory found among the papers of Hamlet Clarke, an attorney of a court of record in London in the year 1611, and printed in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. LVIII, p. 111:

"Item, One *payre* of girdle and *bangers*, of silver purle, and cullored silke.

Item. One *payre* of girdler and *bangers* upon white fattene."

The *bangers* ran in an oblique direction from the middle of the forepart of the girdle across the left thigh, and were attached to the girdle behind.

MALONE.

¹ — you must be edified by the margent,—] Dr. Warburton very properly observes, that in the old books the gloss or comment was usually printed

Of. The carriages, fir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrafe would be more german² to the matter, if we could carry a cannon by our fides; I would, it might be hangers till then. But, on: Six Barbary horfes againft fix French fwords, their affigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the French bet againft the Danifh: Why is this impawn'd, as you call it?

Of. The king, fir, hath lay'd³, that in a dozen paffes between yourfelf and him, he fhall not exceed you three hits;

printed on the margent of the leaf. So, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, part 2d, 1630:

"————— I read

"Strange comments on thofe *margins* of your looks."

This fpeech is omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

² — more german—] More *a-kin*. JOHNSON.

³ *The king, fir, hath lay'd, &c.*] This wager I do not underftand. In a dozen paffes one muft exceed the other more or lefs than three hits. Nor can I comprehend, how, in a dozen, there can be twelve to nine. The paffage is of no importance; it is fufficient that there was a wager. The quarto has the paffage as it ftands. The folio, *He hath one twelve for mine*. JOHNSON.

The meaning, I think, is, The king hath laid that in a game of a dozen paffes, or in other words, in a trial of fkill with foils, which is to be *within*, or at the utmoft, *not to go beyond*, a dozen paffes or bouts, Laertes does not exceed you three hits; *the king hath laid on the principle of him who makes a bet*, with the chance of gaining *twelve for nine* that he may lofe: or, in the language of gamefters, the king (by the advantage allowed to the prince,) hath *odds*, tantamount to *four to three*.

So, in *The Tempeft*,

———— each putter out, *on three for one*,"

means, each layer out of money on the terms of *gaining three pounds, &c.* if he returns from his travels, *for one* that he hath ftaked, and will lofe, if he does not return.

If the words, "*be hath lay'd, &c.*" relate to *Laertes*, they muft mean, I think, that "*Laertes hath laid on the principle of one who undertakes to make twelve paffes for nine*, that his adverfary fhall make; on the *ratio* of twelve to nine.

Dr. Johnfon objects very plauſibly to this wager, that in a dozen paffes one muft exceed the other more or lefs than three hits: nor can there, ſays he, in a dozen paffes be *twelve to nine*. If my interpretation of the words—*be hath laid on twelve for nine*, be right, the latter objection is done away: for theſe words relate to the nature or *principle of the bet*, and not to the *number of paffes* actually to be made.

Let us then conſider the other objection.—In a dozen paffes or bouts, *if they are play'd out*, one muft certainly exceed the other more or lefs than three hits; for the victor muft either gain eight to four, or ſeven to five. But Shakſpeare by the words—*in a dozen paffes*, meant, I believe,—

hits; he hath lay'd, on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer, no?

Of. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall: If it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me: let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him, if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Of. Shall I deliver you so?

Ham. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

Of. I commend my duty to your lordship. [Exit.]

Ham. Yours, yours.—He does well, to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for's turn.

lieve,—within a dozen passes, or in a game that at the utmost may be extended to a dozen passes. In such a game it might be ascertained that Laertes could not exceed Hamlet by three hits, without the twelve passes being made: for if Hamlet obtained the first five hits, the king would win his wager, and it would be useless to play out the remaining passes, inasmuch as Laertes could not, in that case, exceed his adversary by three hits. So, if Laertes was successful in the first five, and Hamlet in the second five,—the game would be at an end, and Hamlet be victorious; for the remaining hits could avail Laertes nothing: and so in other cases that might be put.

A case, however, it must be acknowledged, might arise, in which it might be necessary to play out the whole twelve passes. Thus, if Hamlet had made four hits, and Laertes, seven, Hamlet would have a right to insist on the twelfth bout being played, because if he was successful in that, his antagonist would be defeated, and lose his wager.

Shakspeare probably did not advert to the circumstance, that if the whole twelve passes were made, one must exceed the other by more or less than three hits, because it is obvious that the wager might be determined without twelve passes being made.

Three bits, was, I suppose, the usual number by which superior skill in the use of the sword was ascertained in Shakspeare's time. In Master Slender's engagement with a master of defence, the victor on making three *venies*, i. e. *bits*, more than his antagonist, was to have a dish of stew'd prunes. How many bouts or passes were allowed, is not mentioned; but probably the game generally was limited, and not permitted to exceed twelve passes.—The passage alluded to, has been misunderstood. See the note on it in Vol. XIV. in the APPENDIX. MALONE.

Hor. 'This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head⁴.

Ham. He did comply with his dug⁵, before he suck'd it. Thus has he (and many more of the same breed⁶, that, I know, the droffy age dotes on,) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter⁷; a kind of

⁴ *This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.*] I see no particular propriety in the image of the lapwing. Ofrick did not run till he had done his business. We may read, *This lapwing ran away*—That is, *this fellow was full of unimportant bustle from his birth.* JOHNSON.

The same image occurs in Ben Jonson's *Staple of News*:

“ ——— and coachmen

“ To mount their boxes reverently, and drive,

“ Like lapwings with a shell upon their heads,

“ Thorough the streets.”

And I have since met with it in several other plays. The meaning, I believe, is,—This is a forward fellow. So, in *Vittoria Corombona*, or the *White Devil*, 1612:

“ ——— Forward lapwing,

“ He flies with the shell on's head.”

Again, in *Revenge of Honour*, by Chapman:

“ Boldness enforces youth to hard achievements

“ Before their time; makes them run forth like lapwings

“ From their warm nest, part of the shell yet sticking

“ Unto their downy heads.” STEEVENS.

I believe, Hamlet means to say that Ofrick is, bustling and impetuous, and yet “but raw in respect of his quick fall.” So, in *The Character of an Oxford Incendiary*, 1643: “This lapwing incendiary ran away half-batch'd from Oxford, to raise a combustion in Scotland.”

In Meres's *Wit's Treasury*, 1598, we have the same image expressed exactly in our poet's words: “As the lapwing runneth away with the shell on her head, as soon as she is hatched,” &c. MALONE.

⁵ *He did comply with his dug, &c.*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1604, reads—*A* [i. e. *be*] did, fir, with his dug, &c. For comply Dr. Warburton and the subsequent editors; read—*compliment*. The verb so *compliment* was not used, as I think, in the time of Shakspeare.

MALONE.

Shakspeare seems to have used *comply* in the sense in which we use the verb *compliment*. See before, Act II. sc. ii. *let me comply with you in this garb.* TYRWHITT.

⁶ — *and many more of the same breed.*] The first folio has—*and mine more of the same beavy*. The second folio—*and nine more, &c.* Perhaps the last is the true reading. STEEVENS.

There may be a propriety in *beavy*, as he has just call'd him a *lapwing*.

TOLLET.

“Many more of the same breed,” is the reading of the quarto, 1604.

MALONE.

⁷ — *outward habit of encounter*;] Thus the folio. The quartos—*read—out of an habit of encounter.* STEEVENS.

We should, I think, read—*an outward habit, &c.* MALONE.

yesty

yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnow'd opinions⁸; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out⁹.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord¹, his majesty commended him to you by young Osrick, who brings back to him, that you at-

⁸ — a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnow'd opinions;] This passage in the quarto stands thus: "They have got out of the habit of encounter, a kind of misty collection, which carries them through and through the most profane and trennowned opinions." If this printer preserved any traces of the original, our author wrote, "the most *sane* and *renowned* opinions," which is better than [the reading proposed by Dr. Warburton,] *fann'd* and *winnowed*.

The meaning is, "these men have got the cant of the day, a superficial readiness of slight and cursory conversation, a kind of frothy collection of fashionable prattle, which yet carries them through the most select and approved judgments. This airy facility of talk sometimes imposes upon wise men."

Who has not seen this observation verified? JOHNSON.

The quarto, 1604, reads, "—dotes on; only got the tune of the time, and out of an habit," &c. and—not *misty*, but *bisty*; the folio rightly, *yesty*: the same quarto has not *trennowned*, but *trennowed* (a corruption of *winnowed*,) for which (according to the usual process,) the next quarto gave *trennowned*. *Fond* and *winnowed* is the reading of the folio. MALONE.

Fond is evidently opposed to *winnowed*. *Fond*, in the language of Shakspeare's age, signified *foolish*. So, in the *Merchant of Venice*:

"Thou naughty jailer, why art thou so *fond*," &c.

Winnowed is *sifted, examined*. The sense is then, that their conversation was yet successful enough to make them passable not only with the weak, but with those of sounder judgment. The same opposition in terms is visible in the reading which the quartos offer. *Profane* or *vulgar*, is opposed to *trennowed*, or *thrice renowned*. STEEVENS.

Fann'd and *winnow'd* seems right to me. Both words, *winnowed*, *fand* * and *dreft*, occur together in Markham's *English Husbandman*, p. 117. So do *fan'd* and *winnow'd*, *fanned* and *winnowed*, in his *Husbandry*, p. 18, 76, and 77. So Shakspeare mentions together the *fan* and *wind* in *Troilus and Cressida*, A& V. sc. iii. TOLLET.

⁹ — do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.] These men of show, without solidity, are like bubbles raised from soap and water, which dance, and glitter, and please the eye, but if you extend them, by blowing hard, separate into a mist; so, if you oblige these specious talkers to extend their compass of conversation, they at once discover the tenuity of their intellects. JOHNSON.

¹ *My lord*, &c.] All that passes between *Hamlet* and this *Lord* is omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

* So written without the apostrophe, and easily might in MS. be mistaken for *fond*.

tend him in the hall: He sends to know, if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king, and queen, and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you, to use some gentle entertainment² to Laertes, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. [Exit Lord.]

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds³. But thou would'st not think, how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord,—

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving⁴, as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it⁵: I will forestal their repair hither, and say, you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: Since

² — gentle entertainment—] Mild and temperate conversation.

JOHNSON.

³ *I shall win at the odds.*] I shall succeed with the advantage that I am allowed. MALONE.

⁴ —of gain-giving,] *Gain-giving* is the same as *mis-giving*.

STEEVENS.

⁵ *If your mind dislike any thing, obey it:*] With these presages of future evils arising in the mind, the poet has forerun many events which are to happen at the conclusion of his plays; and sometimes so particularly, that even the circumstances of calamity are minutely hinted at, as in the instance of Juliet, who tells her lover from the window, that he appears *like one dead in the bottom of a tomb*. The supposition that the genius of the mind gave the alarm before approaching dissolution, is a very ancient one, and perhaps can never be totally driven out: yet it must be allowed the merit of adding beauty to poetry, however injurious it may sometimes prove to the weak and the superstitious.

STEEVENS.

no man of aught he leaves, knows, what is't to leave betimes⁶? Let be.

Enter King, Queen, LAERTES, Lords, OSRICK, and Attendants with foils, &c.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.
[*The King puts the hand of Laertes into that of Hamlet.*

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir? I have done you wrong;
But pardon it, as you are a gentleman.
This presence knows, and you must needs have heard,
How I am punish'd with a sore distraction.
What I have done,
That might your nature, honour, and exception,
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.

⁶ *Since no man, of aught he leaves, knows, what is't to leave betimes?*]
The old quarto reads, *Since no man, of aught he leaves, knows, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.* This is the true reading. Here the premises conclude right, and the argument drawn out at length is to this effect: "It is true, that, by death, we lose all the goods of life, yet
" seeing this loss is no otherwise an evil than as we are sensible of it;
" and since death removes all sense of it, what matters it how soon
" we lose them? Therefore come what will, I am prepared."

WARBURTON.

The reading of the quarto was right, but in some other copy the harshness of the transposition was softened, and the passage stood thus: *Since no man knows aught of what he leaves.* For *knows* was printed in the later copies *has*, by a slight blunder in such typographers.

I do not think Dr. Warburton's interpretation of the passage the best that it will admit. The meaning may be this: *Since no man knows aught of the state of life which he leaves*, since he cannot judge what other years may produce, why should he be afraid of leaving life betimes? Why should he dread an early death, of which he cannot tell whether it is an exclusion of happiness, or an interception of calamity. I despise the superstition of augury and omens, which has no ground in reason or piety; my comfort is, that I cannot fall but by the direction of providence.

Hammer has, *Since no man owes aught*, a conjecture not very reprehensible. *Since no man can call any possession certain*, what is it to leave?

JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton has truly stated the reading of the first quarto, 1604. The folio reads—*Since no man has ought of what he leaves*, what is't to leave betimes?

In the late editions neither copy has been followed. MALONE.

⁷ *Give me your pardon, sir:*] I wish Hamlet had made some other defence; it is unsuitable to the character of a good or a brave man, to shelter himself in falsehood. JOHNSON.

Was't

Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never, Hamlet.
 If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
 And, when he's not himself, does wrong Laertes,
 Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.
 Who does it then? His madness: If't be so,
 Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
 His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
 Sir, in this audience⁸,
 Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil
 Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
 That I have shot my arrow o'er the house,
 And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfy'd in nature⁹,
 Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
 To my revenge: but in my terms of honour,
 I stand aloof; and will no reconciliation,
 'Till by some elder masters, of known honour',
 I have a voice and precedent of peace,
 'To keep my name ungor'd: But till that time,
 I do receive your offer'd love like love,
 And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely;
 And will this brother's wager frankly play.—
 Give us the foils; come on.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance
 Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
 Stick fiery off indeed.

⁸ *Sir, &c.*] This passage I have restored from the folio.

STEEVENS.

⁹ *I am satisfied in nature, &c.*] This was a piece of satire on fantastical honour. Though *nature* is satisfied, yet he will ask advice of older men of the sword, whether *artificial honour* ought to be contented with Hamlet's submission.

There is a passage somewhat similar in the *Maid's Tragedy*:

“*Evad.* Will you forgive me then?

“*Mel.* Stay, I must ask mine honour first.” STEEVENS.

¹ *Till by some elder masters, of known honour,*] Mr. Steevens thinks that “this is said in allusion to the *ancient masters of defence*,” of Shakespeare's time. Our poet frequently alludes to English customs, and may have done so here, but I do not believe that gentlemen ever submitted points of honour to persons who exhibited themselves for money as prize-fighters on the publick stage; though they might appeal in certain cases to Raleigh, Essex, or Southampton, who from their high rank, their course of life, and established reputation, might with strict propriety be styled, “elder masters, of known honour.” MALONE.

Laer.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osrick.—Cousin Hamlet,

You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord;

Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side².

King. I do not fear it; I have seen you both:—

But since he's better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well: These foils have all a length?
[*They prepare to play.*]

Osrick. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoups of wine upon that table³:

If Hamlet give the first, or second hit,

Or quit in answer of the third exchange,

Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;

The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;

And in the cup an union shall he throw⁴,

Richer than that which four successive kings

In Denmark's crown have worn: Give me the cups;

And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,

² *Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.*] Hamlet either means, that what the king hath laid was more valuable than what Laertes staked; or that *the king hath made his bet, an advantage being given to the weaker party.* I believe the first is the true interpretation. In the next line but one the word *odds* certainly means *an advantage given to the party*, but here it may have a different sense. This is not an uncommon practice with our poet. MALONE.

³ — *the stoups of wine*—] A *stoup* is a *flaggon*, or *botul*.

STEEVENS.

Containing somewhat more than two quarts. MALONE.

⁴ *And in the cup an union shall he throw,*] Thus the folio rightly. In the first quarto by the carelessness of the printer, for *union*, we have *unice*, which in the subsequent quarto copies was made *onyx*. An *union* is a very precious pearl. See Bullokar's *English Expofitor*, 1616, and Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598, in v. MALONE.

The *union* is thus mentioned in P. Holland's translation of *Pliny's Nat. Hist.* "And hereupon it is that our dainties and delicacies here at Rome, &c. call them *unions*, as a man would say singular and by themselves alone."

To swallow a *pearl* in a draught seems to have been equally common to royal and mercantile prodigality. So, in the second part of *If you know not me, you know No Body*, 1606, Sir Thomas Gresham says:

"Here 16,000 pound at one clap goes.

"Instead of sugar, Gresham drinks this *pearle*

"Unto his queen and mistress." STEEVENS.

The

The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth,
Now the king drinks to Hamlet.—Come, begin ;—
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, fir.

Laer. Come, my lord.

[*They play,*

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Of. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well,—again.

King. Stay, give me drink : Hamlet, this pearl is thine⁵ ;
Here's to thy health.—Give him the cup.

[*Trumpets found ; and cannon shot off within.*

Ham. I'll play this bout first, set it by a while.

Come.—Another hit ; What say you ? [*They play.*

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath⁶.—

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows :

The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good madam,—

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord ;—I pray you, pardon me.

King. It is the poison'd cup ; it is too late. [*Aside.*

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam ; by and by.

⁵ — *this pearl is thine ;*] Under pretence of throwing a pearl into the cup, the king may be supposed to drop some poisonous drug into the wine. Hamlet seems to suspect this, when he afterwards discovers the effects of the poison, and tauntingly asks him,—*Is the union here ?*

STEEVENS.

⁶ *Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath.*] It seems that John Lowin, who was the original Falstaff, was no less celebrated for his performance of Henry VIII. and Hamlet. See the *Historia Histrionica*, &c. If he was adapted, by the corpulence of his figure, to appear with propriety in the two former of these characters, Shakspeare might have put this observation into the mouth of her majesty, to apologize for the want of such elegance of person as an audience might expect to meet with in the representative of the youthful Prince of Denmark, whom Ophelia speaks of “as the glass of fashion, and the mould of form.” This, however, is mere conjecture, as Joseph Taylor likewise acted Hamlet during the life of Shakspeare. STEEVENS.

The authour of *Historia Histrionica*, and Downes the prompter, concur in saying that Taylor was the performer of Hamlet. Roberts the player alone has asserted, (apparently without any authority,) that this part was performed by Lowin. MALONE.

Queen.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think it.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience. [*Aside.*

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes: You do but dally;
I pray you, pass with your best violence;
I am afeard, you make a wanton of me?

Laer. Say you so? come on.

[*They play.*

Ofr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

[*Laertes wounds Hamlet; then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.*

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come again.

[*The queen falls.*

Ofr. Look to the queen there, ho!

Hor. They bleed on both sides:—How is it, my lord?

Ofr. How is't, Laertes?

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to my own springe. Ofrick;
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the queen?

King. She swoons to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear
Hamlet!—

The drink, the drink;—I am poison'd!

[*dies.*

Ham. O villainy!—Ho! let the door be lock'd:

Treachery! seek it out.

[*Laertes falls.*

Laer. It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art slain;

No medicine in the world can do thee good,

In thee there is not half an hour's life;

The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,

Unbated, and envenom'd: the foul practice

Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie,

Never to rise again: Thy mother's poison'd;

I can no more;—the king, the king's to blame.

7 —you make a wanton of me.] A *wanton* was a man feeble and effeminate. In *Cymbeline*, Imogen says, I am not

“—so citizen a *wanton*, as

“To seem to die, ere sick.” JOHNSON.

A passage in *K. John* shews that *wanton* here means a man feeble and effeminate, as Dr. Johnson has explained it:

“—— Shall a beardless boy,

“A cocker'd filken *wanton*, brave our fields,

“And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,” &c. MALONE.

Ham.

H A M L E T,

Ham. The point envenom'd too!—
 Then, venom, to thy work. [*Stabs the king.*]
Ofr. and Lords. Treason! treason!
King. O, yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.
Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous, damned Dane,
 Drink off this potion:—Is the union here⁸?
 Follow my mother. [*King dies.*]
Laer. He is justly serv'd;
 It is a poison temper'd by himself.—
 Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:
 Mine and my father's death come not upon thee;
 Nor thine on me! [*dies.*]
Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.
 I am dead, Horatio:—Wretched queen, adieu!—
 You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
 That are but mutes or audience to this act⁹,
 Had I but time, (as this fell serjeant, death,
 Is strict in his arrest¹,) O, I could tell you,—
 But let it be:—Horatio, I am dead;
 Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright
 To the unsatisfied.
Hor. Never believe it;
 I am more an antique Roman than a Dane,
 Here's yet some liquor left.
Ham. As thou'rt a man,—
 Give me the cup; let go; by heaven, I'll have it.—
 O God!—Horatio², what a wounded name,
 Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me³?
 If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,

⁸ *Is the union here?*] Thus the folio. In a former passage in the quarto, 1604, for *union* we had *unice*; here it has *onyx*.

It should seem from this line, and Laertes's next speech, that Hamlet here forces the expiring king to drink some of the poisoned cup, and that he dies while it is at his lips. MALONE.

⁹ *That are but mutes or audience to this act,*] That are either mere *auditors* of this catastrophe, or at most only *mute performers*, that fill the stage without any part in the action. JOHNSON.

¹ — *as this fell serjeant, death,*

Is strict in his arrest,] So, in our poet's 74th Sonnet:

“—when that fell arrest,

“Without all bail, shall carry me away,—” MALONE.

² *O God!—Horatio, &c.*] Thus the quarto, 1604. Folio: *O good Horatio.* MALONE.

³ — *shall live behind me?*] Thus the folio. The quartos read—*shall I leave behind me.* STEEVENS.

Absent

Absent thee from felicity a while,
 And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
 To tell my story.— [March afar off, and shot within.
 What warlike noise is this?

Ofr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,

To the ambassadors of England gives
 This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, Horatio;

The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit⁴;

I cannot live to hear the news from England:

But I do prophesy, the election lights

On Fortinbras; he has my dying voice;

So tell him, with the occurrents⁵, more and less,

Which have solicited⁶,—The rest is silence. [dies.

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart:—Good night, sweet prince;

And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest⁷!—

Why does the drum come hither? [March within.

Enter

⁴ *The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit*;] This word, for which Mr. Pope and the succeeding editors have substituted *over-grows*, is used by Holinshed in his *History of Ireland*: "These noblemen laboured with tooth and nayle to *over crowe*, and consequently to overthrow, one another."

Again, in the epistle prefixed to Nashe's *Apologie of Pierce Pennilasse*, 1593: "About two yeeres since a certayne demi-devine took upon him to set his foote to mine, and *over-crowe* mee with comparative terms."

I find the reading which Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors adopted, (*o'ergrows*,) was taken from a late quarto of no authority, printed in 1637. MALONE.

⁵ —*the occurrents*,] i. e. incidents. The word is now disused. So, in *The Hog batht loſt his Pearl*, 1614:

"Such strange *occurrents* of my fore-paſt life." STEEVENS.

⁶ *Which have solicited*,—] What Hamlet would have said, the poet has not given us any ground for conjecturing. By *solicited*, Dr. Warburton understands, *brought on the event*. The words seem to mean no more than—*which have incited me to*—. MALONE.

⁷ *Now cracks a noble heart:—Good night, sweet prince;*

And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!] So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

"If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou haſt a *heart*,

"That even *cracks* for woe."

The concluding words of the unfortunate Lord Essex's prayer on the scaffold were these: "and when my life and body shall part, send *thy blessed angels, which may receive my soule, and convey it to the joys of heaven*."

Hamlet

Enter FORTINBRAS, the English Ambassadors, and Others.

Fort. Where is this fight?

Hor. What is it, you would see?

If

Hamlet had certainly been exhibited before the execution of that amiable nobleman; but the words here given to *Horatio* might have been one of the many additions made to this play. As no copy of an earlier date than 1604 has yet been discovered, whether *Lord Essex's* last words were in our authour's thoughts, cannot now be ascertained.

MALONE.

Let us review for a moment the behaviour of *Hamlet*, on the strength of which *Horatio* founds this eulogy, and recommends him to the patronage of angels.

Hamlet, at the command of his father's ghost, undertakes with seeming alacrity to revenge the murder; and declares he will banish all other thoughts from his mind. He makes, however, but one effort to keep his word, and that is, when he mistakes *Polonius* for the king. On another occasion, he defers his purpose till he can find an opportunity of taking his uncle when he is least prepared for death, that he may insure damnation to his soul. Though he assassinated *Polonius* by accident, yet he deliberately procures the execution of his school-fellows, *Rosencrantz* and *Guildenstern*, who appear to have been unacquainted with the treacherous purposes of the mandate which they were employed to carry. Their death (as he declares in a subsequent conversation with *Horatio*) gives him no concern, for they obtruded themselves into the service, and he thought he had a right to destroy them. He is not less accountable for the distraction and death of *Ophelia*. He comes to interrupt the funeral designed in honour of this lady, at which both the king and queen were present; and, by such an outrage to decency, renders it still more necessary for the usurper to lay a second stratagem for his life, though the first had proved abortive. He comes to insult the brother of the dead, and to boast of an affection for his sister, which, before, he had denied to her face; and yet at this very time must be considered as desirous of supporting the character of a madman, so that the openness of his confession is not to be imputed to him as a virtue. He apologizes to *Horatio* afterwards for the absurdity of this behaviour, to which, he says, he was provoked by that nobleness of fraternal grief, which, indeed, he ought rather to have applauded than condemned. *Dr. Johnson* has observed, that to bring about a reconciliation with *Laertes*, he has availed himself of a dishonest fallacy; and to conclude, it is obvious to the most careless spectator or reader, that he kills the king at last to revenge himself, and not his father.

Hamlet cannot be said to have pursued his ends by very warrantable means; and if the poet, when he sacrificed him at last, meant to have enforced such a moral, it is not the worst that can be deduced from

If aught of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

Fort. This quarry cries on havoc!—O proud death!

What

from the play; for, as *Maximus*, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Valentinian*, says,

“Although his justice were as white as truth,

“His way was crooked to it; that condemns him.”

The late Dr. Akenfide once observed to me, that the conduct of Hamlet was every way unnatural and indefensible, unless he were to be regarded as a young man whose intellects were in some degree impaired by his own misfortunes; by the death of his father, the loss of expected sovereignty, and a sense of shame resulting from the hasty and incestuous marriage of his mother.

I have dwelt the longer on this subject, because Hamlet seems to have been hitherto regarded as a hero not undeserving the pity of the audience; and because no writer on Shakspeare has taken the pains to point out the immoral tendency of his character. STEEVENS.

Some of the charges here brought against Hamlet appear to me questionable at least, if not unfounded. I have already observed that in the novel on which this play is constructed, the ministers who by the king's order accompanied the young prince to England, and carried with them a packet in which his death was concerted, were apprized of its contents; and therefore we may *presume* that Shakspeare meant to describe their representatives, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, as equally criminal; as combining with the king to deprive Hamlet of his life. His procuring their execution therefore does not with certainty appear to have been an unprovoked cruelty, and *might* have been considered by him as necessary to his *future safety*; knowing, as he must have known, that they had devoted themselves to the service of the king in whatever he should command. The principle on which he acted, is ascertained by the following lines, from which also it may be inferred that the poet meant to represent Hamlet's school-fellows as privy to the plot against his life:

“There's letters seal'd: and my two school-fellows—

“Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,—

“They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,

“And marshall me to knavery: Let it work;

“For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer

“Hoist with his own petar; and it shall go hard,

“But I will delve one yard below *their* mines,

“And blow them to the moon.”

Another charge is, that “*he comes to disturb the funeral of Ophelia* :” but the fact is otherwise represented in the first scene of the fifth act: for when the funeral procession appears, (which he does not seek, but finds,) he exclaims,

“The queen, the courtiers: *who is this they follow,*

“And with such maimed rites?”

nor does he know it to be the funeral of Ophelia, till Laertes mentions that the dead body was that of his sister.

I do not perceive that he is accountable for the madness of Ophelia. He did not mean to kill her father when concealed behind the arras, but the king; and still less did he intend to deprive her of her reason and her life:

What feast is toward in thine eternal cell¹,
That thou so many princes, at a shot,
So bloodily hath struck?

1. *Amb.* The sight is dismal;
And our affairs from England come too late:
The ears are senseless, that should give us hearing,
To tell him, his commandment is fulfill'd,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead:
Where should we have our thanks?

life: her subsequent distraction therefore can no otherwise be laid to his charge, than as an unforeseen consequence from his too ardently pursuing the object recommended to him by his father.

He appears to have been induced to leap into Ophelia's grave, not with a design to insult Laertes, but from his love to her, (which then he had no reason to conceal,) and from the *bravery of her brother's grief*, which excited him (not to condemn that brother, as has been stated, but) to *vie* with him in the expression of affection and sorrow:

"Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,

"Until my eyelids will no longer wag.—

"I lov'd Ophelia; forty thousand brothers

"Could not with all their quantity of love

"Make up my sum."

When Hamlet says, "the bravery of his grief did put me into a *towering passion*," I think, he means, into a lofty expression (not of *resentment*, but) of *sorrow*. So, in *King John*:

"She is *sad* and *passionate* at your highness' tent."

Again, more appositely in the play before us:

"The instant burst of clamour that she made,

"(Unless things mortal move them not at all),

"Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,

"And *passion* in the gods."

I may also add, that he neither assaulted, nor insulted Laertes, till that nobleman had cursed him, and seized him by the throat.

MALONE.

9 *This quarry cries on havoc!*] Hammer reads,

— *cries out, havoc!*

To *cry on*, was to *exclaim against*. I suppose, when unfair sportsmen destroyed more *quarry* or *game* than was reasonable, the censure was to *cry, Havock*. JOHNSON.

We have the same phraseology in *Othello*, Act V. sc. i.

"— Whose noise is this, that *cries on* murder?"

See the note there. MALONE.

1 *What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,*] Shakspeare has already employed this allusion to the *Cboæ*, or *feasts of the dead*, which were anciently celebrated at Athens, and are mentioned by Plutarch in the life of *Antonius*. Our author likewise makes *Talbot* say to his son in the First Part of *King Henry VI*:

"Now art thou come unto a *feast of death*." STEEVENS.

Hor.

Hor. Not from his mouth²,
 Had it the ability of life to thank you ;
 He never gave commandment for their death.
 But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
 You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
 Are here arriv'd ; give order, that these bodies
 High on a stage be placed to the view ;
 And let me speak, to the yet unknowing world,
 How these things came about : So shall you hear
 Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts³ ;
 Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters ;
 Of deaths put on⁴ by cunning, and forc'd cause⁵ ;
 And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
 Fall'n on the inventors' heads : all this can I
 Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
 And call the noblest to the audience.
 For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune ;
 I have some rights of memory in this kingdom⁶,
 Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
 And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more⁷ :

But

² — his mouth,] i. e. the king's. STEEVENS.

³ Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts ;] Of sanguinary and unnatural acts, to which the perpetrator was instigated by concupiscence, or, to use our poet's own words, by "*carnal stings*." The speaker alludes to the murder of old Hamlet by his brother, previous to his incestuous union with Gertrude. A feeble *Remarker* asks, "was the relationship between the usurper and the deceased king a secret confined to Horatio?" —No, but the murder of Hamlet by Claudius was a secret which the young prince had imparted to Horatio, and had imparted to him alone ; and to this it is he principally, though covertly, alludes.—*Carnal* is the reading of the only authentick copies, the quarto 1604, and the folio 1623. The modern editors, following a quarto of no authority, for *carnal* read *cruel*. MALONE.

⁴ Of deaths put on—] i. e. instigated, produced. MALONE.

⁵ — and forc'd cause ;] Thus the folio. The quartos read—and for no cause. STEEVENS.

⁶ — some rights of memory in this kingdom,] Some rights, which are remembered in this kingdom. MALONE.

⁷ And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more :] Thus the folio. The quarto 1604, reads—draw no more. MALONE.

Hamlet, just before his death, had said,

But I do prophesy, the election lights
 On Fortinbras : he has my dying voice ;
 So tell him, &c.

Accordingly,

But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild; lest more mischance,
On plots, and errors, happen.

Fort. Let four captains

Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally: and, for his passage,
The soldiers' musick, and the rites of war,
Speak loudly for him.—

Take up the bodies:—Such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shews much amiss.

Go, bid the soldiers shoot^s.

[*A dead march.*

[*Excunt, bearing off the dead bodies; after which, a
peal of ordnance is shot off.*

Accordingly, Horatio here delivers that message; and very justly infers, that Hamlet's *voice* will be seconded by others, and procure them in favour of Fortinbras's succession. THEOBALD.

⁸ If the dramas of Shakspeare were to be characterised, each by the particular excellence which distinguishes it from the rest, we must allow to the tragedy of Hamlet the praise of variety. The incidents are so numerous, that the argument of the play would make a long tale. The scenes are interchangeably diversified with merriment and solemnity; with merriment that includes judicious and instructive observations; and solemnity not strained by poetical violence above the natural sentiments of man. New characters appear from time to time in continual succession, exhibiting various forms of life and particular modes of conversation. The pretended madness of Hamlet causes much mirth, the mournful distraction of Ophelia fills the heart with tenderness, and every personage produces the effect intended, from the apparition that in the first act chills the blood with horror, to the fop in the last, that exposes affectation to just contempt.

The conduct is perhaps not wholly secure against objections. The action is indeed for the most part in continual progression, but there are some scenes which neither forward nor retard it. Of the feigned madness of Hamlet there appears no adequate cause, for he does nothing which he might not have done with the reputation of sanity. He plays the madman most, when he treats Ophelia with so much rudeness, which seems to be useless and wanton cruelty.

Hamlet is, through the whole piece, rather an instrument than an agent. After he has, by the stratagem of the play, convicted the king, he makes no attempt to punish him; and his death is at last effected by an incident which Hamlet had no part in producing.

The catastrophe is not very happily produced; the exchange of weapons is rather an expedient of necessity, than a stroke of art. A scheme might easily be formed to kill Hamlet with the dagger, and Laertes with the bowl.

The poet is accused of having shewn little regard to poetical justice, and may be charged with equal neglect of poetical probability. The apparition left the regions of the dead to little purpose; the revenge
which

which he demands is not obtained, but by the death of him that was required to take it; and the gratification, which would arise from the destruction of an usurper and a murderer, is abated by the untimely death of Ophelia, the young, the beautiful, the harmless, and the pious.

JOHNSON.

ACT II. SCENE II. P. 261.

The rugged Pyrrhus, be, &c.] The two greatest poets of this and the last age, Mr. Dryden, in the preface to *Troilus and Cressida*, and Mr. Pope in his note on this place, have concurred in thinking that Shakspeare produced this long passage with design to ridicule and expose the bombast of the play from whence it was taken; and that Hamlet's commendation of it is purely ironical. This is become the general opinion. I think just otherwise; and that it was given with commendation to upbraid the false taste of the audience of that time, which would not suffer them to do justice to the simplicity and sublime of this production. And I reason, first, from the character Hamlet gives of the play, from whence the passage is taken. Secondly, from the passage itself. And thirdly, from the effect it had on the audience.

Let us consider the character Hamlet gives of it. *The play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general: but it was (as I received it, and others, whose judgment in such matters cried in the top of mine) an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember one said, there was no salt in the lines to make the matter savoury; nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection; but called it an honest method.* They who suppose the passage given to be ridiculed, must needs suppose this character to be purely ironical. But if so, it is the strangest irony that ever was written. *It pleased not the multitude.* This we must conclude to be true, however ironical the rest be. Now the reason given of the designed ridicule is the supposed bombast. But those were the very plays, which at that time we know took with the multitude. And Fletcher wrote a kind of *Rehearsal* purposely to expose them. But say it is bombast, and that therefore it took not with the multitude. Hamlet presently tells us what it was that displeased them. *There was no salt in the lines to make the matter savoury; nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection; but called it an honest method.* Now whether a person speaks ironically or no, when he quotes others, yet common sense requires he should quote what they say. Now it could not be, if this play displeased because of the bombast, that those whom it displeased should give this reason for their dislike. The same inconsistencies and absurdities abound in every other part of Hamlet's speech, supposing it to be ironical; but take him as speaking his sentiments, the whole is of a piece; and to this purpose. The play, I remember, pleased not the multitude, and the reason was, its being wrote on the rules of the ancient drama; to which they were entire strangers. But, in my opinion, and in the opinion of those for whose judgement I have the highest esteem, it was an excellent play, *well digested in the scenes*, i. e. where the three unities were well preserved. *Set down with as much modesty as cunning*, i. e. where not only the art of composition, but the simplicity of nature, was carefully attended to. The characters were a faithful picture of life and manners, in which nothing was overcharged into farce. But these qualities, which gained my esteem, lost the public's. For *I remember one said, There was no salt in the lines to make the matter savoury*, i. e. there was not, according

cording to the mode of that time, a fool or clown, to joke, quibble, and talk freely. *Nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection*, i. e. nor none of those passionate, pathetic love scenes, so essential to modern tragedy. *But be called it an honest method*, i. e. he owned, however *tasteless* this method of writing, on the ancient plan, was to our times, yet it was chaste and pure; the distinguishing character of the Greek drama. I need only make one observation on all this; that, thus interpreted, it is the justest picture of a good tragedy, wrote on the ancient rules. And that I have rightly interpreted it, appears farther from what we find in the old quarto, *An honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more HANDSOME than FINE*, i. e. it had a natural beauty, but none of the fucus of false art.

2. A second proof that this speech was given to be admired, is from the intrinsic merit of the speech itself; which contains the description of a circumstance very happily imagined, namely, Ilium and Priam's falling together, with the effect it had on the destroyer.

———— *The bellish Pyrrhus, &c.*

To, *Refugnant to command.*

The unnerved father falls, &c.

To, ——— *So after Pyrrhus' pause.*

Now this circumstance, illustrated with the fine similitude of the storm, is so highly worked up, as to have well deserved a place in Virgil's second book of the *Aeneid*, even though the work had been carried on to that perfection which the Roman poet had conceived.

3. The third proof is, from the effects which followed on the recital. Hamlet, his best character, approves it; the player is deeply affected in repeating it; and only the foolish Polonius tired with it. We have said enough before of Hamlet's sentiments. As for the player, he changes colour, and the tears start from his eyes. But our author was too good a judge of nature to make bombast and unnatural sentiment produce such an effect. Nature and Horace both instructed him.

Si vis me flere, dolendum est

Primum ipsi tibi, tunc tua me infortunia lædent,

Telephe, vel Peleu. MALE SI MANDATA LOQUERIS,

Aut dormitabo aut ridebo.

And it may be worth observing, that Horace gives this precept particularly to shew, that bombast and unnatural sentiments are incapable of moving the tender passions, which he is directing the poet how to raise. For in the lines just before, he gives this rule:

Telephus & Peleus, cum pauper & exul uterque,

Projicit ampullas, & sesquipedalia verba.

Not that I would deny, that very bad lines in bad tragedies have had this effect. But then it always proceeds from one or other of these causes:

1. Either when the subject is domestic, and the scene lies at home; the spectators in this case, become interested in the fortunes of the distressed; and their thoughts are so much taken up with the subject, that they are not at liberty to attend to the poet; who otherwise, by his faulty sentiments and diction, would have stifled the emotions springing up from a sense of the distress. But this is nothing to the case in hand. For, as Hamlet says,

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?

2. When

2. When bad lines raise this affection, they are bad in the other extreme; low, abject, and groveling, instead of being highly figurative and swelling; yet, when attended with a natural simplicity, they have force enough to strike illiterate and simple minds. The tragedies of Banks will justify both these observations.

But if any one will still say, that Shakspeare intended to represent a player unnaturally and fantastically affected, we must appeal to Hamlet, that is, to Shakspeare himself in this matter; who, on the reflection he makes upon the player's emotion, in order to excite his own revenge, gives not the least hint that the player was unnaturally or injudiciously moved. On the contrary, his fine description of the actor's emotion shews, he thought just otherwise:

*this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That from her working all his visage wan'd:
Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
A broken voice, &c.*

And indeed had Hamlet esteemed this emotion any thing unnatural, it had been a very improper circumstance to spur him to his purpose.

As Shakspeare has here shewn the effects which a fine description of nature, heightened with all the ornaments of art, had upon an intelligent player, whose business habituates him to enter intimately and deeply into the characters of men and manners, and to give nature its free workings on all occasions; so he has artfully shewn what effects the very same scene would have upon a quite different man, Polonius; *by nature*, very weak and very artificial [two qualities, though commonly enough joined in life, yet generally so much disguised as not to be seen by common eyes to be together; and which an ordinary poet durst not have brought so near one another]; *by discipline*, practised in a species of wit and eloquence, which was stiff, forced, and pedantic; and *by trade* a politician, and therefore, of consequence, without any of the affecting notices of humanity. Such is the man whom Shakspeare has judiciously chosen to represent the false taste of that audience which had condemned the play here reciting. When the actor comes to the finest and most pathetic part of the speech, Polonius cries out, *This is too long*; on which Hamlet, in contempt of his ill judgment, replies, *It shall to the barber's with thy beard*; [intimating that, by this judgment, it appeared that all his wisdom lay in his length of beard,] *Pr'ythee, say on. He's for a jig or a tale of bawdry* [the common entertainment of that time, as well as this, of the people] *or he sleeps; say on.* And yet this man of modern taste, who stood all this time perfectly unmoved with the forcible imagery of the relator, no sooner hears, amongst many good things, one quaint and fantastical word, put in, I suppose, purposely for this end, than he professes his approbation of the propriety and dignity of it. *That's good. Mobled queen is good.* On the whole then, I think, it plainly appears, that the long quotation is not given to be ridiculed and laughed at, but to be admired. The character given of the play, by Hamlet, cannot be ironical. The passage itself is extremely beautiful. It has the effect that all pathetic relations, naturally written, should have; and it is condemned, or regarded with indifference, by one of a wrong, unnatural taste. From hence (to observe it by the way) the actors, in their representation of this play, may learn how this speech ought to be spoken, and what appearance Hamlet ought to assume during the recital.

That which supports the common opinion, concerning this passage, is the turgid expressions in some parts of it; which, they think, could never be given by the poet to be commended. We shall therefore, in the next place, examine the lines most obnoxious to censure, and see how much, allowing the charge, this will make for the induction of their conclusion.

*Pyrrhus at Priam drives, in rage strikes wide,
But with the rubiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerved father falls.*

And again,

*Out, out, thou strumpet fortune! All you gods,
In general synod, take away her power:
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the bill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends.*

Now whether these be bombast or not, is not the question; but whether Shakespeare esteemed them so. That he did not so esteem them appears from his having used the very same thoughts in the same expressions, in his best plays, and given them to his principal characters, where he aims at the sublime. As in the following passages.

Troilus, in *Troilus and Cressida*, far outstrips the execution of Pyrrhus's sword, in the character he gives of Hector's:

*When many times the captive Grecians fall
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise and live.*

Cleopatra, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, rails at fortune in the same manner:

*No, let me speak, and let me rail so high,
That the false hufwife Fortune break her wheel,
Prowok'd at my offence.*

But another use may be made of these quotations; a discovery of this recited play: which, letting us into a circumstance of our author's life (as a writer) hitherto unknown, was the reason I have been so large upon this question. I think then it appears, from what has been said, that the play in dispute was Shakspeare's own; and that this was the occasion of writing it. He was desirous, as soon as he had found his strength, of restoring the chasteness and regularity of the ancient stage: and therefore composed this tragedy on the model of the Greek drama, as may be seen by throwing so much *action* into *relation*. But his attempt proved fruitless; and the raw, unnatural taste, then prevalent, forced him back again into his old Gothic manner. For which he took this revenge upon his audience. **WARBURTON.**

The praise which Hamlet bestows on this piece is certainly dissembled, and agrees very well with the character of madness, which, before witness, he thought it necessary to support. The speeches before us have so little merit, that nothing but an affectation of singularity could have influenced Dr. Warburton to undertake their defence. The poet, perhaps, meant to exhibit a just resemblance of some of the plays of his own age, in which the faults were too general and too glaring to permit a few splendid passages to atone for them. The player knew his trade, and spoke the lines in an affecting manner, because Hamlet had declared them to be pathetic, or might be in reality a little moved by them; for, "There are
" less degrees of nature (says Dryden) by which some faint emotions of
" pity

"pity and terror are raised in us, as a less engine will raise a less proportion of weight, though not so much as one of Archimedes' making." The mind of the prince, it must be confessed, was fitted for the reception of gloomy ideas, and his tears were ready at a slight solicitation. It is by no means proved, that Shakspeare has employed the same thoughts clothed in the same expressions, in his best plays. If he bids the false buswife Fortune break her wheel, he does not desire her to break all its spokes; nay, even its periphery, and make use of the nave afterwards for such an immeasurable cast. Though if what Dr. Warburton has said should be found in any instance to be exactly true, what can we infer from thence, but that Shakspeare was sometimes wrong in spite of conviction, and in the hurry of writing committed those very faults which his judgment could detect in others? Dr. Warburton is inconsistent in his assertions concerning the literature of Shakspeare. In a note on *Troilus and Cressida*, he affirms, that his want of learning kept him from being acquainted with the writings of Homer; and, in this instance, would suppose him capable of producing a complete tragedy written on the ancient rules; and that the speech before us had sufficient merit to entitle it to a place in the second book of Virgil's *Aeneid*, even though the work had been carried to that perfection which the Roman poet had conceived.

Had Shakspeare made one unsuccessful attempt in the manner of the ancients, (that he had any knowledge of their rules, remains to be proved,) it would certainly have been recorded by contemporary writers, among whom Ben Jonson would have been the first. Had his darling ancients been unskilfully imitated by a rival poet, he would at least have preserved the memory of the fact, to shew how unsafe it was for any one, who was not as thorough a scholar as himself, to have meddled with their sacred remains.

"Within that circle none durst walk but he." He has represented Inigo Jones as being ignorant of the very names of those classic authors, whose architecture he undertook to correct: in his *Peetraster* he has in several places hinted at our poet's injudicious use of words, and seems to have pointed his ridicule more than once at some of his descriptions and characters. It is true that he has praised him, but it was not while that praise could have been of any service to him; and posthumous applause is always to be had on easy conditions. Happy it was for Shakspeare, that he took nature for his guide, and, engaged in the warm pursuit of her beauties, left to Jonson the repositories of learning: so has he escaped a contest which might have rendered his life uneasy, and bequeathed to our possession the more valuable copies from nature herself: for Shakspeare was (says Dr. Hurd, in his notes on Horace's Art of Poetry) "the first that broke through the bondage of classical superstition. And he owed this felicity, as he did some others, to his want of what is called the advantage of a learned education. Thus, uninfluenced by the weight of early prepossession, he struck at once into the road of nature and common sense: and without designing, without knowing it, hath left us in his historical plays, with all their anomalies, an exacter resemblance of the Athenian stage, than is any where to be found in its most professed admirers and copyists." Again, *ibid.* "It is possible, there are, who think a want of reading, as well as vast superiority of genius, hath contributed to lift this astonishing man, to the glory of being esteemed the most original THINKER and SPEAKER, since the times of Homer."

To this extract I may add the sentiments of Dr. Edward Young on the same occasion. "Who knows whether Shakspeare might not have

thought less, if he had read more? Who knows if he might not have laboured under the load of Jonson's learning, as Enceladus under *Ætna*? His mighty genius, indeed, through the most mountainous oppression would have breathed out some of his inextinguishable fire; yet possibly, he might not have risen up into that giant, that much more than common man, at which we now gaze with amazement and delight. Perhaps he was as learned as his dramatic province required; for whatever other learning he wanted, he was master of two books, which the last conflagration alone can destroy; the book of nature, and that of man. These he had by heart, and has transcribed many admirable pages of them into his immortal works. These are the fountain-head, whence the Castalian streams of *original* composition flow; and these are often muddled by other waters, though waters in their distinct channel most wholesome and pure; as two chemical liquors, separately clear as crystal, grow foul by mixture, and offend the sight. So that he had not only as much learning as his dramatic province required, but, perhaps, as it could safely bear. If Milton had spared some of his learning, his muse would have gained more glory, than he would have lost by it." *Conjectures on Original Composition.*

The first remark of Voltaire on this tragedy, is that the former king had been poisoned by his brother and *his queen*. The guilt of the latter, however, is far from being ascertained. The Ghost forbears to accuse her as an accessory, and very forcibly recommends her to the mercy of her son. I may add, that her conscience appears undisturbed during the exhibition of the mock tragedy, which produces so visible a disorder in her husband, who was really criminal. The last observation of the same author has no greater degree of veracity to boast of; for now, says he, all the actors in the piece are swept away, and one Monsieur Fortenbras is introduced to conclude it. Can this be true, when Horatio, Osrick, Voltimand, and Cornelius, survive? These, together with the whole court of Denmark, are supposed to be present at the catastrophe; so that we are not indebted to the Norwegian chief for having kept the stage from vacancy.

Monsieur de Voltaire has since transmitted in an Epistle to the Academy of Belles Lettres some remarks on the late French translation of Shakspeare; but alas! no traces of genius or vigour are discoverable in this *gramme repetita*, which is notorious only for its insipidity, fallacy, and malice. It serves indeed to shew an apparent decline of talents and spirit in its writer, who no longer relies on his own ability to depreciate a rival, but appeals in a plaintive strain to the queen and princesses of France for their assistance to stop the further circulation of Shakspeare's renown.

Impartiality, nevertheless, must acknowledge that his private correspondence displays a superior degree of animation. Perhaps an ague shook him when he appealed to the publick on this subject; but the effects of a fever seem to predominate in his subsequent letter to Monsieur D'Argenteuil on the same occasion; for such a letter it is as our John Dennis (while his frenzy lasted) might be supposed to have written. "C'est moi qui autrefois parlai le premier de ce Shakspeare: c'est moi qui le premier montrai aux François quelques perles que j'avois trouvées dans son énorme fumier." Mrs. Montague, the justly celebrated authoress of the *Essay on the genius and writings* of our author, was at Paris, and in the circle where these ravings of the Frenchman were first publicly recited. On hearing the illiberal expression already quoted, with no less elegance than readiness she replied—"C'est un fumier qui a fertilisé une terre bien ingrate."—In short, the author of *Zayre*, *Ma-*
bomet,

homet, and *Semiramis*, possesses all the mischievous qualities of a midnight felon, who, in the hope to conceal his guilt, sets the house which he has robbed on fire.

As for Messieurs D'Alembert and Marmontel, they might safely be passed over with that neglect which their impotence of criticism deserves. Voltaire, in spite of his natural disposition to vilify an English poet, by adopting sentiments, characters, and situations from Shakspeare, has bestowed on him involuntary praise. Happily, he has not been disgraced by the worthless encomiums or disfigured by the awkward imitations of the other pair, who "follow in the chase not like hounds that hunt, but like those who fill up the cry." When D'Alembert declares that more sterling sense is to be met with in ten French verses than in thirty English ones, contempt is all that he provokes,—such contempt as can only be exceeded by that which every scholar will express, who may chance to look into the prose translation of Lucan by Marmontel, with the vain expectation of discovering either the sense, the spirit, or the whole of the original. STEEVENS.

I formerly thought that the lines which have given rise to the foregoing observations, were extracted from some old play, of which it appeared to me probable that Christopher Marlowe was the authour; but whatever Shakspeare's view in producing them may have been, I am now decidedly of opinion that they were written by himself, not in any former unsuccessful piece, but expressly for the play of *Hamlet*. It is observable that what Dr. Warburton calls "the fine similitude of the storm," is likewise found in our poet's *Venus and Adonis*.

The levity of behaviour which Hamlet assumes immediately after the disappearance of the ghost in the first act, [sc. v.] has been objected to; but the writer of some sensible Remarks on this tragedy, published in 1736, justly observes, that the poet's object there was, that Marcellus "might not imagine that the ghost had revealed to Hamlet some matter of great consequence to him, and that he might not therefore be suspected of any deep design."

"I have heard (adds the same writer,) many persons wonder, why the poet should bring in this ghost in complete armour.—I think these reasons may be given for it. We are to consider, that he could introduce him in these dresses only; in his regal dress, in a habit of interment, in a common habit, or in some fantastick one of his own invention. Now let us examine, which was most likely to affect the spectators with passions proper on the occasion.—

"The regal habit has nothing uncommon in it, nor surprising, nor could it give rise to any fine images. The habit of interment was something too horrible; for terror, not horror, is to be raised in the spectators. The common habit (or *babit de ville*, as the French call it,) was by no means proper for the occasion. It remains then that the poet should choose some habit from his own brain: but this certainly could not be proper, because invention in such a case would be so much in danger of falling into the grotesque, that it was not to be hazarded.

"Now as to the armour, it was very suitable to a king who is described as a great warrior, and is very particular; and consequently affects the spectators without being fantastick.—

"The king spurs on his son to revenge his foul and unnatural murder, from these two considerations chiefly; that he was sent into the other world without having had time to repent of his sins, and without the necessary sacraments, according to the church of Rome, and that consequently

quently his soul was to suffer, if not eternal damnation, at least a long course of penance in purgatory; which aggravates the circumstances of his brother's barbarity; and secondly, that Denmark might not be the scene of usurpation and incest, and the throne thus polluted and profaned. For these reasons he prompts the young prince to revenge; else it would have been more becoming the character of such a prince as Hamlet's father is represented to have been, and more suitable to his present condition, to have left his brother to the divine punishment, and to a possibility of repentance for his base crime, which, by cutting him off, he must be deprived of.

"To conform to the ground-work of his plot, Shakspeare makes the young prince feign himself mad. I cannot but think this to be injudicious; for so far from securing himself from any violence which he feared from the usurper, it seems to have been the most likely way of getting himself confined, and consequently debarred from an opportunity of revenging his father's death, which now seemed to be his only aim; and accordingly it was the occasion of his being sent away to England; which design, had it taken effect upon his life, he never could have revenged his father's murder. To speak truth, our poet by keeping too close to the ground-work of his plot, has fallen into an absurdity; for there appears no reason at all in nature, why the young prince did not put the usurper to death as soon as possible, especially as Hamlet is represented as a youth so brave, and so careless of his own life.

"The case indeed is this. Had Hamlet gone naturally to work, as we could suppose such a prince to do in parallel circumstances, there would have been an end of our play. The poet therefore was obliged to delay his hero's revenge: but then he should have contrived some good reason for it.

"His beginning his scenes of Hamlet's madness by his behaviour to Ophelia, was judicious, because by this means he might be thought to be mad for her, not that his brain was disturbed about state affairs, which would have been dangerous.

"It does not appear whether Ophelia's madness was chiefly for her father's death, or for the loss of Hamlet. It is not often that young women run mad for the loss of their fathers. It is more natural to suppose that, like *Chimene* in the *Cid*, her great sorrow proceeded from her father's being killed by the man she loved, and thereby making it indecent for her ever to marry him.

"Laertes's character is a very odd one; it is not easy to say whether it is good or bad: but his consenting to the villainous contrivance of the usurper's to murder Hamlet, makes him much more a bad man than a good one.—It is a very nice conduct in the poet to make the usurper build his scheme upon the generous unsuspicious temper of the person he intends to murder, and thus to raise the prince's character by the confession of his enemy; to make the villain ten times more odious from his own mouth. The contrivance of the foil unbated (i. e. without a button,) is methinks too gross a deceit to go down even with a man of the most unsuspicious nature.

"Laertes's death and the queen's are truly poetical justice, and very naturally brought about, although I do not conceive it so easy to change rapiers in a scuffle without knowing it at the time. The death of the queen is particularly according to the strictest rules of poetical justice; for she loses her life by the villainy of the very person, who had been the cause of all her crimes.

"Since

“ Since the poet deferred so long the Usurper’s death, we must own that he has very naturally effected it, and still added fresh crimes to those the murderer had already committed.

“ Upon Laertes’s repentance for contriving the death of Hamlet, one cannot but feel some sentiments of pity for him; but who can see or read the death of the young prince without melting into tears and compassion? Horatio’s earnest desire to die with the prince, thus not to survive his friend, gives a stronger idea of his friendship for Hamlet in the few lines on that occasion, than many actions or expressions could possibly have done. And Hamlet’s begging him *to draw his breath in this harsh world* a little longer, to clear his reputation, and manifest his innocence, is very suitable to his virtuous character, and the honest regard that all men should have not to be misrepresented to posterity; that they may not set a bad example, when in reality they have set a good one: which is the only motive that can, in reason, recommend the love of fame and glory.

“ Horatio’s desire of having the bodies carried to a stage, &c. is very well imagined, and was the best way of satisfying the request of his deceased friend: and he acts in this, and in all points, suitably to the manly honest character, under which he is drawn throughout the piece. Besides, it gives a sort of content to the audience, that though their favourite (which must be Hamlet) did not escape with life, yet the greatest amends will be made him, which can be in this world, viz. justice done to his memory.

“ Fortinbras comes in very naturally at the close of the play, and lays a very just claim to the throne of Denmark, as he had the dying voice of the prince. He in a few words gives a noble character of Hamlet, and serves to carry off the deceased hero from the stage with the honours due to his birth and merit.” MALONE.

